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A

COLLECTION, &c.

FABLES.

I. *The DRAGON and the Two FOXES.*

A TREASURE being hid in a deep cave, a dragon watched it night and day. Two crafty foxes, who had always made thieving their business, by their flatteries soon worked themselves into his favour, and sofoothed the dragon, that he made thme his bosom confidents. *We must not always conclude the most complaisant the truest friends.*

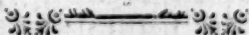
They talked to him with respect, admired every one of his whims, were of his opinion in every thing, and in their sleeves laughed at their cully. One day the dragon fell asleep, and they immediately strangled him, and took possession of his treasure: but now the difficulty was how to share it, for villains seldom agree but in the execution of their villainy. One of them began to moralize thus, "What good will all this money do us? a small bit of flesh would be more serviceable: gold is too hard to be eaten or digested; men surely must be fools to delight in riches; but let us not imitate their folly." The other pretended that these reflections had made an impression upon him; he told his companion, "That he would live as became a philosopher, and carry all his wealth about with him." In this mood they both

abandoned the treasure, but soon returning met with each other, quarrelled, and tore one another to pieces. As they lay side by side, expiring, a man accidentally passed by, who, informed of the occasion of their quarrelling, told them, "They were both fools." "And so is your whole race then, (replied one of the foxes) for it is not in your power more than ours, to feed upon gold, and yet for the sake of it you put one another to death. That which was brought in amongst you for convenience sake, has proved your greatest misfortune; and whilst you are seeking imaginary wealth, you lose what is really good."

II. *The BEASTS assembled to choose a KING.*

THE lion being dead, all the beasts of the forest flocked to comfort the lioness, his widow, whose cries and roarings were heard all round the country. After the usual condoling compliments, they proceeded to the election of a king; the crown being placed in the midst of them. The orphan lion was too young and too weak to obtain the royalty, which so many powerful creatures contended for: 'Let me grow up, (said he) and then I'll shew you that I know how to reign, and will make myself to be feared; mean while I'll study the history of my father's glorious actions, that I may one day rival him in glory.' Then were produced the several claims for the crown. 'For my part, (cried the leopard) I expect to be crowned, for I resemble the lion more than any other beast does.' 'I was dealt unjustly by, (cried the bear) when the lion was preferred to me; I'm as strong, as brave, as cruel, and as bloody as he could be; and I have one particular advantage, over him, I can climb up trees.' 'I appeal to your judgments, gentlemen, (says the elephant) if any one here can dispute the glory of being as great, as strong, or

‘ as grave as I am.’ ‘ I am the most noble and most beautiful of creatures, interrupted the horse.’ ‘ I the most crafty, (cried the fox.)’ ‘ And I the swiftest, (said the stag.)’ ‘ Where (said the monkey,) will you find a king so agreeable or entertaining as I am? Each day I would divert my subjects; nay further I resemble man, the real lord of all nature.’ The parrot, who was got in amongst them, interrupted the monkey here; ‘ If you boast of resembling man, what must I do? Your hideous face is indeed an ugly distant likeness of his, and you can make a few ridiculous grimaces; but I can talk like man, and imitate his voice, by which he demonstrates his reason.’ Hold your prating, (replied the monkey) you speak indeed, but not like man, for you still run on with the same thing, without knowing what you say.’ The whole assembly here burst out a laughing at these ridiculous imitators of man, and the crown was given to the elephant, because he had the strength and wisdom, free from the cruelty of the beasts of prey, and was not tainted with the abominable foolish vanity of so many others, who endeavour to appear what they really are not.



III. *The BEES.*

A Young prince, in that season of the year, when all nature shews itself in the greatest degree of perfection, took a walk, one day, thro' a very delicious garden; he heard a great noise, and looking about perceived a hive of bees. He approached that object, which was entirely new to him, and observed with amazement, the order, care and business of that little common-wealth. The cells began to be formed into a regular figure, and one party of the bees was storing them with nectar, while another was employed in supplying them

with thyme, which they gathered from among all the riches of the spring. Laziness and inactivity were banished the society: every thing was in motion, without confusion or disorder. The more considerable gave out their orders, and were obeyed by their inferiors, without any manner of murmur, jealousy or unwillingness. 'The prince was extremely surprised, as having never seen any thing equal to their polity before: when a bee, who was considered as queen of the hive, addressed him thus; 'The view you have before you, young prince, must be entertaining, but may be made 'instructive. We suffer nothing like disorder, 'nor licentiousness among us: they are most esteemed, who, by their capacity and diligence, can 'do most for the public weal. Our first places are 'always bestowed where there is most merit; and 'last of all, we are taking pains day and night for 'the benefit of man. Go and imitate us, introduce that order and discipline among men, you 'so much admire in other creatures.'



IV.

JUPITER, in the beginning joined VIRTUE, WISDOM, and CONFIDENCE together, and VICE, FOLLY, and DIFFIDENCE; and in that society, set them upon the earth. But tho' he had matched them with great judgment, and said, that *Confidence* was the natural companion of *Virtue*, and that *Vice* deserved to be attended with *Diffidence*, they had not gone far, before dissention arose among them. *Wisdom*, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whether it led, what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances might possibly or probably occur in it: in these deliberations she usually consumed time; which delay was very dis-

pleasing to *Confidence*, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. *Wisdom* and *Virtue* were inseparable: but *Confidence*, one day following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions: and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner the other society, though joined by *Jupiter*, disagreed and separated. As *Folly* saw very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was increased by *Diffidence*, who with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to *Vice*, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays; and was never satisfied without his full career in whatever his inclinations led him to. *Folly*, he knew, though she hearkened to *Diffidence*, would easily be managed when alone; and therefore as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this comptroller of all his pleasure, and proceeded in his journey with *Folly*, from whom he is inseparable. *Confidence* and *Diffidence*, being after this manner both thrown loose from their respective companies, wandered for some time; till at last chance had led them at the same time to one village. *Confidence* went directly up to the great house, which belonged to *WEALTH*, the lord of the village, and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartments, where he found *Vice* and *Folly* well received before him. He joined the train, recommended himself very quickly to his landlord; and entered into such familiarity with *Vice*, that he was enlisted in the same company with *Folly*. They were frequent guests of *Wealth*, and from that moment inseparable. *Diffidence*, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from *POVERTY*,

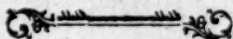
one of the tenants; and entering the cottage, found *Wisdom* and *Virtue*, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. *Virtue* took compassion of her, and *Wisdom* found from her temper, that she would easily improve: so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little time somewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of MODESTY. As ill company has a greater effect than good, *Confidence*, tho' more refractory to counsel and example, degenerated so far by the society of *Vice* and *Folly*, as to pass by the name of IMPUDENCE. Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and knew nothing of these mutual desertions, are apt to run into mistakes, and wherever they see *Impudence*, make account of *Virtue* and *Wisdom*, and wherever they observe *Modesty* call her attendants *Vice* and *Folly*.



V. *The MISER.*

A Miser being dead, and fairly interr'd, came to the banks of the river *Styx*, desiring to be ferried over, along with the other ghosts. Charon demands his fare, and is surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river, and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. " Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? Or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? Or assist Syphilus in rolling his stone? " No, (says Minos) none of these; we must invent some se-

“ verer punishment. Let him be sent back to the
 “ earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his
 “ riches.”



VI. AVARICE and the EARTH.

OUR old mother *Earth* once lodged an indictment against *Avarice* before the court of Jupiter, for her wicked and malicious counsel and advice, in tempting, inducing, persuading, and traiterously seducing the children of the plaintiff, to commit the detestable crime of parricide upon her, and mangling her body, ransack her very bowels for hidden treasure. The indictment was very long and verbose; but we must omit a great part of the repetitions and synonymous terms, not to tire our reader too much with our tale. *Avarice*, being called to answer to this charge, had not much to say in her own defence. The injury was clearly proved upon her. The fact indeed was notorious, and the injury had been frequently repeated. When therefore the plaintiff demanded justice, Jupiter readily gave sentence in her favour; and his decree was to this purpose, “ That since dame *Avarice*, the defendant, had thus grievously injured dame *Earth*, the plaintiff, she was hereby ordered to take that treasure, of which she had feloniously robbed the *Earth*, by ransacking her bosom, and in the same manner as before, opening her bosom, restore it back to her, without diminution or retention. From this sentence it shall follow, says Jupiter to the by-standers,—That in all future ages, the retainers of *Avarice*, shall bury and conceal their riches, and thereby restore to the *Earth* what they took from her.”

STORIES.

I. *Of ERSKINE and FREEPORT.*

THERE were two boys at Westminster school, whose names were Erskine and Freeport. Erskine was of a soft and timorous, but Freeport, of a bold and hardy disposition. It happened one day that Erskine, by some accident, tore a piece of a curtain which divided one part of the school from the other. As the chief master was extremely severe, the poor boy, well knowing, when the master came in, that he would most certainly be lashed, was seized with a sudden panic, and fell a crying and trembling. He was observed by his comrades, and particularly by Freeport, who immediately came up to him, desiring him not to be concerned, and generously promised to take the blame upon himself. As he promised, so he performed, and was whipt for the fault accordingly. When these two boys were grown up to men, in the reign of king Charles the first of England, the civil war betwixt the king and parliament broke out, in which they were on opposite sides. Freeport was a captain of the king's army, Erskine, a judge appointed by the parliament. In an action betwixt the king's and parliament's army, the king's army was defeated, and captain Freeport taken prisoner. The parliament sent judge Erskine to take trial of the prisoners, among whom was his once generous school-fellow Freeport. They had been so long separated, they could not know one another's faces; so that judge Erskine was on the point of condemning all the prisoners without distinction; but when their names were read over before pronouncing sentence, he heard his friend Freeport named, and looking attentively in his face, asked him, if ever he

had been at Westminster school; he answered he had; Erskine said no more, but immediately stopt proceeding, rode up to London and in a few days returned with a signed pardon in his pocket for captain Freeport.



II. *Of UNNION and VALENTINE.*

IN the reign of Queen Anne, Britain was engaged in a war with France. The English army laid siege to Namur, a fortified city in Flanders, and took the town, but the castle stood out against them. Among others of the British forces engaged in storming the castle, there was a regiment belonging to colonel Frederick Hamilton; and in that regiment was one Unnion a corporal, and another, Valentine, a private soldier. These two, when at school, had been intimate comrades, but upon some very trifling account had fallen out in their younger days; and their hatred of each other had grown stronger, as they grew older. Unnion took all opportunities of shewing his spite, and venting his malice against Valentine. He, again, durst not openly revenge himself, but bore his ill treatment without any resistance; though he frequently said, he would willingly die to be revenged of that villain Unnion. In the midst of this rage, they were commanded upon an attack of the castle of Namur. In the attack, Unnion had an arm shot off by a cannon ball, at which he fell down just by Valentine's side. The enemy from the castle pressing hard upon the English, they were obliged to retire. Unnion expecting to be trampled to death, called out, O Valentine! Valentine! can you leave me in this condition! Valentine ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the enemy, took the corporal in his arms, and came off with him: but he had not run far, when he received a shot in the thigh, which

brought him to the ground. Unnion, notwithstanding the loss of his arm, immediately took Valentine on his back, and ran with him till he fainted; by this means, being happily out of the reach of their enemies, they were both taken up by their fellow-soldiers, carried into the town, and soon recovered of their wounds. This accident of their being deliverers to each other, made them enter into, and preserve an inviolable friendship, which nothing could disturb to the end of their days.



Of a FRENCH PRIVATEER.

IN a late war betwixt the English and the French, a French privateer happening to meet with a small English merchant ship, a smart engagement ensued. The Englishman defended himself with surprising bravery, and beat off the French, after they had boarded him three or four different times. But the French privateer having great numbers of men, still renewed the attack, and came on with greater fury, not doubting to gain the victory, and carry off the English ship as a prize. The English, on the other hand, manfully stood it out, till at last finding their ship about to sink with the damage she received in the action, they made a signal to their enemy that they yielded. But the French captain, instead of considering aright the incredible bravery of the English, and relieving them when about to perish, was bent on nothing but revenge for the loss he had sustained in the fight; and therefore told the English, by a trumpet, that he would not take them on board, but would stand still with pleasure and see them all sink together. Notwithstanding this, the English master and his crew leapt into the sea, swam to their enemies ship, and were all taken up by the sailors in spite of their commander. But though they took them up without his orders, they

treated them when in the ship as their barbarous captain desired. The common sailors were tied two and two, thrown into the ship-hold, and allowed no meat for three whole days; and as for the English captain, the French commander caused his men hold him while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with loss of blood, and then cast him into irons. After keeping them several days, overwhelmed with hunger, stench, and misery, he brought them into Calais, a sea-port town in France. The governor of the town being acquainted with the whole story, was so enraged at the cruelty, that he publicly disgraced the French captain, got him cashiered, and gave the English all the relief which a man of honour could bestow upon an enemy so inhumanly treated. He caused take all imaginable care of the English captain till he recovered of his wounds, and then sent him and his crew to their own country in safety.

IV. *Of King LEAR.*

LEAR, one of the kings of England, had three daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. When he grew old and infirm, he came to a resolution to marry his daughters, and divide his kingdom among them. But having a mind first of all to know which of them loved him best, he resolved to make an experiment, by asking each of them separately. Goneril, the eldest, apprehending too well her father's weakness, made answer, that she loved him above her own soul. Therefore, says the old man overjoyed, to thee and to the husband thou shalt choose, I give the third part of my realm. Regan, the second daughter, being asked the same question, and hoping to obtain as large a share of her father's bounty as her eldest sister had done, made answer, that she loved him above all crea-

tures; and so received an equal reward with her sister. The king then proceeded to ask Cordelia, his youngest daughter whom he had hitherto loved most tenderly of the three: but, though she perceived how much the two eldest had gained by their flattery; yet would she not thereby be enduced to make other than a solid and virtuous answer. Father, says she, I love you as a child ought to love her parent: they who pretend more than this, do but flatter you. The old man, sorry to hear this, wished her to recall those words, and a second time demanded what love she bare unto him; but she repeated the same answer she had made before. Then, hear thou, says Lear, all in a passion, what thy ingratitude hath gained thee: because thou hast not revered thy aged father, equal to thy sisters, thou shalt have no part of my kingdom, nor of my riches. And soon after, he bestows in marriage his two eldest daughters; Goneril to the duke of Albany, and Regan to the duke of Cornwall, putting them in the present possession of half his kingdom, and promising the rest at his death. But the wisdom, prudence, and other accomplishments of Cordelia, soon spread abroad her name thro' the world, and at last reached the ear of Aganippus king of France; who, disregarding the loss of her dowry, took her to wife.

After this, king Lear, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his daughters and their husbands: who now, by daily encroachments, had seized the whole kingdom into their hands, the king being obliged to reside with his eldest daughter, attended only by threescore knights. But they, as they seemed too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, were reduced to thirty. Not brooking that affront, the king betakes him to his second daughter; but he had not been long there, till a difference arising among the crowded family, five only are suffered to attend him. Back again he goes to his eldest daughter, hoping

she could not but have some more pity on his gray hairs; but she now refuses to admit him at all unless he will be contented with only one attendant. At last, he calls to remembrance his youngest daughter Cordelia, and acknowledging how true her words had been, though he entertained but little hope of relief from one whom he had so much injured; yet resolved to make an experiment; if his misery might something soften her, he takes his journey into France. Now might be seen the difference between the silent, or modestly expressed affection of some children to their parents, and the talkative obsequiousness of others, while the hope of inheritance acts in them, and on the tongue's end enlarges their duty. Cordelia, hearing of her father's distress, pours forth true filial tears, and not enduring either that she herself, her husband, or any at court, should see him in such forlorn condition as his messengers described, orders one of her most trusty servants first to convey him privately towards a sea-town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, and furnish him with such attendants as became his dignity; that then, as from his first landing, he might send word of his arrival to her husband Aganippus. Which done, Cordelia, with the king her husband, and all the nobility of his realm, went out to meet king Lear, and after all manner of honourable and joyful entertainment at the court of Aganippus, Cordelia with a powerful army returned to England, to replace her father upon the throne. Her piety was rewarded with such success in this undertaking, that she soon vanquished her impious sisters and their husbands, and Lear again obtained the crown, which he continued to enjoy some years in peace. When he died, Cordelia caused him, with all regular solemnities, to be buried in the town of Leicester.

V. Of SCIPIO.

SCIPIO, at four and twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory, and a multitude of prisoners of each sex, and all conditions fell into his possession; among others, an agreeable virgin in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a heart, to see the most lovely of objects without being moved with passion; besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue, in the common account, to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow, which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to Allucius, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commands her parents and relations, with her intended husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they were met, and were waiting for the general, you may imagine to yourself the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. Scipio appears to them, and leads his prisoner into their presence: as he approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady; but Scipio observing in him a manly fullness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words: "Sir, it is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power they justly may; we fight, not to revenge countries,

" or break through the ties of humanity ! I am ac-
 " quainted with your worth and your interest in
 " this lady ; fortune hath made me your master,
 " but I desire to be your friend, this is your wife ;
 " take her, and may the gods bless you with her :
 " far be it from Scipio to purchase a little momen-
 " tary pleasure at the rate of making an honest
 " man unhappy." The heart of Allucius was too
 full to allow him to make answer ; but he threw
 himself at Scipio's feet and wept aloud. The cap-
 tive lady fell into the same posture, and they both
 remained so, till the father of the young woman
 burst into the following words : " O divine Scipio !
 " the gods have given you more than human virtue.
 " O glorious leader ! O wondrous youth ! Does
 " not that happy virgin, while she prays to the gods
 " for your prosperity, and thinks you sent down
 " from among them, give you most exquisite plea-
 " sure, above all the joys you could have reaped
 " from the possession of her injured person ?" Sci-
 pio, without any emotion answered him, " Father,
 " be a friend to Rome," and then retired. An im-
 mense sum was brought as her ransom ; but he sent
 it to her husband, and smiling, said, " This is a
 " trifle after what I have given him already."

VI. *Of the Twelve CÆSARS.*

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR was one of the most
 extraordinary men that ever appeared in the
 world. Having, by his many victories, and parti-
 cularly by the defeat of Pompey at the battle of
 Pharsalia, raised himself to a pitch of greatness above
 all his fellow citizens ; he was honoured with five
 triumphs, and had conferred upon him the title of
 father of his country, and perpetual dictator. These
 extravagant honours, and his endeavours after both
 the title and power of a king, so exasperated some

of the senators, that they entered into a conspiracy against him; the chief of the conspirators were Cassius and Brutus. By these and some others, he was murdered in the senate-house, receiving no less than twenty-three wounds. His death was so far from being the cause of peace, that it occasioned more civil wars: and so little were his enemies secured by his murder, that none of them out-lived him above three years; but all perished miserably.

After his death, his nephew Octavius, afterwards called Augustus Cæsar, possessed himself of the government; but not without great struggles, and was forced to wade thro' great cruelties, before he could make himself absolute; but he behaved so well afterwards that it was said, it would have been happy for the people of Rome, if he had never been born, or had never died. In the forty-second, or (as others say) in the forty-first year of his reign, Jesus Christ was born.

Tiberius, his son-in-law, succeeded him. He was a master in the art of dissimulation: but at length his cruelty and voluptuousness rendered him so odious, that the news of his death was received with great joy by the people.

Caligula, as he far exceeded his predecessor in all manner of debauchery; so in relation to martial affairs he was much his inferior. However, he is famous for a mock expedition that he made against the Germans, when arriving at the part of the Low Countries which is opposite to Britain, and receiving into his protection a fugitive prince of that island, he sent glorious letters to the senate, giving an account of the happy conquest of the whole kingdom. And soon after, making the soldiers fill their helmets with pebbles and cockle shells, which he had called the spoils of the ocean, returned to the city to demand a triumph, and when that honour was denied him by the senate, he fell into the most extravagant cruelties. He was so far from entertaining any desire to benefit the public, that he often

complained of his ill fortune, because no signal calamity happened in his time, and made it his constant wish, that either the utter destruction of an army, or some plague, famine, earthquake, or other extraordinary desolation, might continue the memory of his reign to succeeding ages. He had another more comprehensive wish, that all the Romans had but one neck, that he might strike it off at one blow. His common phrase was, *Let them hate me so they fear me.* This behaviour compelled them to cut him off for the security of their own persons, in the year of our Lord forty-one.

Calligula being taken off, the senate assembled at the capitol to debate about the extinguishing the name and family of the Cæsars, and restoring the commonwealth to the old constitution, when one of the soldiers, who were ransacking the palace, lighting casually upon Claudius, uncle to the late emperor, who had hid himself in a corner behind the hangings, pulled him out to the rest of his gang, and recommending him as the fittest person in the world to be emperor. All were strangely pleased at the motion, and taking him along with them by force, lodged him among the guards. The senate, upon the first information, sent immediately to stop their proceedings; but not agreeing among themselves, and hearing the multitude crying out for one governor, they were at last constrained to confirm the election of the soldiers, especially since they had pitched upon such an easy prince, as would be wholly at their command and disposal. The conquest of Britain was the most remarkable act of his time, owing partly to an expedition that he made in person, but chiefly to the valour of his lieutenants.

His successor Nero, behaved exceeding well for about the space of five years; but afterwards fell into such cruel and ridiculous actions as have rendered his name odious to this day. He wantonly took away the lives of the best and worthiest per-

sons, not sparing his tutor Seneca, nor even his own mother. He set fire to the city of Rome, and took delight to see it burn; and in short was a monster of all sorts of wickedness. His subjects having groaned under his tyranny fourteen years, and not able to endure it longer, put an end both to that and his life at once.

Sergius Galba, in Spain, was chosen emperor by the soldiers, and confirmed by the senate. His great age and his severity were the causes of his ruin; the first of which rendered him contemptible, and the other odious. And the remedy he used to appease the dissatisfactions, did but ripen them for revenge. For immediately upon his adopting Piso, Otho, who had expected that honour, and was now enraged at his disappointment, upon application to the soldiers, easily procured the murder of the old prince and his adopted son, and by that means was himself advanced to the imperial dignity.

But he reigned not long, for Vitellius making head against him, three battles were fought between them, in which Otho had the better: but, in the fourth, he was defeated, and then out of impatience he slew himself in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

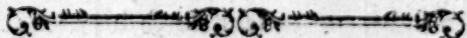
Aulus Vitellius, returning victor to Rome, was saluted emperor by the senate. His luxury and cruelty soon rendered him so odious, that the people rose upon him, and after treating him with the vilest indignities, threw his dead body down into the Tiber.

This storm of civil war being overblown, there succeeded a happy serenity under Vespasian, a wise and moderate prince, who seems to have made it his whole care, to reform the abuses made by the licentiousness of the late times. He has indeed been blamed for using so many ways to raise money, insomuch that he had a tax upon urine; for which being reprov'd by his son Titus, he held some of the money to his nose, and asked him if it smelt amiss? He may however be excused, if we consider

either his own magnificence and liberality, or that the treasures had been exhausted by the looseness of his predecessors.

But, perhaps, he did not more oblige the world by his own reign, than by leaving so admirable a successor as his son Titus, who, from his goodness, was called, *The delight of mankind*. One night at supper, calling to mind that he had not granted any favour that day to any man, he cries out, "Alas! my friends we have lost a day." He gave sufficient proof of his courage in the famous siege of Jerusalem, and might have met with as good success in other parts, had he not been prevented by an untimely death, to the universal grief of mankind.

But then, Domitian so far degenerated from the two excellent examples of his father and brother, as to seem more desirous of copying Nero or Caligula: and accordingly he met with their fate, being murdered by some of his nearest relations. The senate, in detestation of his memory, ordered his name to be razed out of all public acts.



VII. *The TROJAN War.*

THE first enterprize that was undertaken by the general consent of all Greece, was the war against Troy, which has been famous to this day, for the number of princes and valiant commanders there assembled, the great battles fought with various success, the long continuance of the siege, the destruction of that great city, and the many colonies planted in several countries, as well by the remainder of the Trojans, as by the victorious Greeks after their unfortunate return. An account of these things has been delivered to posterity by several excellent writers, and particularly by Homer whose verses have given immortality to the ac-

tion, which might else, with other eminent events, have been buried in everlasting oblivion. All writers agree, that the rape of Helen, by Paris the son of Priam, was the cause of taking arms. The Greeks unwilling to come to a trial of arms, if things might be compounded by treaty, sent Menelaus and Ulysses ambassadors to Troy, who demanded Helen and the goods which had been taken with her out of Menelaus' house. What answer the Trojans made is uncertain; but, so it was, that the ambassadors thought themselves badly treated, and returned without any success. The incensed Greeks made all haste to Troy, under the command of Agamemnon, who was accompanied with his brother Menelaus, Achilles the most valiant of all the Greeks, his friend Patroclus, and his tutor Phoenix, Ajax, Ulysses, Nestor, and several others. These all arriving at Troy with a great army, found such sharp entertainment, as might easily have convinced them that the war would not soon be finished.

They spent nine years, either before the town, or ravaging the country, without any great success against Troy; for there arose such contention between Agamemnon and Achilles, as that Achilles refused to fight, or to send forth his men: but the Greeks presented themselves before the city, without him or his troops. The Trojans, in the mean time, were greatly assisted by forces sent them from all the neighbouring countries. Between them and the Greeks were many battles fought; the most remarkable of which, were one at the tomb of king Ilus upon the plain, and another at the very trenches of the Grecian camp, wherein Hector, the bravest of all the Trojans, broke through the fortifications of the Greeks and began to set fire to their ships; at which time Ajax the son of Telamon, and Teucer his brother, being the only men of note who remained unwounded, made head against Hector, when the state of the Greeks was almost desperate.

Another battle was fought by Patroclus, who

having obtained leave of Achilles to draw forth his troops, relieved the weary Greeks with a fresh supply. In that action, Patroclus was killed, but his body was recovered by his friends, and brought to the camp, having been first stript by Hector of the armour of Achilles, which he had put on. The loss of Patroclus, and of the armour, kindled revenge in Achilles' breast; and Agamemnon and he being reconciled, he was impatient till new armour was made for him. In the next battle, Achilles not only put the Trojans to flight, But chased Hector thrice round the walls of Troy, and then slew him; his cruelty and covetousness were most shameful; for he tied the dead body to his chariot, dragged it about the field, and at last sold it to Priam, Hector's father, for a great ransom. But it was not long before he got his reward, for he was shortly after slain with an arrow by Paris, and his body ransomed in the same manner, and at an equal price. In short, after the death of many great men on each side, the city was taken by night, but whether by the treason of Æneas and Antenor, or by any stratagem of the Greeks, is uncertain.

VIII. ALFRED.

OF all the kings of England before the conquest, the most deservedly famous was Alfred, fourth son of Ethelwolf. He was born at Wantage in Berkshire. His mother was Osburga the daughter of Oslac, the king's cup-bearer, a Goth by nation, of noble descent. He was comelier than all his brethren, had a graceful behaviour, a ready wit, and a good memory; but through the fondness of his parents, was not taught to read till the twelfth year of his age. However, his desire of learning soon appeared, by taking pleasure in reciting Saxon poems, which, with great attention, he heard by

others repeated. He was besides excellent at diversions, such as hunting and hawking; but most exemplary in devotion, having collected into a book certain prayers and psalms, which he always carried in his bosom to use upon every occasion. He thirsted greatly after knowledge, and often complained that in his youth he had no teachers, and in his middle age, little vacancy from wars, and the cares of his kingdom; yet he found leisure sometimes, not only to learn much himself but to communicate what he could to his people. From the time of his undertaking the regal charge, no man was more patient in hearing causes; more inquisitive in examining; more exact in doing justice and providing good laws, which are yet extant; more severe in punishing unjust judges and obstinate offenders, especially thieves and robbers; to the terror of whom there were hung in cross ways, upon a high post, chains of gold as it were daring any one to take them thence; so that justice seemed in his days not to flourish only, but to triumph. No man was more frugal than he of two valuable things, his time and his revenue; and no man wiser in the disposal of both. His time, both day and night, he distributed by the burning of certain tapers into three equal portions; one was for devotion, another for public or private affairs, and the third for bodily refreshment. How each hour past, he was put in mind by one who had that for his office. He divided his whole annual revenue into two equal parts; the one he employed in secular uses, and subdivided these into three, the first to pay his soldiers, household-servants, and guards; the second to pay his architects and workmen, whom he had got together from several nations, for erecting some elegant and useful buildings; and the third he had always in readiness to relieve and honour strangers who came from all parts to see and live under him. The other half of his yearly wealth he dedicated to religious uses; and these were chiefly of four sorts:

the first to relieve the poor; the second to build and maintain monasteries; the third to set on foot and support a public school, at which the sons of noblemen might study the liberal arts, and improve in sacred knowledge; and the fourth was for the relief of foreign churches, as far as India; for he sent thither Sigèlem, bishop of Sherburn, who returned safe, and brought with him many rich gems and spices the product of the country.

His bodily constitution, from his youth, was weak and sickly, but not such as disabled him from sustaining, with uncommon greatness, those many glorious labours, both in peace and war, which fill up his life. He died in the year of our Lord nine hundred, in the fifty-first year of his age, and thirtieth of his reign, and was buried regally at Winchester.



IX. *Of CANUTE.*

THERE is a remarkable passage in the life of Canute king of England, containing instructions both to prince and people. His courtiers, (ever too prone to magnify and flatter those whom they think to please by so doing) would frequently extol his power and wealth, and pretend sometimes almost to adore his person. Canute was a man of too good understanding, not to see the folly of such flattery, and of the persons from whom it came; but for their effectual conviction, and to shew the small power of kings, he caused his royal seat to be placed on the sea shore, while the tide was coming in; then, in the midst of his flattering nobles and great lords, whom he caused assemble together for that purpose, arrayed in robes of gold, with his crown on his head, and all the state and royalty he could command, he thus addressed the sea; "Thou sea, belongest to me, and the land whereon I sit

“ is mine, or hath any one unpunished resisted
 “ my commands; I charge thee, therefore, come no
 “ farther upon my land, neither presume to wet the
 “ feet of thy sovereign lord.” But the sea came rolling on, and, without reverence, wet and dashed the king. Then rising from his seat, and looking round him, he desired all present to behold and consider the weakness of human power, and that none truly deserved the name of a king, but he, whose eternal laws both heaven, earth, and seas obey. From that time he never wore a crown, esteeming earthly royalty nothing else than poor contemptible vanity.



X. *A MERCHANT and his Two SONS.*

A CERTAIN merchant had two sons, the eldest of whom was of so bad a disposition, as to behave with great hatred and spitefulness towards the younger, who was of a temper more mild and gentle. It happened that the old gentleman having, by his trade, acquired a large estate, left it by his will to his eldest son, together with all his ships and stock in merchandise, desiring him to continue in the business, and support his brother. The father was no sooner dead, than the elder brother began plainly to shew his ill-will to his brother, thrust him out of his house, and without giving him any thing for his support, turned him loose into the wide world. The young man was much dejected with this usage; but considering, that in his father's life time he had acquired some knowledge in business, he applied himself to a neighbouring merchant, offering to serve him in the way of trade. The merchant received him into his house, and finding from long experience, that he was prudent, virtuous, and diligent in his business, gave him his daughter and only child in marriage, and when he

died, bequeathed to him his whole fortune. The young man, after the death of his father-in-law, retired with his wife into a distant country, where he purchased a fine estate, with a splendid dwelling; and there he lived with great credit and reputation.

The elder brother had, after the death of their father, carried on the trade, and for some time met with great success in it; but at length a violent storm arising, tore to pieces many of his ships, which were coming home richly laden; and, about the same time, some persons sailing, who had much of his money in their hands, he was reduced to great want; and to complete his misfortunes the little which he had left at home, was consumed by a sudden fire, which burnt his house and every thing in it; so that he was brought quite into a state of beggary. In this forlorn condition, he had no other resource to keep himself from starving, than to wander up and down the country, imploring the assistance of well disposed persons. It happened one day, that, having travelled many miles, and obtained but little relief, he espied a gentleman walking in the fields, not far from a fine seat; to this gentleman he addressed himself; and having laid before him his misfortunes, and his present necessitous condition, he earnestly intreated him to grant him some assistance. The gentleman, who happened to be none other than his brother, did not at first know him, but after some discourse with him, he perceived who he was. However concealing his knowledge of him, he brought him home, and ordered his servants to take care of him, and furnish him, for that night, with lodging and victuals. In the mean time, he resolved to discover himself to his brother next morning, and offer him a constant habitation in his house, after he had got the consent of his wife to the proposal. Accordingly, next morning, he ordered the poor man to be sent for. When he was come into his presence, he asked if he knew him. The poor man answered,

he did not. I am, says he, bursting into tears, your only brother, and immediately fell on his neck, and embraced him with great tenderness. The elder, quite astonished at this accident, fell to the ground, and began to make many excuses, and to beg pardon for his former cruel behaviour. To whom the other answered, Brother let us forget those things; I heartily forgive you all that is past; you need not range up and down the world; you shall be welcome to live with me. He readily accepted the proposal, and they lived together with great comfort and happiness till death.



XI. *Of the Persecutions in the Reign of 2. MARY.*

WHEN Mary, daughter to king Henry the eighth, came to the crown of England, she endeavoured by all means to root out the Protestant religion, and restore Popery. For this purpose, by the advice of some of her bishops, she used great severities against the Protestants, causing them to be imprisoned and thereafter burnt. It would be too tedious to give an account of all that suffered for religion in her reign, but the most considerable of them were as follows:

Roger and Hooper, two eminent preachers, the latter Bishop of Gloucester, were conveyed before the bishops, and refusing to become Papists, were declared obstinate heretics, and ordered to be degraded and delivered into the sheriff's hands. On the fourth day of February, Mr. Roger was led to the stake in Smithfield, where he was not suffered to make any speech to the people. He repeated the fifty-first psalm, and then fitted himself for the stake. A pardon was brought him if he would recant; but he chose rather to submit to that severe, but short punishment: so the fire was put to him, which soon consumed him to ashes.

Hooper was carried to Gloucester to be burnt, at which he much rejoiced, in hopes by his death, to confirm their faith, over whom he had been formerly placed. Some persuaded him to accept the queen's mercy, since life was sweet, and death bitter; but he answered, that the death which was to come was more bitter, and the life that was to follow much more sweet. On the ninth of February he was led to execution, where, being denied leave to speak, but only allowed to pray; in the strain of his prayer he declared his belief. Then the queen's pardon being shown him, he desired them to take it away. He prayed earnestly to God for strength to endure his torments patiently, then undressed himself, and embraced the reeds. He was fastened to the stake with iron chains, and the fire put to him; but the wood being green, burnt but slowly, and the wind blew away the flames from the reeds. He prayed often, *O Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me, and receive my soul!* and called, to the people for the love of God, to bring more fire, for the fire was burning his lower parts, but did not reach his vitals. The fire was increased, but the wind still blew it away from reaching up to him; so that he was long in torment. The last words he was heard to utter, were, *Lord Jesus receive my spirit!* One of his hands dropped off before he died, with the other he continued striking upon his breast, and was in all near three quarters of an hour in burning.

Next to these, Mr. Sanders was condemned, and suffered at Coventry. When he was led to the stake, a pardon was offered him; but he said he never would retract the principles he had learned and taught from the holy Bible. When he came to the stake, he embraced it, and said, *Welcome the cross of Christ, welcome everlasting life,* and then was burnt.

Next him followed Dr. Taylor. When he was brought to the stake, he told the people, he had

taught them nothing but God's holy word, and was now come to seal the truth of his doctrine with his blood. As the faggots were laying about him, one threw a faggot at his head; but all he said was, Friend, I have harm enough, what needs that? This happened on the ninth of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and fifty-five.

Bradford was also condemned at the same time, but his execution was respited; and after the condemnation of these men, six others were apprehended for heresy. By this, Gardiner, who was a mighty prompter to these persecutions, saw that what he expected did not follow. He thought a few severe instances would have turned the whole nation; but finding himself disappointed, he would act no more in their condemnation, but left it wholly to bishop Bonner, who undertook it chearfully, being naturally savage and brutal, and retaining deep resentments for what had befallen him in king Edward's time.

The whole nation was amazed at these violent and cruel proceedings, and was terrified at the burning men only for their consciences, without any other thing so much as pretended against them; so that now the spirit of the two religions shewed itself. In king Edward's reign, the Papists were only put out of their benefices, or at most imprisoned, and of those there were very few instances: but now barbarous and inhumane persecutions must be raised, only for their opinions.

After some intermission, Thomas Tomkin's was burnt in Smithfield for denying the corporal presence in the sacrament. The next that suffered, was one William Blunter of Brentwood, an apprentice nineteen years old; Bonner offered him forty pounds sterling if he would change; but that not prevailing, he was condemned and burnt. After the execution of many others, Bradford, who had been condemned before, was at length brought to the stake with one John Lease, an apprentice.

Bradford took a faggot in his hand, and kissing it, expressed great joy in his suffering; but the sheriff not allowing him to speak to the people, he embraced his fellow sufferer, praying him to be of good comfort, for they would sup with Christ that night. His last words were, *Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*

It would be tedious to give a particular account of the many who suffered upon this occasion; passing therefore the rest, we shall mention these three martyrs, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer.

Ridley was bishop of London, and Latimer bishop of Worcester. They suffered together at Oxford. When they came to the stake, they embraced one another with great affection; Ridley saying to Latimer, *Be of good heart, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or enable us to endure it.* Latimer said to Ridley, *Be of good comfort, we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust by God's grace shall never be put out.* Thus died these two excellent men; the one for his piety, learning, and solid judgment, reckoned among the ablest reformers; and the other for the plain simplicity of his life esteemed a truly primitive Christian and bishop.

Cranmer, who had been archbishop of Canterbury, was brought alone to the stake. He had been teased and seduced to sign a recantation; but he soon repented of that fact, and in detestation of it, he held his right hand in the flames, till it was quite burnt away, before the rest of his body.

XII. *Of the Gun-Powder Treason.*

PERHAPS there is hardly, in the English history, a more memorable event than that of

the gun-powder treason; the defeat of which is every year commemorated on the fifth day of November. It was a dangerous plot against the blood royal, and all the nobility and gentry assembled in parliament, who were to have been all blown up and destroyed by thirty-six barrels of gun-powder, which the conspirators had placed in a cellar under the parliament-house. The principal conspirator was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune, who first contrived the stratagem, and communicated it to Thomas Piercy, Robert Winter, Thomas Winter, John Grant, Ambrose Rockwood, John Wright, Francis Thresham, Sir Edward Digby, and other gentlemen of good estates; who like combustible matter, took fire at the first motion, and thought to gain themselves eternal reputation among the Papists by effecting it. The foundation being laid, every man was sworn to secrecy, and then set about acting his part. Piercy was to hire the cellar under the parliament-house, to lay wood and coals in against winter. Guido Fawkes, a desperate villain, who was to fire the train, was appointed to bring in the wood and coals. The gun-powder was brought to Lambeth by night, and secretly laid under the wood, while others of the conspirators were diligent providing money and materials for the execution of their cursed design.

They began to look upon the king, prince and nobility, as already dead, and Piercy undertook to destroy the duke of York; but because they must have one of the blood-royal to prevent confusion, they intended to preserve Elizabeth, and make her queen, that under her minority they might establish Popery. They had designed the fifth of November for the fatal day, when the king and both houses were to meet; and on that day, appointed a great hunting-match at Dunsmore-heath in Warwickshire, to be near lord Harrington's house, where Elizabeth was. Thus imagining all secure, they stood gaping for their prey; when one more ten-

der-hearted than the rest, willing to save lord Monteagle, wrote the following letter to him :

“ My lord, Out of the love I bear to some of
 “ your friends, I have a care of your preservation;
 “ therefore I would wish you, as you tender your
 “ life, to forbear your attendance at this parlia-
 “ ment; for God and man have concurred to pun-
 “ ish the wickedness of this time; and think not
 “ slightly of this advertisement; for though there be
 “ no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, this parlia-
 “ ment shall receive a terrible blow, and yet they
 “ shall not see who hurt them. This counsel is
 “ not to be contemned; it may do you good and
 “ can do you no harm; for the danger is past when
 “ you have burnt this letter. I hope God will give
 “ you grace to make use of it, to whose holy pro-
 “ tection I commend you.”

The lord Monteagle, astonished at this letter, tho' he knew not the meaning of it, communicated it to the earl of Salisbury, and others of the king's privy council. Salisbury could not unriddle it; but concluded the writer a fool or a madman, from this expression, *The danger is past when you have burnt this letter.* The earl, however, shewed the king the letter; who, after considering it, said, it certainly imported some hidden, but imminent danger, and his fears exciting his care, he commanded lord Suffolk to make a strict search about the parliament-house. He, accompanied with Monteagle, entered the cellar, and finding it crammed with wood and coal, made inquiry to whom the fuel belonged; he was answered, to Mr. Thomas Piercy, one of the gentlemen pensioners to the king. The lord Monteagle as soon as he heard Piercy named, believed it was he who had wrote the letter; upon which suspicions increasing, the king and council ordered the cellar to be searched again that same night by Sir Thomas Knevit, one of the gentlemen of his privy chamber: who, with a retinue, coming into the cellar met Fawkes at the

door, and seized him. Fawkes perceiving all was discovered, confessed the whole design, and was only sorry it was prevented, saying, "God would have concealed it, and the devil discovered it." In his pockets they found a watch, to know the minute when the fatal train was to be kindled, together with a tinder-box; but upon his examination he would say no more, but that he was sorry it was not done. The conspirators discovered themselves; for, finding that the gun-powder was seized, they repaired to Dunsmore; but being pursued and attacked, some of them died in resistance, and the rest were taken and executed.



XIII. *Of ALIBÆUS the PERSIAN.*

CHA-ABBAS king of Persia, was determined to remove himself a while from his court, and to go privately through the country, that he might behold the people in their natural simplicity and liberty. He took only one courtier with him, to whom he said, "I am ignorant of the real manners of men; every thing that approaches me is disguised: 'tis art, and not nature, that we see in courts: I am therefore resolved to know what a rural life is, to study that kind of men who are so much despised, but who yet seem to be the prop of human society; I am weary of seeing nothing but courtiers, who observe me only to over-reach me with their flatteries; I must go see the labourers and shepherds who do not know me." With this resolution he set out, and passed with his confident thro' several country villages, where he saw the inhabitants dancing and playing, and enjoying their innocent diversions, and was extremely well pleased to observe such cheap and tranquil pleasures at such a distance from court.

Being one day very hungry with a long walk, he put in for dinner at one of these humble cottages: but he then thought their coarse food more agreeable to the palate, than all the exquisite dishes which were served at his own table. As he was crossing a flowery meadow, watered with a small rivulet, he perceived a young shepherd beneath the shade of an elm, playing on a pipe near his feeding flock. Upon enquiry he found his name was Alibæus, whose parents lived in a village hard by. He was beautiful, but not effeminate; lively, but not wild; unconscious of his own charms; never dreaming, that, in any respect, he differed from the shepherds around him; tho' without education, his reason had enlarged itself in a surprising manner. The king having entered into conversation with him, was charmed with his discourse; for by him he was freely informed of some things concerning the state of the people, which a king cannot learn from the croud of flatterers that surround him. Sometimes he would smile at the ingenuous simplicity of the youth, who spoke out his mind, without sparing any one in his answers. "I see plainly, (says the monarch, turning to the courtier,) that nature is no less pleasing in the lowest, than in the highest state of life: never did a prince's son appear more amiable than this young man, who now follows the sheep. Who would not be happy, had he a son so beautiful, so lovely, and so sensible as this youth? I am resolved his mind shall be duely improved by a polite and liberal education."

Accordingly the king took Alibæus along with him; he was taught to read, write, and sing, and instructed in all those arts and sciences that can adorn the mind of man. At first he was dazzled with the splendor of the court, and his sudden change of fortune had some little effect upon his mind and temper. Instead of his crook, his pipe, and shepherd's weeds, he wore a purple garment

embroidered with gold, and a turban enriched with precious stones. It was not long till he accomplished himself in such a manner, as to be capable of the most serious affairs, and to obtain his master's entire confidence; who, finding that Alibæus had an exquisite taste for every thing curious and magnificent, gave him at least an office very considerable in Persia, namely that of keeping of all the jewels and precious furniture belonging to the king.

During the life of the great Cha-Abbas, Alibæus grew daily more in favour: yet, as he advanced in age, he called to mind his former quiet and retired condition, and often regretted the loss of it. "O happy days! (would he sometimes cry,) innocent days! days in which I tasted the most pure joys, accompanied with no danger; days, than which none can be more pleasant; he who deprived me of you, by giving me all my riches, has taken from me all I had; happy, thrice happy they, who never knew the miseries of a court!" Miseries, which indeed he himself was in a little time after made sensible of.

Cha-Abbas his good old master dying, was succeeded by his son Cha-Sephi, whom some envious courtiers took care to prejudice against Alibæus. They whispered in his ear that he had made an ill use of the confidence the late king reposed in him, that he had heaped up immense riches, and embezzled many valuable things intrusted to his keeping. Cha-Sephi was young enough to make him too credulous, and had vanity enough to imagine he could reform several of his father's actions.

For a pretence of turning him out of place, by the advice of his envious courtiers, he ordered Alibæus to bring him a scymitar set with diamonds, which the old king was wont to wear in battle. Cha-Abbas had formerly ordered the diamonds to be taken out, and Alibæus proved it was done by the king's order, before he was in possession of the office. When his enemies found that would not

do, they persuaded Cha-Sephi to command Alibæus to give an exact inventory, within a fortnight's time, of all that he had under his care. At the fortnight's end the king desired to see every thing himself. Alibæus opened every door and chest, and shewed him all that was under his care. Every thing was clean, and carefully ranged in its proper place, and nothing was wanting. The king, surprized to see so much exactness and order every where, was almost reconciled to Alibæus; when, at the end of a great gallery, filled with precious furniture, he saw an iron door, on which there were three great locks. His courtiers suggested to him, that within that door was hid all the valuable treasure he had robbed his father of. The king, in a great passion, commanded the door to be opened immediately. Alibæus threw himself at his feet, conjuring him by the immortal gods, not to take from him all he had valuable upon earth. "It is not just, says he, that in a moment's time, I should loose all I possess, after having faithfully served the king your father so long; take every thing else from me, only leave me what is here." This only increased the king's suspicions, and caused him redouble his threats, till at last Alibæus obeyed. Having the keys at hand, he unlocked it himself; but how surprized were all present, when they saw nothing but the crook, the pipe, and the shepherd's cloaths which he had formerly used, and which he often visited lest he should forget his former condition! "Behold, great king, said he, the precious remains of my former happiness, which neither fortune nor your power can take from me. Behold the treasure which will enrich me after all your endeavours to make me poor. These are solid riches, which shall never fail me! riches which will keep those innocent and happy, who can be contented with simple necessaries, and never trouble themselves about superfluous things. O you dear implements of a plain, but blessed life!

“ you only I love, and with you am resolved to live
 “ and die. Yes, great king, I freely return you every
 “ thing, and will preserve only what I possess, when
 “ the king your father, by his liberality, brought
 “ me to court.” The king, a little recovered from
 his surprise, was persuaded of Alibæus’ innocence,
 and enraged against the courtiers, who had endeavoured to deceive him, he banished them from his presence. Alibæus became his chief minister, and was intrusted with the most secret and most important affairs; but every day he visited his pipe, his crook, and his weeds, lest the inconstancy of fortune should rob him of his master’s favour. He died in a good old age, without allowing any of his enemies to be punished, or heaping up any riches; having left his relations just enough to support them in the condition of shepherds, which, of all others, he thought the safest and happiest.



XIV. *Of* LYSANDER.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune in England, whose name was Lyfander, had a large estate in the west country, to which he paid a visit every summer. As he was one day riding over his farms, he came to a very high hill, which presented him with a most beautiful valley below; there ran thro’ the valley, a clear smooth rivulet that gushed from a rock on the side of the mountain. Resolving, for his amusement, to follow the course of the river, he rode two or three miles down the valley, till he came to a small house and garden. The agreeableness of which tempted him to go in, not imagining it was inhabited by persons of any distinction. He crossed the outer court without seeing any body, and from thence he stepped into the hall, where, contrary to his expectation, he found a harpsichord, with a number of music books, containing some

fine Italian airs, but mostly anthems and hymns; upon the table lay several books of different kinds, particularly two folios of maps, and on the floor stood a pair of globes. He was now at a stand, whether he should retire without disturbing the inhabitants, or satisfy his curiosity, and go forward. At length he resolved to go up a stair, which he perceived at one end of the hall; when he came near the top of it, he heard a person reading with great justness in a clear voice, which seemed to be a woman's. He stopt to listen, and turning to his right hand, observed a door half open, from whence he thought the voice came, he drew near without noise, and saw a grave woman of about fifty years of age, reading aloud to two beautiful young ladies, who were both at work embroidering flowers on white silk. They were dressed in white satin waistcoats, brown lutestrings petticoats, and fine laced head-caps. He had viewed them but a few moments, when one of them looking up, seemed a little surprized at the sight of a stranger, but with great civility said to the eldest lady, "Madam, here is a gentleman, who, I believe, would speak with you." At this he was obliged to step forward, humbly asking pardon for his excess of curiosity, which had brought him so far to intrude upon them and to commit a breach of good manners; adding withal, that he began to fancy himself in an enchanted habitation, and could not forbear expressing his desire to know, how people of so fine a taste as they seemed to be, should live in so very retired a manner. After a graceful return to his compliments, the eldest lady answered, that if he had patience to hear it, she would faithfully relate to him her story. "My husband, said she, was the heir of a noble family, his name was Theanor; by him I had these two daughters whom you see. He died when the eldest was but eight years old, and left great debts: in vain did I apply to his rich relations; they would not

" assist me. Thus I found myself obliged to alter
 " my way of life, or leave my husband's debts un-
 " payed, which, tho' law could not force me to fa-
 " tisfy, I thought myself bound to do, by all the
 " laws of justice and honour. I therefore dischar-
 " ged all my servants but two maids and an old
 " clergyman, whom I kept to instruct my daugh-
 " ters. With this small family, I retired to this
 " house, where I have lived upwards of fifteen
 " years. I payed my husband's debts in the first
 " seven years, but both myself and daughters found
 " such peace and pleasure in this solitude, that we
 " resolved not to quit it." Upon this the gentle-
 " man asked them how they amused themselves, and
 " in what manner they spent the day. " Indeed,
 " answered the lady, we seldom go abroad; so
 " that when I have given you an account of one
 " day, I may say I have told you our whole course
 " of life for the last fifteen years. As soon as we
 " rise, we meet in the hall below stairs, where the
 " clergyman, says prayers, and we sing an hymn or
 " an anthem. After this we have our breakfast,
 " and my daughters amuse themselves with their
 " music or painting, while I am busied about the
 " family affairs. About eleven o'clock we go into
 " a room, where we prepare medicines for the
 " poor, and have a press filled with cloaths of all
 " sorts for them, with drawers below, in which
 " are bibles and other good books, that while we
 " take care of their bodies their souls may not be
 " entirely neglected. After dinner my daughters
 " play on the harpsichord, and sing, or sometimes
 " converse, till we have a mind to come up hither,
 " where one of us constantly reads, while the o-
 " thers work. In the evening we take a walk
 " before supper, after which we call our family,
 " and end the day as we began it, in praising God,
 " and in imploring his protection."

Truly madam, (says Lyfander) I am no longer
 surprized that you like your way of living, since

appears to me such, as must entirely secure you from all kinds of discontent. None of the ladies made any answer to this, but the gentleman observed the eldest daughter's face covered with tears. He expressed his concern for this sudden alteration, and begged to know the occasion of it. "Alas!" says the mother, this girl is more to be pitied than you imagine. About five years ago, a young gentleman made his addresses to her, and she modestly received him; but unluckily it happened, that he was not only below her in his fortune, but came of a family notorious for their wickedness; indeed he was not so himself; for his mother had instilled into him all the principles of piety and morality. However, when I heard of it, I disliked it so much, that I fell into a deep melancholy, which ended in a dangerous sickness, so that I was given over by my physicians. I told my daughter Rosella the cause of my illness, and advised her against a marriage, the fears of which had in all probability cost me my life. Upon this she fell upon her knees by my bed-side, and bathing my hands with her tears, begged I would endeavour to recover; for she would rather die herself than offend me. This gave me great joy; I began to recover; and at my desire, Rosella wrote Alphonso (for that was her lover's name) giving an account of her promise, and the reasons that had forced her to it. He received the news with inexpressible grief, and left his father's house next day, to which he has never returned, nor has any body heard of him. I now repent of my conduct, and wish as earnestly as my daughter to see Alphonso again, that I may reward her duty to me, by giving her hand where she long ago placed her heart."

Here the old lady ended with tears in her eyes, in which her daughters accompanied her. By this time it was growing towards night; Lyfander took

his leave of the ladies, and returning to his country-seat full of his adventure, and resolving to visit them frequently. His business calling him abroad, he was out of the country for three or four years. Upon his return home, he was anxious to learn what was become of his country ladies, and therefore he rode to the house the day after he came to his own country-seat. As soon as he alighted, a well dressed footman took his horse from him: this he thought betokened some alteration in the family. When he entered the hall, he observed a beautiful young man in plain dress, and Rosella sitting by a table, with a smiling boy about fourteen months old in her lap. She immediately rose, came towards Lyfander, and desired leave to present her husband Alphonso to him. Lyfander was rejoiced at the sound; and, after sincere expressions of his joy, enquired what had produced so happy an alteration. The old lady answered him shortly thus: “About two years and a half ago, Alphonso’s father fell dangerously ill, and expressed a great concern to see his son before his death; upon this a nephew of Alphonso’s mother, knowing he was retired to Lancashire, wrote him to return home, which he did about four days before the death of his father. After his father’s funeral was over, I sent him a message, desiring to see him, and, at our first meeting presented my daughter Rosella to him. About six weeks thereafter they were married, and we have since passed our time altogether in this retirement, in the most perfect harmony.” Lyfander was charmed with the story, and immediately made his addresses to the younger daughter, whose beauty and merit had made impressions, which till now he had not declared. As he was of a good character, a noble family, and a large estate, she complied. Their marriage was soon after solemnized, and Lyfander was blessed in a virtuous wife, and an agreeable offspring.

XV. *Of ELIZA and EUBULUS.*

A WIDOW lady in England was left by her husband's death in moderate circumstances, with the care of a son and daughter, both under age. To give her children good education was her chief business and delight. In every other respect she was thrifty, but in this very liberal, esteeming a good education the best and most lasting patrimony. She herself taught her children to read and write, and her daughter to use her needle. She early instilled into their tender minds the principles of virtue, by drawing before them strong and lively characters, and reciting remarkable engaging stories. When they were grown up, she put her daughter Eliza to one of the genteelest boarding schools; and her son, named Eubulus, to one of the universities. Eubulus, with a fine genius, and unwearied application, made great progress in his studies; and, at the same time, by an uncommon sweetness of temper, gained the esteem of all who knew him. Among others, he contracted a particular intimacy with a young gentleman of a large fortune, who chose him for his companion in his travels. Having obtained the consent of his mother and sister, he took his leave of them, and soon after, with his friend, whose name was Agathias, went abroad. In their progress through Italy, their curiosity led them to Venice in the time of the carnival. One evening, as Eubulus was going home, he saw two fellows in masks attacking a single gentleman, who made a stout resistance, but was pressed to the wall, and reduced to the last extremity. Eubulus drew his sword in defence of the gentleman, and obliged the villains to retire, after they were deeply wounded. He led the gentleman to his own lodgings, and sent for a surgeon to dress his wounds; but how surprised was he to find he had

rescued his friend Agathias from such imminent danger, and how overjoyed was Agathias, that his friend and deliverer were one and the same person. The wounds were not found mortal; so that in a few weeks Agathias recovered.

While they continued at Venice, a letter came by way of Genoa, to Eubulus, to this effect: "My dear brother, what shall I tell you? how will you be able to bear the news of the death of our much honoured and dearest mother? But the other night she called me to her bed-side and taking me by the hand, she said, My dear child I am just going to leave you; a few hours will bring me to the world of spirits. I cheerfully resign my dear charge, you and your brother, if he is yet alive, to the care of a good God, who will always befriend the virtuous when you have an opportunity of writing to or seeing your brother, tell him I died with him on my heart, left him a mother's blessing, and had no higher wish on earth, than to hear he was still wise and good. Farewel, my dearest child! when you drop a tear to the memory of a loving mother, be excited to imitate whatever you think good and commendable in her conduct; Oh, farewel! At these words, with a smile she resigned her soul into her Maker's hands. My dear brother! grief overwhelms me. I can add no more, but that I long exceedingly to see you; that cordial only can alleviate the heavy load of your affectionate sister Eliza." This mournful news cut Eubulus to the heart; he grew impatient to return home, hoping his presence might help to lighten his sister's grief. Agathias perceiving his friend's uneasiness, inclined to indulge him by hastening their return.

Mean while Eliza, after her mother's death, had retired from the world to a small country-seat bordering upon a little wood. Her time was generally filled up with family affairs, management

of her small estate, reading, visiting the sick, and the company of a few chosen friends; but this calm retirement was soon interrupted, and her virtues were put to a severe trial. It was Eliza's custom, morning and evening, to walk along the banks of a rivulet near her house, and often with a book in her hand. One evening when she was at her usual walk, a gentleman named Lothario, getting near the place, cast himself on the ground from his horse, as if he had been seized with a sudden illness. Eliza, over-hearing the groans of a person in distress, ran to the place where Lothario lay on the ground; and finding him to appearance, in great agonies, hastened home for the assistance of her servants, who carried him to her house, and laid him in an outer apartment. When he pretended to have recovered himself, he thanked her most kindly for her hospitality, and told her he hoped he would be well with a night's rest. From a concern for his illness, she sat by him for some time; but she had not been long in his company, till he began to utter unbecoming discourse, and talk in a strain too shocking for the lady's strict modesty. Her noble passions were instantly raised, and with eyes flashing indignation, she said to him; "Presumptuous man! do you thus return, thus abuse such an act of kindness! I thought my own house would have been a sufficient protection to me against all indecency, especially from you; but since it is not, you must be gone immediately." With these words she left the room with an emotion she could not conceal, and ordered her servants to go and dismiss him that moment. This disappointment only made Lothario fall upon more violent methods to accomplish his villainous designs. He lay in ambush a whole day in the wood near her house, till Eliza, happening to wander abroad as usual, was intercepted by him and his servants, in spite of all her cries and struggles. He stopt not till he brought her to a private country-seat of his

own, where sometimes he retired to avoid company. How deeply afflicted was poor Eliza, when she found herself in the hands of the wicked Lothario! however suppressing all bitter exclamations, which she saw would serve no end, she firmly trusted that heaven would preserve her innocence, and send her speedy relief. Lothario thought to win her with gentle usage and alluring conduct: He told her she might use all freedom in his house, for every thing in it was at her command. She made no reply; but with her eyes darted the utmost contempt upon him and all his proposals. He always allowed her the liberty of walking or riding abroad, but never without servants attending her. In short it would be tedious to relate the methods he tried, during the course of some months, to gain her over to his unworthy desires. But all was in vain: Instead of giving ear to him, she was always plotting her own escape, which at last she happily effected thus: one morning, when Lothario was from home, she got up much earlier than usual, and having the night before stole the key of the garden, she got into it unperceived by any body. After crossing the garden she leapt from the wall, and with difficulty scrambled up the side of the outer ditch; from that she past over several fields, forcing her way through the hedges; she ran on till she thought herself out of danger, and then sat down quite tired with fatigue and want of rest. She now began to think over the dangers she had run, the trials and insults she had borne, and the terrible suspense she was in about what might still befall her. All these things came crowding into her thoughts, and filled her with great anxieties; but at length, looking up to heaven for relief, she committed herself and the success of her escape to a good providence, and sunk into sleep on the green turf. A gentleman, who had been that morning a hunting, chanced to come to the place where Eliza lay: He was struck with her amiableness, but could

not help being surprized to see a lady fast asleep, loosely dressed, her face and arms scratched, and the blood drawn in many places. But how much more was Eliza alarmed when she opened her eyes upon a gentleman, in hunting dress, gazing at her, with his horse in his hand. She started up, and seeing it in vain to fly from him, she accosted him thus: "I doubt not, Sir, you would be much surprized to find a woman in this place, in such a condition; but, I beseech you suspend your wonder, till I have an opportunity of informing you of the extraordinary occasion; mean-time, as you appear to be a gentleman, I trust you have the honour of one, I put myself under your protection; conduct me, I beg you, to some place of safety."

The gentleman most readily accepted the agreeable charge, and his servants coming up, he caused one of them set the lady on horseback, and he conducted her himself to his own mother's house, which was only a few miles off. Having told his mother the story, he committed Eliza to her care, and went home full of the image of his lovely stranger. Next morning he returned, impatient to see her, to enquire after her health, and to learn her misfortunes: after compliments had passed, he begged a recital of them. "You have a right, Sir," answered Eliza, to my story, to remove any suspicions, which my being found in such unfavourable circumstances might have raised." Upon hearing her solitary way of life, her treatment from Lothario, her family and relations, how was he delighted to find the young lady the sister of his friend and fellow traveller Eubulus: for Agathias and Eubulus had returned from their travels about a month before, and Agathias was the gentleman who had found Eliza, and carried her to his mother's house. Joy flowed so full upon him, that he was on the point of making a full discovery of her brother and himself; but he checked himself,

and left her to find out Eubulus. Eubulus, at his return, was quite cast down to find the country house desolate, and his dear sister, his chief joy in life gone, and nobody could tell whither. Agathias had formerly told him of his finding a lady in great distress, his relieving her, and the high esteem he had for her. He now told him he would introduce him to her to-morrow; and he himself should then judge, whether or not he esteemed her above her merit. Accordingly, next day, he took Eubulus to his mother's, to see the unfortunate stranger. As Eubulus had been some years abroad, both his own and his sister's looks were so altered, that they knew not one another. In the afternoon, Agathias' mother led them into the garden, where, after they were seated, she begged Eliza to entertain them with her history. Eliza ran over her misfortunes, and represented the villainy of Lothario in such soft terms, as delighted Agathias and his mother; but Eubulus felt an uncommon tenderness, mixed with admiration; the tears started into his eyes: "Madam, said he, give me leave
 " to ask your name and family." "Alas, Sir, replied
 " she, you desire me to renew my grief; my parents
 " are both dead; I have only one dear brother,
 " who is now upon his travels with a gentleman of
 " fortune and merit; I wish for nothing to make
 " me completely happy but to see him again. O
 " if my dear Eubulus be still alive, and it please
 " kind Heaven to restore him to my sight; how
 " happy, happy"—she could proceed no farther; sighs denied a passage to her words, and scarce got the time to utter them, when Eubulus started from his seat, ran to her, clasped her in his arms, and burst out, "Then, my dearest sister, be as happy
 " as your virtue, and your dear Eubulus can
 " make you."—Words failed him to say more, a flood of tears succeeded, the effect of inexpressible delight. Eliza, quite overpowered, continued some time speechless; at last she got vent to her joy,

and broke out, "O my dear Eubulus, my brother, is it you? Am I indeed so happy as to see you again? Has heaven restored you to me to part no more? Behold, continued she, pointing to Agathias, my deliverer and guardian, to whom I owe my life, my honour, and my all. You must acknowledge the immense debt; I have a heart to feel, but want words to express it." "O Madam," replied Agathias, he has fully repaid me already; to his bravery I owe my life, which Heaven has graciously prolonged, that I might be so happy as to contribute to your safety: if you think there is any thing yet owing me, it is yourself I would ask as the full reward." Eliza confounded at the generous proposal, made no reply; but modestly blushed consent. The match was shortly concluded with the entire approbation of all friends. Agathias was possessed in Eliza of one of the most virtuous and accomplished of her sex, and Eliza's transient sufferings were rewarded in a happiness that continues undecaying, in conjunction with one of the best of husbands.

XVI. *Of FLORIO and CYNTHIA.*

CYNTHIA, in the prime of beauty, with all the accomplishments that could adorn her sex, was addressed by Florio, who was an intimate acquaintance of her father and brother. Florio was a young gentleman of a considerable fortune, had good sense, and a certain agreeableness of behaviour, which concealed some defects in his temper. Cynthia had penetration enough to find out some natural infirmities in his disposition, but thought his better qualities would atone for them. One part of his temper may seem very peculiar for a young gentleman, a love for money; which he

shewed by jobbing in the stocks, enquiring after mortgages, and lending out money on usury. Cynthia's fortune was small in comparison to his; but she was descended of as good a family; and, in every other respect, his equal. Acquainted with Florio's temper, the prudent Cynthia, on his addressing her, laid these circumstances before him; and she herself made an objection, that she had not a fortune equal to his. With the greatest raptures would Florio, at such times, catch her by the hand, and with the utimost tenderness, say, *My dearest Cynthia, I am not suing for wealth, but happiness; my own fortune is large enough, with the pleasure of having you to participate it with me, I think of nothing, I desire nothing but your love.* Thus would he often and often exclaim, till it would have been ungenerous in Cynthia not to have believed him; and she fancied she could so behave after marriage, that he would never repent that he had married a woman with an unequal fortune. She resolved to suit herself to his humour; and thought she could please and make him happy, not out of vanity, but inclination to do so. She intended not to have had great obligations, even to the man she loved; and therefore purposed, by her frugal œconomy, to have saved equal to the fortune she would have brought. This prudence and affection on her side, with wealth and love on his, must have made them one of the happiest pairs living. Cynthia's father and brother had been consulted by Florio, and had with great expressions of joy at such an alliance, given their consent to it. Every thing was looked on as fixed, and nothing remained but Florio's appointing the time for his nuptials; when (oh! the inconstancy of man!) Florio never intended to celebrate them. Without shewing the least abatement of his passion, he left her one evening, and as he parted, said, he would send a billet next morning that would surprize her. She answered with some gaiety, and withdrew. Next morning a letter came, and she, with a joy she always felt

on receiving a letter from him, broke it open. But, O her astonishment, when she read thus! To Cynthia, "Madam, I said last night, I would send a bill, let that would surprize you; I believe this will, when it informs you, it is the last I shall ever write to you; nor do I know that I shall ever see you again. Things had like to have gone too far. This is an abrupt way of telling you so, but I could in no other. I wish you well, Cynthia, and a better husband than Florio. P. S. You need not send any answer for an explanation, for I am gone out of town, and am at least ten miles off when you read this." Amaz'd, confounded, and bewilder'd in thought, did the poor Cynthia read over and over the letter! now thinking it some frolic of Florio's to make trial of her temper; now suspecting it to be true; then resentment took place, then sorrow; both which flung her into a passion of tears. In this agitation, her brother entered the room, and caught her in his arms, just as she was falling from the chair into a swoon. On her recovery, she informed him of the cause, and shewed him the letter. He was surprized at it, and could not believe Florio was in earnest; he therefore went directly to his lodgings, to know the truth of it. It was too true, Florio, and all his servants were gone that morning at five o'clock. He returned and acquainted his father of the whole affair; who immediately went into Cynthia's chamber, and found her in her maid's arms in another swoon. When she had recovered her senses, her father endeavoured to comfort her, and bid her rather be glad, she had escaped being the wife of so base a man, who, in all probability, would have used her ill after marriage. All that could be said, she heard with patience, and answered with discretion; but, alas! her heart was too deeply affected with a passion which reason could not remove. This flung her into a melancholy, which still more increased, when she had received

assurances, that the infidelity of Florio was as real as he had described it. When the next fatal consequence had ensued, which was a fever on her spirits, she desired a young lady, her intimate comrade and confident, to bring her pen, ink, and paper; then sitting up in her bed, she wrote the following letter: To Florio, "Sir, from your
 " treatment of me you might expect the most
 " severe reproaches; but, as I am in that state, in
 " which all Christians are to forgive their most bitter enemies, I from my soul forgive you, and
 " hope Heaven also will forgive you the death of
 " Cynthia." Then, holding out the paper to the young lady, she said, Dear Harriot, when I am dead, for I find I have not long to live, send that to Florio; 'tis to forgive him; and I wish him happier than I doubt he deserves. She survived not many hours, but expired in her brother's arms. Thus fell the unhappy Cynthia a victim to man's avarice and infidelity: thus became Florio a worse kind of murderer than ruffian or a robber: thus he has loaded with affliction a tender parent; thus broke the laws of honour with his friend, and those of civil society with all mankind.—Yet this same Florio, unaffected, unminded, and unpunished, is on the brink of marrying a lady, whom he does not care for, much less love, because she has a great fortune, and is of a great family; the first of which he does not want, and the last can be of no service to him.

XVII. *Of FANNY and her Brother.*

A YOUNG man, whose father was a gentleman of Cheshire, left home to settle in London, contrary to his father's pleasure. He had a very rich uncle, however, who approved of his going, and furnished him with a considerable sum of

money; promising further to supply him with every thing suitable to the handsome equipage he had already provided him. The youth being of birth and spirit soon made a large acquaintance in London; and his good breeding and conduct gained him some powerful friends; friends who proved of the utmost service to him in the accident which soon after befel him. His uncle died suddenly without making any will, and the money he had given him was soon spent; so that finding himself unprovided with means to obtain any more he was forced to recur to his friends; who, touched with his misfortunes, looked out diligently for some employ to him, and at last, thought of obtaining for him a commission in the army; but it required some time to make interest, he was forced to take up, in the interim, with serving a nobleman in the quality of a steward. He was not indeed over expert in the service, but being the chief of the servants, his post required only that he should overlook the rest. He made a pretty fortune under this nobleman, and thought of sharing it with a girl he had pitched upon for a wife. In fact, he married her, and had two children by her, a boy and a girl. These two children became the admiration of all around them; they were so beautiful, graceful and virtuous, and happy in a sprightly penetrating genius that charmed every body. They were yet very young when their mother died; and unhappily for them, their father married a second wife, who was the author of all their misfortunes.

As soon as the second wife had a child, the father's love changed its object. The children of the former wife had no more share in his tenderness, but were sacrificed to the mother-in-law's hatred, by being put out of doors. The boy was put to a scrivener, and little Fanny, his sister, was sent to a country boarding-school. Tho' they were extremely ill treated at home by their mother-in-law, it was not without pain that they left it, because they

perceived this exile to be the effect of a hatred they had not deserved: but what was most grievous to them, was the necessity of separating. The poor infants embraced each other with a flood of tears, and unable to utter a last farewell, they took leave only with sighs. Their mother-in-law thought herself quite happy in their absence from home; but Heaven soon chastised her with the loss of the child she loved most. Fanny, however, in a short time became the admiration of the boarding-school where she was, and of all the ladies who came thither; and her brother, on his part, applied so well to his business that he excelled his master, so that having nothing more to learn, his father took him home again to save expences. One may guess how the mother-in-law would be pleased to see him; there was no ill treatment the poor youth did not endure, and what was wonderful, bore it all with a patience which has few examples at so tender an age; for he was then but about twelve years old. Little Fanny having heard that her brother was come home, and knowing that the duchess of —— was then at the boarding-school, on a visit to her niece, she contrived to be seen by her. Well, Fanny, says the duchess, upon seeing her, will you go to London with me? Ah, Madam, said she, sighing, I wish I might say Yes, without being blamed; I would say it with all my heart. By your manner of speaking, says the duchess, you seem not to be contented here. I would be unjust to complain, says Fanny; but——. At these words the tears trickled down her tender cheeks, and she retired. The duchess looked at the mistress: What can be the matter with this child? said she; there is something very extraordinary in her behaviour. Madam, said the mistress, she gives us daily proofs of the goodness of her heart, and the brightness of her understanding; but, I fear much, the poor child is born to be wretched. I will endeavour to prevent that, says the duchess; but I beg you would call

her again, and leave her alone with me. The mistress withdrew, and sent Fanny, who appeared again before the duchess, with an air of constancy and resolution above the tears she had lately shed. Fanny, says the duchess, why did you leave me so abruptly? Ah, Madam, the rebel tears, which forced their way down my cheeks, obliged me, tho' unwilling, to retire, that I might not be wanting in the respect that is due to you. I hope, Madam, my tender age will apologize for me, and obtain my pardon. Yes, Fanny, says the duchess, I pardon you; but, on condition you tell me the cause of your tears. With all my heart, Madam, says Fanny, and I hope you will compassionate my misfortunes. She told her what she and her brother had suffered since her father's second marriage, and how perfect a love was between them; and when he came to her brother's return home, I am too sure, said she, he will be badly used; and must I, Madam, who am all the comfort he has, remain here in peace and not share with him in his sufferings? Go, says the duchess, you are too rich in merit: but make yourself easy, you shall go with me to London. Accordingly she took her along with her, and put her into the hands of her mother-in-law, and gave her very extraordinary commendations; but the duchess was no sooner gone, than poor Fanny began to feel her step-mother's resentment; yet she made no complaint; it was nothing more than she expected: her grief was, that though she was always enquiring after, yet she could never see her brother. At length the maid, touched with Fanny's distress, told her, he was locked up in a cellar, and fed on bread and water, without having done any thing to deserve such severity. Does my father know it? says Fanny. No, says the maid; when he comes home, your mother pretends she has sent your brother on some message, and he enquires no further. Fanny delayed not to get access to her brother: he entreated

her not to expose herself to her step-mother's fury for his sake. I came home, said she, with no other view than to alleviate your evils, and I have therefore no danger to fear: God, the Father of orphans, will stand by me; I will go to your father, and acquaint him with your sufferings; perhaps he may lend me a favourable ear. Ah! dear sister, he now thinks no more of us than if we were not his children. No matter, says the girl, at least I shall have done my duty. In reality she did as she said; her father seemed to melt at her discourse, and talked to his wife upon it with seeming severity; but, as he was seldom at home, this only served to augment the childrens' wretchedness; for, immediately thereafter, Fanny was abused, and turned out of doors by eight o'clock at night. She would now have had recourse to the duchess of ———; but she knew neither the house, nor the street where she lived, and she was afraid and ashamed to enquire; at last she got into an old ruinous house, where she concealed herself that night. Next morning she went into the first church she saw open, and no sooner sat down, than overpowered with the fatigue of the preceding night, she fell asleep. A young man coming accidentally into the church found her dosing; he was greatly surprised, and drawing near, he waked her, with saying, that the church was not a place to sleep in. I know it, Sir, answers Fanny, but I am overpowered, and God will forgive me. Has any misfortune happened to you, Miss? tell me: I have good credit in London, and I feel a strong propensity to serve you. I thank you, Sir, said she, I have a Father all good; 'tis he who helps me to endure my sufferings, and I am willing to endure them as long as he pleases. But then, Miss, does this father forbid the use of all means? No surely. I beg you then not to conceal your misfortunes from me, that I may speedily relieve you to the utmost of my power. She would by no means consent to it, and

the young man modestly forbearing to press her too much, withdrew. Afflicted Fanny spent the day in walking about London, without knowing where she was, or whither she was going, perpetually conning over her misfortunes, but commanding the utmost patience and resignation. The night came on, and she betook herself to the ruinous house, and next morning returned into the same church she went into before. The young gentleman came again into the church, and found Fanny asleep in the same place, but very different from what he beheld her the preceding day. The poor child had eaten nothing for two days; she was pale, wan, and exhausted. He waked her again, and asked the cause of this change; she own'd to him, she had been fasting for some time, and began to be sensible of a considerable loss of strength, which she told him with so much courage and unshaken constancy, that the young gentleman was more captivated with her than ever, and had now the strongest desire of affording her relief. 'Tis unworthy a man of honour, Miss, said he, to suffer you longer to remain in this distress; since you think it not proper to favour me with the knowledge of your misfortunes, permit me to call a coach, and conduct you to my sister's, where you shall be in safety, and want for nothing. I return you thanks, Sir, said the girl, for your obliging offer, and wish I could accept it with decency, but I cannot. Accept then at least, said he, of a trifle towards your support; saying this, he would fain have given her a couple of guineas, but she absolutely refused them.

She passed the rest of that day in prying about her father's door, till she got an opportunity of speaking to a servant, of whom she asked if Mr. ——— was returned to town? yes, says the maid, and has several times enquired after you. This was a banker, who lived in the same house with her step-mother, and who had all the regard for Fanny she really deserved. She desired the maid to go

secretly to him, and tell him she wanted to speak to him. He got her immediately conveyed into his house, without any one perceiving it, and Fanny told him her whole story. The banker had a brother-in-law in love with Fanny's step-mother, and he was not hated by her. This brother taking Fanny for a spy on their conduct, to be more at liberty, caused the child to be turned out of doors. No sooner did the step-mother get word of Fanny's being with the banker, than, putting on the air of a vestal, she went to him, and told him she could not comprehend his behaviour, in concealing a young girl in his house; and, as she could not wink at such a practice without dishonour, she insisted upon having her away with her that instant. The banker was obliged to give up the poor girl; but withal told her mother, that Fanny's good or bad treatment, should be the rule of his conduct to his brother, who was entirely dependant on his bounty. The step-mother promised a milder behaviour, and was as good as her word, for fear of losing her gallant, or seeing him punished. Fanny was now at rest; but her tranquillity was not of a long standing. The step-mother persuaded her husband to rid himself of his children, adding, that she had an advantageous prospect for the boy; for the commodore of the fleet at Spithead wanted a secretary. She found no difficulty in gaining her husband's consent, and the youth readily acquiesced. He went and took leave of his dear sister, and immediately set out without seeing father or mother, giving them thereby to understand, that he had reason not to be pleased with the sufferings they had made him endure. During this interval, the young gentleman, who had seen Fanny in the church, had been strictly enquiring after the place of her abode; as soon as he was informed, he went and asked her in marriage of her parents: they, without much enquiry about the gentleman gave their consent. The step-mother was charmed with the opportunity

of being freed from the company of a child, whose discreet conduct was a constant reproach to the depravity of her own manners. The young gentleman had free access to Fanny, and enjoyed the innocent pleasure of entertaining his future bride, without any restraint. He was extremely overjoyed to find he was not deceived in the opinion he first entertained of her. He declared to her, that his resolution had long been never to marry; but that her misfortunes and her virtue, heightened by distress, had so affected him, as to determine him to ask her in marriage, more for her sake, and to rescue her from the state of violence and danger she was in, than out of any of those motives, which generally engage the giddy world to marry. I am, answered Fanny, most sensible of the many obligations I lie under to you, Sir; not more on account of the good you mean to do me, than of the harm you never attempted, when I was wholly in your power. How many would have used their utmost efforts to seduce me! how happy shall I be, if I ever have the joy to find our hearts as perfectly according, as our sentiments do at present! But, alas! such a felicity was not designed for Fanny: the poor girl seemed rather to be made for shedding tears only. All was in readiness for the wedding, and the day fixed upon, when a letter obliged the young lover to set out for Hampton-Court; he went away in the night, in order to return next day to London, which was the occasion of his catastrophe. His horse fell, and he broke his leg, in two places. It was sometime before he could get any help, and he died in a very short time. They knew not how to acquaint Fanny with the dismal news; but she soon perceived some misfortune had happened. Conceal nothing from me, said she, I am prepared for every evil. Your lover is dead, says some body. Well, said Fanny, with the tears trickling down her cheeks, what is there extraordinary in this? Fanny still hopes to be happy, but it is when she too shall

be dead. After this accident, her father, who, thro' cowardly compliance to his wife, wished to be rid of the girl, began to look out for some body, to whom he might marry her, resolving to cause her put up with any, the most indifferent match. He shortly lighted on a mean tradesman, and to him, without more ado, he disposed of his daughter. It was not long before Fanny perceived she had got, in the room of her step-mother, a tyrant more inhumane, and less supportable, and not so easy to be parted with. However, her husband foretook her and went to France, under no concern for the condition he left her in, for she was then with child. But, to add to her wretchedness, several tradesmen and merchants came about her, demanding payment of different commodities he had taken up from them. In vain did Fanny look for money to satisfy them; her husband had taken all with him. The merchants and tradesmen, seeing the poor young creature in distress, and melting in tears, found she was grossly abused by the wretch who had married her, and used their endeavours to comfort her, by proposing to her an advantageous composition, but Fanny nobly refused it, and sold all she was possessed of, to pay them their whole demands. Her father and step-mother, tho' acquainted with all that passed, were cruel enough to make her no offer of the least assistance; and, in a word, acted towards her no one part of Christians, of parents, or even of human creatures. What succour would the unfortunate poor thing hope for! She was resolved to conceal her deplorable circumstances from the world; but her god-father, who was a man of quality, hearing of her case, invited her home to live with his wife: this offer she would not accept of, but contented herself with the relief he was pleased to send her. It would be tedious to run over all the misfortunes of the unhappy Fanny. She had several proposals made her by some who got acquainted with her character, but she would consent to none

of them, choosing rather at last to follow her husband, in hopes of recalling him from his irregularities. She accordingly set out for France; but her husband quitted it as soon as ever he was informed of her arrival. This treatment was very severe: She was obliged to think of returning to London, by the way of Havre-de-grace; but how overjoyed was she, when the first person she saw, as she entered the town, was her brother, who, in his way home from the West Indies, was there weather-bound. Since his being dismissed from the fleet, where he had staid a very short time, he had made a successful voyage, and was now on his return with a handsome fortune, when he met with his sister. At first he affected not to know her, but at length declared himself openly to her, and acquainting her with the fortune he had made, vowed to share it with no one else. Brotherly affection spoke in his resolutions and actions; but when he heard the distressful tale of his poor sister's adventures, compassion, tenderness, generosity, and every noble sense combined to confirm him in the good designs he had conceived of her. In short, they arrived at London, and at present live happily together, beyond the reach of their cruel parents; and by their prudent, pious, and beneficent lives, are esteemed, admired and beloved by all around them.



Of ACTION.

AMONG the many valuable rules, which even Heathen philosophers have given for the conduct of men's lives, this is one not unworthy of our notice, that we should imagine some excellent person to be present with us, as a witness and spectator of all our actions. Wisely supposing, that the eye and observance of a superior in goodness, would

check the wanton fallies of unruly passion, intemperance, or vice.

And if the bare fiction of the presence of a mortal, like ourselves, if the inspection of a finite creature only, may rationally be thought to have so strong an influence on the actions of mankind; of how much greater force upon our most secret thoughts and actions must be a firm belief of the omnipresence of almighty GOD, *who is about our path, and about our bed, and spieth out all our ways*: unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid?

“Am I a GOD at hand, saith the Almighty, (by his prophet Jeremiah) or a GOD afar off? Can any hide himself in secret places, that I shall not see him? Do not I fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord?”

In all your actions, think GOD sees you; and in all his actions labour to see him; that will make you fear him, this will move you to love him. The fear of GOD is the beginning of knowledge, and knowledge of GOD is perfection of love.

Of COWARDICE.

Cowards die many times before their death.
The valiant never taste of death but once.

DRYD. CLEOM.

COWARDICE, says Theophrastus, is a timorous dejection of soul, creating imaginary dangers. When such a faint-hearted wretch as this is at sea, he fancies all the promontaries are so many hulks of ships wrecked on the coast. The least agitation of the water puts him in a panic of fear, and makes him inquire whether all that are aboard are initiated. When he observes the pilot to stop the ship's way, he anxiously asks whether the gods seem

to be propitious or not. He tells the man who sits next him, a terrible story of a dismal dream he dreamt last night, which he takes to be an ominous presage; then pulls off his clothes to make ready for swimming, and heartily begs the sailors to put him ashore as soon as possible. If he be in the land service, getting his fellow soldiers about him, he tells them, it is hard to discern, whether those they discover afar off, are the enemy, or not; but when the greatness of the noise gives him to understand the armies on both sides are engaged, and he sees men fall on each side of him; he says to those who are next him, that he took the field in such hurry and precipitation, that he forgot to bring his sword along with him, and presently runs into his tent to fetch it; then sends his servant out to observe the motions of the enemy, and in the mean time hides his sword under the pillow, and is employed in looking for it, till the battle is over. When he sees any of his friends brought wounded into the camp, he runs to meet him, encourages him to have a good heart, stops his blood, dresses his wounds, and drives away the flies which are troublesome; he takes all imaginable care of him, and this, or any thing else, he'll rather do than fight. When he sits in the tent with a wounded person, if he hears the trumpeters sounding a charge, he bitterly curses them, saying, these fellows make such a horrid noise, that the poor man cannot take one minute's rest. He walks about besmeared all over with the blood which proceeded from the wounds of others; and makes those who lately came from the fight believe, that he ran great risk of his own life to save one of his friends, and brings his town's-folk and countrymen to see the very man, to each of whom he gives a particular relation how he carried him into his tent in his own arms.

Of DEATH.

THE horror with which some men entertain thoughts of death, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions, and consequently dispose it to groundless prodigies and predictions; for, as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life, by reasonings of philosophy; so it is the employment of fools to multiply them, by sentiments of superstition.

What says Lucretius upon this occasion.

Put the case, that a voice from Heaven should speak to any of us, after this manner: What dost thou ail, O mortal man, or to what purpose is it to spend thy life in groans and complaints, under the apprehensions of death? Where are thy past years and pleasures? Are they not vanish'd and lost in the flux of time, as if thou hadst put water into a sieve? bethink thyself then of retreat, and leave the world with the same content and satisfaction, as a well satisfied guest rises from an agreeable feast.

Prepare to part with life willingly; Study more how to die, than how to live; if you would live till you are old, live as if you were to die when you are young.

Though the king of terrors hourly extends his conquests over all sorts and conditions of men, who are all made of the same mould, and must all crumble into the same dust; though, this day, one friend mournfully follows another to his long home; and, when a few more glasses are run, others attend him to the like melancholy mansions of the dead; though we frequently see some leaving this world in their full strength and vigor, wholly at ease and quiet; and though we often see those go first to the grave that came last from the womb; yet, notwithstanding the many and constant summonses to think

seriously of this great change, with what unaccountable folly do the generality of mankind cheat themselves out of an eternity of bliss in another world, by their supine neglect of a timely preparation for this last hour; death creeping upon them under such circumstances, how importunately do they then apply to Heaven, in words like those of the distressed Psalmist? *O spare me a little, that I may recover myself, before I go hence, and am no more seen.* But such late wishes are in vain; nothing can keep off the deadly stroke.

Mr. Addison, after a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concern for the living; but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, yet not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend: he came; but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent: after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, "Dear Sir! you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, "*See in what peace a Christian can die.*" He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired. Through grace divine, how great is man! Through divine mercy, how stingless death! Who could not thus expire? A death to be distinguished with tears of joy.

OF EDUCATION.

EDUCATION of youth was ever esteemed of so high an importance, that we find Solon made a law, that those parents should not be relieved, or regarded in their old age, by those children upon whom they had neglected to bestow a virtuous education.

The late Mr. Hervey, in his *Reflections on a Flower Garden*, as an image of a well nurtured mind; has the following address to those concerned in the education of youth:

“How natural does this lead our contemplation, to the advantages which flow from a virtuous education; and the miseries which ensue from the neglect of it!—The mind, without early institution, will in all probability become like the “vineyard of the sluggard.” If left to the propensities of his own depraved will; what can we expect, but the most luxuriant growth of unruly appetites; which in time will break forth into all manner of scandalous irregularities? What—but that anger, like a prickly thorn, arm the temper with an untractable moroseness: Peevishness, like a stinging nettle, render the conversation irksome and forbearing: Avarice like some choking weed teach the fingers to gripe, and the hands to oppress: Revenge like some poisonous plant, replete with baneful juices, rankle in the breast, and meditate mischief to its neighbour; while unbridled lusts, like swarms of noisome insects, taint each rising thought; and render “every imagination of the heart only evil continually.”—Such are the usual products of savage nature! such the furniture of the uncultivated soul!

Whereas, let the mind be put under the “nurture and admonition of the LORD.” Let holy discipline clear the soil: Let sacred instructions sow it with the best seed: Let skill and vigilance dress the rising roots; direct the young ideas, how to spread: the wayward passions, how to move—Then, what a different state of the inner man will quickly take place! charity will breath her sweets, and hope expand her blossoms: The personal virtues display their graces, and the social ones their fruits: The sentiments become generous; the carriage endearing; the life honourable and useful.

Of GOD.

THE following is the character, which the scriptures exhibit to us, of the GOD whom we profess to worship. He is no *local Deity*, like those of the idolatrous Heathens, presiding over this or the other province of nature, the heavens, the air, the earth, the sea; inhabiting this mountain, that grove, or that valley; the *tutelar God* of this city, or the peculiar *Guardian* of that nation. OUR GOD is confined to no spot: his regards are limited to no community: He rides on the circuit of the heavens: his eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth: Hell itself is open before him, and destruction hath no covering. He maketh the clouds his chariot, and the winds his messengers: All the elements fulfil his commands. Darkness is his pavilion; the earth is his footstool; and in the deep waters his wonders are seen. All nature is his temple, all space his abode; every living thing is the workmanship of his hand; and over all his parental care and tender mercies extend, without the least shadow of partiality, or the smallest tincture of envy. Who then can behold so august a character, and not VENERATE it, so amiable a character, and not LOVE it?

All nature is full of God. He is enthroned in light:—he creates darkness:—he hath his way in the whirlwind, sendeth abroad his lightnings, giveth snow like wool, scattereth the hoar frost like ashes, and casteth forth his ice like morsels! Who can stand before his cold? Who can thunder with a voice like God? It is HE who distils the rain from his bottles, who opens the bubbling fountains, who covers the fields with grass, and the hills with flocks, who spins out the fleecy air, and spreads forth the liquid plains; who refreshes us

with his winds, lights us with the sun, and entertains us at his table, richly furnished with all the dainties of heaven.

What infinite reason have we then to *Confide* in such beneficent *Wisdom*, to *Submit* to a *Power*, at once so awfully and munificently employed, to *Receive* with the highest gratitude, such a profusion of Goodness, and to *Resign* ourselves to a PROVIDENCE so watchful, so active, so unwearied in our behalf.

He that fears GOD truly, serves him faithfully, loves him entirely, prays unto him devoutly, and distributes to the poor liberally.

The fear of GOD is the greatest treasure of the heart of man; it would be attended with wisdom, justice, peace, joy, refined pleasures, true liberty, sweet plenty, and spotless glory.

Remember, that those who fear GOD, have nothing to fear from man. If GOD be for us, who can be against us?

Let us ever remember GOD is omnipresent: if we go up into Heaven, he is there; if we go down into Hell, he is there also; in the former, reigning in his infinite mercy; in the latter, his eternal vengeance.

GOD is Alpha and Omega in the great world, let us endeavour to make him so in the little world; let us practise to make him our last thought at night when we sleep, and our first in the morning when we awake; so shall our fancy be sanctified in the night, and our understanding rectified in the day; so shall our rest be peaceful, and our labours prosperous; our life pious, and our death glorious.

A FABLE.

LABOUR, the offspring of *Want*, and the mother of *Health* and *Contentment*, lived with her two daughters, in a little cottage by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers: But having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. *Labour* went soberly along the road, with *Health* on her right hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of chearfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while *Contentment* went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good humour, increasing the vivacity of her sister.

In this manner they travelled over forests, and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capitol of the kingdom.

At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separating should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But *Health* was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsel of *Labour*: she suffered herself to be debauched by *Intemperance*, and at last died in the child-birth of *Disease*. *Contentment*, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the enticements of *Sloth*, and was never heard of after: while *Labour*, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till she was at last seized by *Lassitude* in her way, and died in misery.

Of the GRAVE.

COULD we draw back the covering of the tomb; could we see what those are now, who once were mortals, oh, how would it surprize and grieve us! surprize us, to behold the prodigious transformation that has taken place on every individual; grieve us to observe the dishonour done to our nature in general, within these subterraneous lodgments!

Here the sweet and winning aspect, that wore perpetually an attractive smile, grins horribly, a naked, ghastly skull.—The eye, that out-shone the diamond's lustre, and glanced her lovely lighting into the most guarded heart; Alas! where is it? Where shall we find the rolling sparkler? How are all those radiant glories totally, totally eclipsed!—The tongue, that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this strange land, has "forgot its cunning." Where are now those strains of melody, which ravished our ears! Where is that flow of persuasion, which carried captive our judgments? The great master of language, and of song, is become silent as the night that surrounds him.—The pampered flesh, so lately cloathed in purple, and fine linen, how is it covered rudely with clods of clay! There was a time, when the timorously nice creature, would scarce "adventure to set a foot upon the ground, for delicateness and tenderness;" Deut. xxviii. 26. but is now enwrapped in clammy earth, and sleeps on no softer a pillow than the ragged gravel stones.—Here "the strong men bow themselves;" the nervous arms are unstrung; the brawny sinews are relaxed; the limbs not long ago the seats of vigor and activity, lie down motionless; and the bones that were as bars of iron, are crumbled into dust.

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Here, the man of business forgets all his favourite schemes, and discontinues the pursuit of gain. Here is a total stand to the circulation of merchandize, and the hurry of trade. In these solitary recesses, as in the building of Solomon's temple, is heard no sound of the hammer and axe. The winding-sheet and the coffin, are the utmost bounds of all earthly devices: "Hitherto may they go, but no farther."—Here the sons of pleasure take a final farewell of their dearest delights. No more is the sensualist anointed with oil, or crown'd with rose buds: He chants no more to the melody of the viol; nor revels any longer at the banquet of wine. Instead of sumptuous tables, and delicious treats, the poor voluptuary is himself a feast for fattened insects; the reptile riots in his flesh; "the worm feeds sweetly on him," Job xxiv. 20.—Here also beauty fails; bright beauty drops her lustre here. Oh! how her roses fade, and her lilies languish, in this bleak soil! How does the grand leveller pour contempt upon the charmer of our hearts! How turn to deformity, what captivated the world before!

Of PROVIDENCE.

THAT great prophet, Moses, it is said, was called up, by a voice from Heaven, to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy, he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone, than a little boy came to the same place; and finding a purse of gold, which the soldier had dropped, took

it up, and went up with it. Immediately after this, came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his purse, returns to search for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it; and appeals to Heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier not believing his protestation, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his expostulation: be not surprized, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass: The child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know, that the old man, whom thou sawest, was the murderer of that child's father. *Addison's Evidence of the Christian religion.*

The following, from the same Author, is another remarkable Instance to the same Effect.

THREE persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple: In order to do it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having, till now, fought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose.

AN
 ABRIDGMENT
 OF THE
 HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

CHAPTER I.

*Which takes in the Time that passed from the Creation
 of the World to the Flood.*

THE world was created about four thousand years before the birth of Jesus Christ. In six days, God made all the creatures that are therein; and on the sixth day he created Adam, who was the first man. He made him after his own image, and gave him dominion over the rest of the creatures. Adam, after his creation, was put into the terrestrial paradise, otherwise called the garden of Eden, with Eve his wife, who was formed out of one of his ribs: And they had lived happy in that place if they had continued in their innocence, and kept the law that God had given them.

But Adam and Eve, being fallen into rebellion, thro' the temptation of the devil, and having broken the commandment that God gave them, not to eat of the fruit of a tree, which was in the garden of Eden, which the scripture calls, *The tree of knowledge of good and evil*; They lost their innocence and their happiness together, were made subject to death, and driven by God out of the terrestrial paradise. By this fall of Adam, sin and death entered into the world! and all men had been for ever

miserable, if God had not taken pity on them. But God immediately promised, *That the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head*; that is, that men should be delivered from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, by Jesus Christ, who should be born of a virgin.

In the book of Genesis, Moses tells us who were the children and descendants of Adam. We see by the history of those times, that the life of men was then much longer than it is now; and that they lived many hundreds of years: but it may be also observed, that sin began to reign in the world presently after the creation. Cain the son of Adam, slew his brother Abel, and had a wicked posterity. Nevertheless, God was known to, and worshipped by the patriarchs, and especially in the family of Seth, who was one of the sons of Adam. Among these patriarchs, the scripture makes mention of Enoch, whom God took out of the world, so that he died not; God having been pleased thereby to crown his piety, and to teach men that there are rewards after this life, for those that live well. But in process of time, the posterity of Seth was corrupted likewise, and mingled with the wicked. The earth was filled with crimes, and the corruption grew so great and general, that God sent the flood, which drowned the whole world, Noah excepted, who, being a man that feared God, was, with his family, preserved from this inundation; God having commanded him to build an ark, in which he was shut up when the flood came. The memory of this deluge is preserved, not only in the holy scriptures, but also among divers nations of the world; as we may find in many ancient histories. The flood happened one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years after the creation of the world.

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CHAP. II.

Of the Time between the Flood, and the call of Abraham.

NOAH being come out of the ark after the deluge, God made a covenant with him, and gave a new sanction to the law of nature, in order to turn men from wickedness and vice. Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; and all the world was afterwards peopled by their posterity; the descendants of Shem settled chiefly in Asia; those of Ham spread, for the most part, in Africa; and those of Japheth, in Europe. This is the original of all the people in the world, as may be seen more at large in the tenth chapter of Genesis.

Some time after the flood, men undertook to build the tower of Babel; but God confounded their language; so that not understanding one another any longer, they were dispersed into divers countries. Idolatry began about this time to prevail, and then God was pleased to choose a people, among whom the true religion might be preserved. For this purpose, he called Abraham, who lived in the city of Ur, in Chaldea. He appointed him to leave the country wherein he was born; he engaged him to serve him, and fear him; he commanded him to go into the land of Canaan, and he promised to give that country to his descendants, to multiply his posterity; and that the Messias should be born of his race. The call of Abraham happened four hundred and twenty seven years after the flood.



CHAP. III.

Of the Time between the Call of Abraham, and the going of the Children of Israel out of Egypt.

ABRAMHAM being come into the land of Canaan, tarried there sometime with Lot his

nephew, without having any child. This country was then inhabited by the Canaanites, who were an idolatrous and very wicked people: particularly the inhabitants of Sodom, (where Lot dwelt) were so wicked, and had committed sins so horrible, that God destroyed that city, after he had brought Lot, with his wife and daughters out of it. Fire from heaven fell down upon Sodom and Gomorrah; so that those cities, with their inhabitants, and all the neighbouring country were burnt to ashes.

When Abraham was an hundred years of age, Isaac his son was born, by a supernatural power. Isaac was the father of Jacob; and Jacob had twelve sons, who were the heads of the twelve tribes or families of the children of Israel. The two most considerable of these tribes were, afterwards, the tribe of Levi, from which the priests and ministers of religion were taken; and the tribe of Judah, which was the most powerful, and which was, for a great while, possessed of the royal authority, and was to subsist till the coming of Jesus Christ; from which also Jesus Christ was to be born.

Joseph, one of the sons of Jacob, having been sold and carried into Egypt, thro' the jealousy and hatred of his brethren, God raised him up to the chiefest dignity of that kingdom, by the means of the king of that country. Some years after, Jacob, the father of Joseph, was constrained by the famine that was in the land of Canaan, to go and sojourn in Egypt, with all his family. About this time lived Job, a man illustrious for his piety and patience under afflictions.

After the death of Jacob and Joseph, the children of Israel increased and multiplied so exceedingly in Egypt, that king Pharaoh became jealous of them and endeavoured to destroy them. But God sent Moses, who having wrought many miracles, and smote Egypt with ten plagues, obliged Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go out of his ter-

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CHAP. IV.

Of the Time between the going out of Egypt, and the Building of Solomon's Temple.

THE children of Israel being come out of Egypt, walked upon dry land through the Red Sea: and Pharaoh, who pursued them, attempting to go through it after them, was there drowned with all his army. Fifty days after the deliverance from Egypt, God published the ten commandments of the political laws to Moses; as also the ceremonial laws, which the Israelites were to observe. God did not suffer the children of Israel to enter into the land of Canaan immediately after their coming out of Egypt; but they staid in the wilderness forty years, under the conduct of Moses.

Moses dying at the end of these forty years, Joshua succeeded him; and after having subdued the nations and kings that inhabited the land of Canaan, he settled the Israelites in their stead. After the death of Joshua, this people were governed by the judges that God raised, from time to time, until the prophet Samuel, (who was the last of the judges) set up Saul, the first king of the Israelites. After Saul, reigned David, who was both a king and a prophet; to whom succeeded Solomon his son, who built the temple of Jerusalem, four hundred and fourscore years after the coming out of Egypt, and a thousand years before the coming of Jesus Christ.

CHAP. V.

*Of the Time between the Building of Solomon's Temple,
and the Captivity of Babylon.*

AFTER Solomon's death, Rehoboam his son being set on the throne, ten tribes of Israel revolted; so that he ruled over two tribes only, which were those of Judah and Benjamin. Thus there were two kingdoms formed; the one, called the kingdom of Israel, which comprehended the ten revolted tribes; the other, called the kingdom of Judah, which consisted of the two tribes, that remained faithful to Rehoboam.

The kingdom of Israel subsisted about two hundred and fifty years: Jeroboam was the first king of it. This prince fearing that his subjects would return to the obedience of Rehoboam king of Judah, when they should go to Jerusalem, to the solemn festivals, to worship God in the temple, and to offer their sacrifices there, set up a false worship in his kingdom. He made two golden calves, which they worshipped under the name of the God of Israel. He appointed solemn feasts and priests: So that in the reign of Jeroboam, and his successors, idolatry was established in the kingdom of Israel. All the kings of Israel were idolators, and kept up the false worship which Jeroboam had established. God sent several prophets to the ten tribes, to turn them from their sins, and to preserve the knowledge of himself among them. The most eminent of these prophets was Elijah: he prophesied in the time of Ahab, who was one of the wickedest of the kings of Israel. At last, the kingdom of the ten tribes was destroyed, and Samaria, their capital city, was taken in the time of Hoshea, the last king of Israel, by Shalmaneser king of Assyria, who carried away the ten tribes into his own kingdom,

from whence they were dispersed into divers countries; and have never since been settled again in their own.

The kingdom of Judah lasted an hundred and thirty years longer than that of Israel. The capital city of this kingdom was Jerusalem, where the true God was served in the temple of Solomon. But idolatry crept in also into the kingdom of Judah. God raised up prophets, from time to time, who opposed the errors and sins of that people, who threatened them with the judgments of God, and foretold the coming of the Messias. Isaiah was one of the most eminent of these prophets. There were also some good kings, who endeavoured to abolish idolatry; as Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Josiah, and some others. But the people continuing in their sins, God, (after he had long threatened them, and afflicted them at sundry times by the neighbouring kings,) destroyed also the kingdom of Judah. Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon besieged Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, the last king of Judea: he took it, and burnt it, with the temple, and carried away the people to Babylon, about four hundred and twenty years after Solomon had laid the foundation of the temple of Jerusalem, and five hundred and fourscore years before the birth of our Lord.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Time between the Captivity of Babylon, and Jesus Christ.

THE Babylonish captivity lasted seventy years, as the prophet Jeremiah had foretold it should. When these seventy years were expired, the Jews returned into their own country by the leave of Cyrus king of Persia, under the conduct of Zorobabel, to rebuild the temple of Jeru-

Jerusalem. But in this they were interrupted by the neighbouring nations; and this work was delayed to the time of Darius king of Persia, who commanded, that the temple and the service of God should be set up again. The prophets Haggai and Zechariah lived at that time, and they exhorted the Jews to labour in building the temple. Some years afterwards, Nehemiah went into Judea, by the permission of king Artaxerxes: He caused the walls of Jerusalem to be built, and restored order and civil government in that city.

From the rebuilding of Jerusalem, in the reign of Darius, to the destruction of that city, which happened after the coming of Jesus Christ, there were seventy weeks of years; that is to say, four hundred and ninety years, according to the prediction of the prophet Daniel. The Jews being returned into their own country, were, for some time, subject to the kings of Persia, and afterwards to the kings of Syria. They were exposed to divers persecutions, whereof the last and most cruel, was that of king Antiochus, who plundered and profaned the temple of Jerusalem, and made use of torments, in order to force the Jews to renounce their religion; as may be seen in the history of the Maccabees. This was he that forced Mattathias and many Jews to enter into a covenant together for the preservation of their religion and liberty. They gained many victories, by the courage and conduct of Judas Maccabeus and Jonathan, both sons of Mattathias. Having recovered their liberty, and again set up the exercise of their religion, they were a long time under the government of the priests, who succeeded Judas and Jonathan, and took the title of kings. These are they who are called Asmoneans. At last, the Jews fell under the dominion of the Romans, who made Herod king over Judea; and it was this Herod that reigned when Jesus Christ came into the world.

CHAP. VII.

*Of the Birth of Jesus Christ : of his Life and Death.
Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven.*

THE time, in which God had resolved to send his Son, being come, Jesus Christ was born in Judea, and many things fell out, that made his birth remarkable. Nevertheless, he did not quickly make himself known to the Jews: Nor did he begin to exercise his ministry, before he was thirty years of age, and that he had been baptized by John the Baptist, his forerunner. We have the history of the life of Jesus Christ in the gospel; and there are three things principally to be considered in this history, *viz.* The doctrine of Jesus Christ, his miracles, and the holiness of his life. The doctrine he preached was most holy, and tends only to the glory of God, and the good of mankind. He wrought a great number of miracles, which manifested an infinite power and goodness. By these miracles he has made it appear, that he was the Son of God, and that his doctrine was true. His life was perfectly holy. We may find therein an example of all kind of virtues, and particularly of an admirable charity and humility, of an extraordinary zeal, and of a perfect indifference for the world.

Jesus having lived after this manner among the Jews, for about the space of four years, they crucified him, and put him to death at the feast of the passover: but he arose again the third day after his death; and forty days after his resurrection, he ascended into heaven, where he sits at the right hand of God; and from whence he sent the Holy Ghost to his apostles, upon the day of Pentecost.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Preaching of the Apostles, and the Establishment of the Christian Religion.

THE apostles having received the Holy Ghost in the city of Jerusalem, began to preach the gospel there, and to confirm their doctrine by miracles. At first they preached only in Judea, and to none but Jews. But God having made known to them, that the Christian religion ought to be taught to all men, they went to preach the gospel throughout the world. The apostles met with Jews in almost all the places where they came, this nation having been dispersed for a long time in divers countries. It was to the Jews of the dispersion, that the apostles did at first address themselves, as the book of Acts shews us; and it was to them that they wrote many epistles. Nevertheless, they invited all sorts of people, without distinction, as well Gentiles as Jews, to the profession of the gospel; and they baptized all those that would become Christians, *in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*. This is the substance of the doctrine which the apostles and other ministers of Jesus Christ did preach; namely, That there is but one only God, who created heaven and earth; that this true God, who had not been sufficiently known till then, had made himself known to men by Jesus Christ his Son: that this Jesus, who was crucified by the Jews, was risen again; that he was the Saviour of the world, the Judge of all men; and that all those who would believe in him, should be eternally happy. This doctrine was preached by the apostles, with such wonderful success, that in a few years Christianity was established in the principal parts of the world.

As for the Jews they were destroyed and drove out of their country, forty years after the death of

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our Lord. The city of Jerusale'm was taken by the Romans, and, with the temple there, laid in ruins, as Jesus Christ had expressly foretold; the judgments of God fell upon the Jews; who were dispersed throughout the world; and since that time they never have been able to recover that destruction, but it continues upon them to this day.

CHAP. IX.

An Abridgment of the Christian Religion.

BUT, in order to have a more exact knowledge of the religion preached by the apostles, it must be known, that they required two things from men, and promised them also two things.

The two things, which the apostles required, were, that men should believe, and that they should amend their lives. They required, in the first place, that men should believe in God and in Jesus Christ; that the Gentiles should forsake their religion, and the service of false deities, and adore and serve none but the true God, the Creator of the world; and that the Jews should acknowledge Jesus Christ for the Messiah promised by the prophets; and that Jews and Gentiles both should believe, that Jesus Christ came into the world for the salvation of men, to make atonement for their sins, to deliver them from condemnation and death, and to purchase, for all them that believe in him, a title to eternal life; that they should receive his doctrine as true; and that they should persevere in the profession of it. The other thing which the apostles required, was, that those, who till then had lived very wickedly, should amend their lives and renounce their sins, of which the principal were impiety, impurity, intemperance, cruelty, covetousness, injustice, pride, evil speaking, the love of the world, and self-love. Those

who were made Christians, renounced these sins in receiving baptism, and they promised to live in the practice of virtue and holiness, and to obey the commandments of Jesus Christ; which may be reduced to these three heads, piety towards God, justice and charity towards our neighbour, and temperance in regard to ourselves.

Upon condition that men would acquit themselves of these two duties, and would give evidence of their faith and repentance, the apostles promised them two things: *First*, That all their past sins, committed in the time of their ignorance should be pardoned: *Secondly*, That God would receive them into his covenant, and grant them salvation and life eternal. These are the two things that the apostles gave men assurance of by baptism; but, as for those that refused to become Christians, or that being Christians, did not live as Jesus Christ had ordained; the apostles declared, that they were excluded from salvation, and were subject to condemnation and death eternal.

This is the sum of the Christian religion, as it was preached by the apostles. It is our duty to adhere constantly to it, to love it, to do according as it directs, living godly in this world, and expecting our salvation from the mercy of God; that so, when Jesus Christ shall come at the last day, to render to every one according to his works, we may escape the punishment which this religion threatens wicked people with, and partake of that glory and everlasting happiness, which it promises to the faithful.

The practice of VIRTUE recommended.

WHEN Hercules, says the divine Prodicus, was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert,

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where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, very much perplexed in himself, on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women, of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very notable air and graceful deportment: her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted; her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve; her motion and behaviour full of modesty; and her raiment white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, (who came forward with a regular composed carriage) and running up to him, accosted him in the following manner:

My dear Hercules, says she, I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts, upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crouds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me, into this region of delights,

this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.—

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me *Happiness*; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of *Pleasure*.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young Hero in a very different manner.

Hercules, says she, I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must be master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions, upon which I can propose happiness. The goddess of pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: You see, said she, Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas, that which I propose, is short and easy. Alas! said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion, made up of scorn and pity, what are the pleasures you propose! To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, to sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites

before they are raised, and to raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, a household guardian to the father of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labours) honoured by posterity.

We know, by the life of this memorable Hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an Heathen: but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented Pleasure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters; here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they were all false and borrowed; and, by that means, compose a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of

those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I must earnestly entreat to come into the world. Let my embryos shew the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the Hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants; but as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

A Description of BABEL.

THE reader must needs have a curiosity to see some account of a city and tower which employed all the men in the world, for so many years, in building. The scripture informs us, that they made use of burnt bricks instead of stone, and slime instead of mortar. According to an Eastern tradition, they were three years in making and burning these bricks; each of which was thirteen cubits long, ten broad, and five thick. The slime, with which these bricks were cemented, was a pitchy substance, or bitumen, brought from a city in the neighbourhood of Babylon, called Is or Hit. The oriental authors say, that the city built by the sons of Noah, was three hundred and thirteen fathoms in length, and one hundred and fifty-one in breadth; that the walls of it were five thousand five hundred and thirty-three fathoms high, and thirty-three broad; and the tower ten thousand fathoms or twelve miles high; which dimensions bear no manner of proportion to each other. Even Jerom affirms, from the testimony of

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eye witnesses, who examined the remains of the tower carefully, that it was four miles high. Ado raises the heighth to no less than five thousand miles. But these are shameful extravagancies. The only account we can depend upon, as to the dimensions of this tower, supposing it the same tower with that which stood in the midst of the temple of Belus, afterwards built round it by Nebuchadnezzar, must be taken from profane authors. Herodotus tells us, it was a furlong in length, and as much in breadth: and Strabo determines the height to have been a furlong; that is the eight part of a mile, or six hundred and sixty feet; which is itself prodigious: for thereby, it appears to have exceeded the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids, in heighth, one hundred and forty-eight feet, though it fell very considerable short of it at the basis. It consisted of eight square towers, one above another, gradually decreasing in breadth; which, with the winding of the stairs from top to bottom, on the outside, gave it the resemblance of a pyramid, as Strabo calls it. This antique form, joined to the extraordinary height of the structure, easily induces us to believe it to be the same tower mentioned by Moses; Nebuchadnezzar finishing the design, which the sons of Noah were obliged, by the confusion of tongues, to leave unexecuted. The ruins of this most wonderful city are now so defaced, that the people of the country are not certain of their situation; and this has occasioned travellers to differ concerning it.

An Account of CYRUS' Education.

CYRUS was the son of Cambyfes, king of Persia, and of Mandana, daughter to Astyages, king of the Medes. He was born one year after his uncle Cyaxares, the brother of Manda.

The Persians consisted, at this time, of twelve

tribes, and inhabited only one province of that vast country, which has since borne the name of Persia, and were not in all above an hundred and twenty thousand men. But this people having afterwards, thro' the wisdom and valour of Cyrus, acquired the empire of the East, the name of Persia extended itself with their conquests and fortune, and comprehended all that vast tract of land, which reaches from east to west, from the river Indus to the Tigris; and from north to south, from the Caspian sea to the Ocean. And still to this day, the country of Persia has the same extent.

Cyrus was beautiful in his person, and still more lovely for the qualities of his mind; was of a very sweet disposition, full of good nature and humanity, had great desire to learn, and a noble ardour for glory. He was never afraid of any danger, or discouraged by any hardship or difficulty, where honour was to be acquired. He was brought up according to the laws and customs of the Persians, which were excellent in those days with respect to education.

The public good, the common benefit of the nation, was the only principle and end of all their laws. The education of children was looked upon as the most important duty, and the most essential part of government: It was not left to the care of fathers and mothers, whose blind affection and fondness often render them incapable of that office; but the state took it upon themselves. Boys were all brought up in common, after one uniform manner; where every thing was regulated, the place and length of their exercises, the times of eating, the quality of their meat and drink, and their different kinds of punishment. The only food allowed either the children or the young men, was bread, cressies, and water; for their design was to accustom them early to temperance and sobriety: Besides, they considered, that a plain frugal diet, without any mixture of sauces or ragoos, would

strengthen the body, and lay such a foundation of health as would enable them to undergo the hardships and fatigues of war to a good old age.

Here boys went to school, to learn justice and virtue, as they do in other places to learn arts and sciences; and the crime most severely punished amongst them was ingratitude.

The design of the Persians, in all these wise regulations, was to prevent evil, being convinced how much better it is to prevent faults, than to punish them; and whereas in other states, the legislators are satisfied with establishing punishments for criminals, the Persians endeavoured so to order it, as to have no criminals amongst them.

Till sixteen or seventeen years of age, the boys remained in the class of children; and here it was they learnt to draw the bow, and to sling the dart or javelin; after which they were received into the class of young men. In this they were more narrowly watched and kept under, than before; because that age requires the narrowest inspection, and has the greatest need of restraint. Here they remained ten years; during which time they passed all their nights in keeping guard, as well for the safety of the city, as to inure them to fatigue. In the day time they waited upon their governors, to receive their orders; attended the king when he went hunting; or improved themselves in their exercises.

The third class consisted of men grown up, and formed; and in this they remained five and twenty years. Out of these, all the officers that were to command in the troops, and all such as were to fill the different posts and employments in the state, were chosen. When they were turned of fifty, they were not obliged to carry arms out of their own country.

Besides these, there was a fourth or last class, from whence men of the greatest wisdom and experience were chosen, for forming the public council, and residing in the courts of judicature.

By this means, every citizen might aspire at the chief posts in the government: but no one could arrive at them, till he had passed through all these several classes, and made himself capable of them by all these exercises. The classes were open to all; but generally such only, as were rich enough to maintain their children without working, sent them thither.

Cyrus himself was educated in this manner, and surpassed all of his age, not only in aptness to learn, but in courage and address, in executing whatever he undertook.

*An Account of the Battle of THYMBRA, between
CYRUS and CROESUS.*

THIS battle is one of the most considerable events in antiquity; since it decided the empire of Asia between the Assyrians of Babylon, and the Persians; and as it is the first pitched battle we have any full or particular account of, cannot fail of being acceptable to the reader.

Cyrus' army amounted in the whole to an hundred and ninety-six thousand men, horse and foot. Of these there were seventy thousand natural born Persians, viz. ten thousand cuirassiers of horse, twenty thousand cuirassiers of foot, twenty thousand pikemen, and twenty thousand lightly armed. The rest of the army, to the number of an hundred and twenty-six thousand men, consisted of twenty-six thousand Median, Armenian, and Arabian horse, and an hundred thousand foot of the same nations.

Besides these troops, Cyrus had three hundred chariots of war, armed with scythes, each chariot drawn by four horses a-breast, covered with trappings, that were shot proof; as were also the horses of the Persian cuirassiers.

He had likewise ordered a great number of chariots to be made of a large size, upon each of which

was placed a tower, of about eighteen or twenty feet high, in which were lodged twenty archers. Each chariot was drawn upon wheels, by sixteen oxen yoked in a breast.

There was, moreover, a considerable number of camels, upon each of which were mounted two Arabian archers, back to back; so that one looked towards the head, and the other towards the tail of the camel.

Crcesus' army was about twice as numerous as that of Cyrus, amounting, in all, to four hundred and twenty thousand men, of which there was sixty thousand cavalry. The troops consisted chiefly of Babylonians, Lydians, Phrygians, Cappadocians, of the nations about the Hellespont, and of Egyptians, to the number of three hundred and sixty thousand men. The Egyptians alone made a body of an hundred and twenty thousand. They had large bucklers that covered them down to the feet, very long pikes, and short swords, but very broad. The rest of the army was made up of Cyprians, Cilicians, Lyconians, Paphlagonians, Thracians, and Ionians.

Crcesus' army, in order of battle, was all ranged in one line, the infantry in the centre, and the cavalry on the two wings. All his troops, both foot and horse, were thirty men deep: but the Egyptians, who, as we have taken notice, were an hundred and twenty thousand in number, and who were the principal strength of Crcesus' infantry, of which they were placed in the centre, were divided into twelve large bodies, or square battalions of ten thousand men each, which had an hundred men in front, and as many in depth, with an interval or space between every battalion, that they might act and fight independent of, and without interfering with one another. Crcesus would gladly have persuaded them to range themselves in a less depth, or thickness, that they might make the wider front. The armies were upon a vast immense plain, which gave room for the extending of their wings to right

and left: and the design of Crœsus, upon which he founded his hopes of victory, was to surround and hem in the enemy's army. But he could not prevail upon the Egyptians to change the order of battle they had been accustomed to. His army, as it was thus drawn out in one line, took up near forty stadia, or five miles length of ground.

Araspes, who under the pretence of discontent, had retired to Crœsus' army, and who had particular orders from Cyrus to observe well the manner of that general's ranging his troops, returned to the Persian camp the day before the engagement of the two armies. Cyrus, in forming his order of battle, governed himself by the dispositions of Crœsus' army, of which that young Median nobleman had given an exact account.

The Persian troops had been generally used to engage four and twenty men in depth; but Cyrus thought fit to change that disposition. It was necessary for him to form as wide a front as possible, without too much weakening his phalanx, to prevent his army's being inclosed and hemmed in. His infantry was excellent, and most advantageously armed with cuirasses, partisans, battle-axes and swords; and provided they could join the enemy in close fight, there was little reason to believe, that the Lydian phalanx, that were only armed with light bucklers and javelins, could support the charge. Cyrus therefore thin'd the files of his infantry one half, and ranged them only twelve men deep. The cavalry was drawn out on the two wings, the right commanded by Chrysantes, and the left by Hytaspes. The whole front of the army took up but thirty-two stadia or four miles in extent; and consequently was at each end, near four stadia, or half a mile short of the enemy's front.

Behind the first line, at a little distance, Cyrus placed the spearmen; and behind them the archers, Both the one and the other were covered by the soldiers in their front, over whose heads they could

fling their javelins, and shoot their arrows, at the enemy.

Behind all these he formed another line, to serve for the rear, which consisted of the flower of his army. Their business was to have their eyes upon those that were placed before them, to encourage those that did their duty, to sustain and threaten those that gave way, and even to kill those as traitors that ran away; by that means to keep the cowards in awe, and make them have as great a terror of the troops in the rear, as they could possibly have of the enemy.

Behind the army were placed those moving towers, which I have already described. These formed a line equal and parallel to that of the army, and did not only serve to annoy the enemy, by the perpetual discharges of the archers that were in them, but might likewise be looked upon as a kind of moveable forts, or redoubts, under which the Persian troops might rally, in case they were broken and pushed by the enemy.

Just behind these towers were other two lines, which also were parallel and equal to the front of the army; the one was formed of the baggage, and the other of the chariots, which carried the women, and such other persons as were unfit for service.

To close all these lines, and to secure them from the insult of the enemy, Cyrus placed in the rear of all, two thousand infantry, two thousand horse, and the troop of camels, which were pretty numerous.

Cyrus' design in forming two lines of the baggage, &c. was not only to make his army appear more numerous than it really was, but likewise to oblige the enemy, in case they were resolved to surround him, as he knew they intended, to make the longer circuit, and consequently, to weaken their line, by stretching it out so far.

We have still the Persian chariots of war, armed

with scythes, to speak of. These were divided into three bodies, of an hundred each. One of these bodies, commanded by Abradates, king of Susiana, was placed in the front of the battle, and the other two upon the flanks of the army.

Such was the order of battle in the two armies, as they were drawn out and disposed the day before the engagement.

The next day, very early in the morning, Cyrus made a sacrifice, during which time his army took a little refreshment; and the soldiers, after having offered their libations to the gods, put on their armour. Never was a fight more beautiful and magnificent: coat-armour, cuirasses, bucklers, helmets, one could not tell which to admire most: men and horses, all finely equipped, and glittering in brass and scarlet.

As soon as Cyrus had finished his sacrifice, given his officers the necessary orders and instructions for the battle, and put them in mind of paying the homage that is due to the gods, every man went to his post. Some of his officers brought him wine and victuals: he eat a little without sitting down, and caused the rest to be distributed among those that were about him. He took a little wine likewise; and poured out a part of it, as an offering to the gods before he drank; and all the company followed his example. After this he prayed again to the god of his fathers, desiring he would please to be his guide, and come to his assistance; he then mounted his horse, and commanded them all to follow him.

As he was considering on which side he should direct his march, he heard a clap of thunder on the right, and cried out, "Sovereign Jupiter, we follow thee." And that instant he set forwards, having Chrysanthes on his right, who commanded the right wing of his horse, and Arsenas on the left, who commanded the foot. He warned them, above all things, to take care of the royal standard, and to

advance equally in a line. The standard was a golden eagle at the end of a pike, with its wings stretched out; the same as was ever after used by the kings of Persia. He made his army halt three times before they arrived at the enemy's army; and after having marched about twenty stadia, or two miles and a half, they came in view of them.

When the two armies were within sight of each other, and the enemy's had observed how much the front of their's exceeded that of Cyrus, they made the centre of their army halt, whilst the two wings advanced, projecting to the right and left, with design to inclose Cyrus' army, and to begin their attack on every side at the same time. This movement did not at all alarm Cyrus, because he expected it. Having given the word for rallying the troops, *Jupiter, leader, and protector*, he left his right wing, promising to rejoin them immediately, and help them to conquer if it was the will of the gods.

He rode through all the ranks, to give his orders, and to encourage his soldiers; and he, who on all other occasions was so modest, and so far from the least air of ostentation, was now full of a noble confidence; and spoke as if he was assured of victory: "Follow me comrades, says he, the victory is certainly ours; the gods are for us." He observed that many of his officers, and even Abradates himself, were uneasy at the motion, which the two wings of the Lydian army made, in order to attack them on the two flanks: "Those troops alarm you, says he: believe me those are the very troops that will be first routed: and to you, Abradates, I will give that as a signal of the time when you are to fall upon the enemy with your chariots." In the event, the thing just happened as Cyrus had foretold. After Cyrus had given such orders as he thought necessary every where, he returned to the right wing of his army.

When the two detached bodies of the Lydian troops were sufficiently extended, Cræsus gave the

signal to the main body of his army, to march up directly to the front of the Persian army, whilst the two wings, that were wheeling round upon their flanks, advanced on each side; so that Cyrus' army was inclosed on three sides, as if it had had three great armies to engage with; and, as Xenophon says, looked like a small square drawn within a great one.

In an instant, on the first signal Cyrus gave, his troops faced about on every side, keeping a profound silence, in expectation of the event. The prince now thought it time to sing the hymn of battle. The whole army answered to it with loud shouts, and invocations to the god of war. Then Cyrus, at the head of some troops of horse, briskly followed by a body of the foot, fell immediately upon the enemy's forces, that were marching to attack the right of his army in flank; and having attacked them in flank, as they intended to do him, put them into great disorder. The chariots then driving furiously upon the Lydians, completed their defeat.

In the same moment, the troops of the left flank knowing by the noise, that Cyrus had begun the battle on the right, advanced to the enemy. And immediately the squadron of camels were made to advance likewise, as Cyrus had ordered. The enemy's cavalry did not expect this; and their horses, at a distance, as soon as ever they were sensible of the approach of those animals, (for horses cannot endure the smell of camels) began to snort and prance, to run foul upon and overturn one another, throwing their riders and treading them under their feet. Whilst they were in this confusion, a small body of horse, commanded by Artageses, pushed them very warmly, to prevent them from rallying; and the chariots, armed with scythes, falling furiously upon them, they were entirely routed, with a dreadful slaughter.

This being the signal, which Cyrus had given Abradates, for attacking the front of the enemy's army, he drove like lightening upon them with all

his chariots. Their first ranks were not able to stand so violent a charge, but gave way, and were dispersed. Having broken and overthrown them, Abradates came up to the Egyptian battalions, which, being covered with their bucklers, and marching in such close order that the chariots had not room to pierce among them, gave him much more trouble, and would not have been broken, had it not been for the violence of the horses, that trode upon them. 'Twas a most dreadful spectacle to see the heaps of men and horses, overturned chariots, broken arms, and all the direful effects of the sharp scythes, which cut every thing in pieces that came in their way. But Abradates' chariot having the misfortune to be overturned, he and his men were killed, after they had signalized their valour in an extraordinary manner. The Egyptians then marching forward in close order, and covered with their bucklers, obliged the Persian infantry to give way, and drove them beyond their fourth line, as far as to their machines. There the Egyptians met with a fresh storm of arrows and javelins, that were poured upon their heads from the rolling towers; and the battalions of the Persian rear-guard, advancing sword in hand, hindered their archers and spearmen from retreating any further, and obliged them to return to the charge.

Cyrus, in the mean time, having put both the horse and foot to flight, on the left of the Egyptians, did not amuse himself in pursuing the runaways; but pushing on directly to the centre, had the mortification to find his Persian troops had been forced to give way; and rightly judging, that the only means to prevent the Egyptians from gaining further ground, would be to attack them behind; he did so, and fell upon their rear: the cavalry came up at the same time; and the enemy was pushed with great fury. The Egyptians, being attacked on all sides, faced about every way, and defended themselves with wonderful bravery.

Cyrus himself was in great danger : his horse, which a soldier had stabb'd in the belly, sinking under him, he fell in the midst of his enemies. Here was an opportunity, says Xenophon, of seeing how important it is for a commander to have the affection of his soldiers. Officers and men, equally alarmed at the danger in which they saw their leader, ran headlong into the thick forest of pikes, to rescue and save him. He quickly mounted another horse, and the battle became more bloody than ever. At length Cyrus admiring the valour of the Egyptians, and being concerned to see such brave men perish, offered them honourable conditions, if they would surrender, letting them know, at the same time, that all their allies had abandoned them. The Egyptians accepted the conditions : and, as they were no less eminent in point of fidelity than in courage, they stipulated, that they should not be obliged to carry arms against Cræsus, in whose service they had been engaged. From thenceforward, they served in the Persian army with inviolable fidelity.

The battle lasted till evening. Cræsus retreated, as fast as he could, with his troops to Sardis. The other nations, in like manner, that very night directed their course, each to their own country ; and made as long marches as they possibly could. The conquerors, after they had eaten something, and posted the guards, went to rest.

An Account of the Siege of BABYLON by CYRUS.

OF the destruction of this proud metropolis of the East, in the reign of Nabonadius, Labynitus, or Belschazzar, authors give the following account :

Cyrus, having subdued the several nations inhabiting the great continent, from the Egean sea to the Euphrates, and likewise Syria and Arabia, en-

tered Syria, and bent his march toward Babylon. Nabonadius, hearing that he was advancing to his metropolis, marched out to give him battle: but being, without much ado, put to flight, he retreated to Babylon; where he was immediately blocked up, and closely besieged by Cyrus. The siege of this important place was no easy enterprize. The walls were of a prodigious height, the number of men to defend them very great, and the city stored with all sorts of provisions for twenty years. However these difficulties did not discourage Cyrus from prosecuting his designs: but, despairing of being able to take the place by storm, he caused a line of circumvallation to be drawn quite round the city, with a large and deep ditch; reckoning, that if all communication with the country were cut off, the more people that were within the city, the sooner they would be obliged to surrender. That his troops might not be over fatigued, he divided his army into twelve bodies, appointing each body its month for guarding the trenches. The besieged, thinking themselves out of all danger, by reason of their high walls and magazines, insulted Cyrus from the ramparts, looking upon all the trouble he gave himself, as so much unprofitable labour.

Cyrus, having spent two entire years before Babylon, without gaining any considerable advantage over the place, at last resolved on the following stratagem. He was informed, that a great annual solemnity was to be kept in Babylon; and that the Babylonians, on that occasion were accustomed to spend the whole night in drinking and debauchery. This he thought a proper time to surprize them; and accordingly, sent a strong detachment to the head of the canal, leading to the great lake, which had been lately dug by Nitocris, with orders, at an appointed time, to break down the great bank, which was between the lake and the canal, and to turn the whole current into the lake. At the same time, he appointed one body of troops at the place

where the river entered into the city, and another where it came out, ordering them to march in by the bed of the river, which was two stadias in breadth, as soon as they could find it fordable. Towards the evening he opened the head of the trenches on both sides the river, above the city, that the water might discharge itself into them. By this means, and the breaking down of the great dam, the river was soon drained. Then the two above-mentioned bodies of troops, according to their orders, entered the channel, the one commanded by Gobryas, and the other by Gadates; and finding the gates all left open, by reason of the general disorder of that riotous night, they penetrated into the very heart of the city without opposition; and meeting at the place, according to their agreement; surprized the guards, and cut them in pieces. Those who were in the palace, opening the gates to know the cause of this confusion, the Persians rushed in, took the palace, and killed the king, who, sword in hand, came out to meet them. The king being killed, and those who were about him put to flight, the rest submitted, and the Medes and Persians became masters of the place. The taking of Babylon put an end to the Babylonian empire, and fulfilled the prophecies which the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah and Daniel, had uttered against that proud metropolis. In that very night, the king entertained, on occasion of the public rejoicings, a thousand of his lords, at a great banquet; and having profaned the sacred vessels which his grandfather Nebuchadnezzar had brought from Jerusalem, he first saw written on the wall of his banqueting room, and afterwards heard from the mouth of Daniel, the severe doom which immediately overtook him.

*An Account of the Battle of ARBELA, between
ALEXANDER and DARIUS.*

ALEXANDER, who, in the crisis of affairs, used always to consult soothsayers, observing very exactly whatever they enjoined, in order to obtain the favour of the gods, finding himself upon the point of fighting a battle, the success of which was to give empire to the conqueror, sent for Aristander, in whom he reposed the greatest confidence. He then shut himself up with the soothsayer, to make some secret sacrifices; and afterwards offered up victims to Fear, which he doubtless did to prevent his army from being seized with dread, at the sight of the formidable army of Darius. The soothsayer, dressed in his vestments, holding vervain, with his head veiled, first repeated the prayers which the king was to address to Jupiter, to Minerva, and to Victory. The whole being ended, Alexander went to bed, to repose himself the remaining part of the night. As he revolved in his mind, not without some emotion, the consequence of the battle, which was upon the point of being fought, he could not sleep immediately. But his body being oppressed, in a manner, by the anxiety of his mind, he slept soundly the whole night, contrary to his usual custom: so that when his generals were assembled at day-break before his tent, to receive his orders, they were greatly surprized to find he was not awake; upon which they themselves commanded the soldiers to take some refreshment. Parmenio having at last awaked him, and seemed surprized to find him in so calm and sweet a sleep, just as he was going to fight a battle, in which his whole fortune lay at stake: "How could it be possible, said Alexander, for us not to be calm, since the enemy is come to deliver himself into our hands?" Immediately he took up his arms, mounted his

horse, and rode up and down the ranks; exhorting the troops to behave gallantly; and, if possible, to surpass their ancient fame, and the glory they had hitherto acquired. Soldiers, on the day of battle, imagine they see the fate of the engagement painted in the face of their general. As for Alexander, he had never appeared so calm, so gay, nor so resolute. The serenity and security which they observed in him, were in a manner so many assurances of the victory.

There was a great difference between the two armies with respect to numbers; but much more with regard to courage. That of Darius consisted of, at least, six hundred thousand foot, and four hundred thousand horse; and the other of no more than forty thousand foot, and seven or eight thousand horse; but the latter was all fire and strength, whereas, on the side of the Persians, it was a prodigious assemblage of men, not of soldiers; an empty phantom, rather than a real army.

Both sides were disposed in very near the same array. The forces were drawn up in two lines, the cavalry on the two wings, and the infantry in the middle; the one and the other being under the particular conduct of the chiefs of each of the different nations that composed them; and commanded in general by the principal crown officers. The front of the battle, under Darius, was covered with two hundred chariots, armed with scythes, and with fifteen elephants; the king taking his post in the centre of the first line. Besides the guards, which were the flower of his forces, he also had fortified himself with the Grecian infantry, whom he had drawn up near his person; believing this body only capable of opposing the Macedonian phalanx. As his army spread over a much greater space of ground than that of the enemy, he intended to surround, and to charge them, at one and the same time, both in front and flank.

But Alexander had guarded against this, by g

ing orders to the commanders of the second line, that in case they should be charged behind, to face about on that side: or else to draw up their troops in form of a gibbet, and cover the wings, in case the enemy should charge them in flank. He had posted in the front of his first line, the greatest part of his bowmen, slingers, and hurlers of javelins, in order that these might make head against the chariots, armed with scythes; and frighten the horses, by discharging at them a shower of arrows, javelins, and stones. Those who led on the wings, were ordered to extend them as wide as possible; but in such a manner, as not to weaken the main body. As for the baggage and the captives, among whom were Darius' mother and children, they were left in the camp, under a small guard. Parmenio commanded, as he had always done, the left wing, and Alexander the right.

When the two armies came in view, Alexander, who had been shewn several places where crows feet were hid, extended more and more towards the right, to avoid them; and the Persians advanced forward in proportion. Darius, being afraid lest the Macedonians should draw him from the spot of ground he had levelled, and carry him into another that was rough and uneven, commanded the cavalry in his left wing, which spread much farther than that of the enemy's right, to march right forward, and wheel about upon the Macedonians in flank, to prevent them from extending their troops farther. Then Alexander dispatched against them the body of horse in his service, commanded by Menidas; but, as these were not able to make head against the enemy, because of their prodigious numbers, he reinforced them with the Pæoneans, whom Artetas commanded, and with the foreign cavalry. Besides the advantage of numbers, they had that also of their coats of mail, which secured themselves and their horses much more. Alexander's cavalry was prodigiously annoyed: however, they

marched to the charge with great bravery, and at last put them to flight.

Upon this the Persians opposed the chariots armed with scythes, against the Macedonian phalanx, in order to break it, but with little success. The noise which the soldiers, who were lightly armed, made by striking their swords against their bucklers, and the arrows which flew on all sides, frightened the horses, and made a great number of them turn back against their own troops. Others, laying hold of the horses bridles, pulled their riders down, and cut them to pieces. Part of the chariots drove between the battalions, which opened to make way for them, as they had been ordered to do, by which means they did little or no execution.

Alexander, seeing Darius set his whole army in motion, in order to charge him, employed a stratagem to encourage his soldiers. When the battle was at the hottest, and the Macedonians were in the greatest danger, Aristander, the soothsayer, clothed in his white robes, holding a branch of laurel in his hand, advances among the combatants, as he had been instructed by the king; and crying, that he saw an eagle hovering over Alexander's head (a sure omen of victory) he shewed with his finger, the pretended bird to the soldiers; who, relying upon the sincerity of the soothsayer, fancied they also saw it; and thereupon renewing the attack with greater cheerfulness and ardour than ever. Then the king perceiving that Aretas (after having charged the cavalry and put them into disorder, upon their advancing to surround his right wing) had begun to break the foremost ranks of the main body of the Barbarian army; he marched after Aretas, with the flower of his troops, when he quite broke the enemy's left wing, which had already begun to give way; and without pursuing the forces which he had thrown into disorder, he wheeled to the left, in order to fall upon the main body, in which Darius had posted himself. The presence of the two kings inspired both

sides with new vigour. Darius was mounted on a chariot, and Alexander on horseback; but surrounded with their bravest officers and soldiers; whose only endeavour was to save the lives of their respective princes, at the hazard of their own. The battle was obstinate and bloody. Alexander having wounded Darius' equerry with a javelin, the Persians, as well as the Macedonians, imagined that the king was killed; upon which the former, breaking aloud with the most dismal sounds, the whole army was seized with the greatest consternation. The relations of Darius, who were at his left hand, fled away with the guards, and so abandoned the chariot; but those who were at his right, took him into the centre of their body. Historians relate, that the prince, having drawn his scimitar, reflected, whether he ought not to lay violent hands upon himself, rather than fly in an ignominious manner: but, perceiving from his chariot, that his soldiers still fought, he was ashamed to forsake them; and, as he was divided between hope and despair, the Persians retired insensibly, and thinned their ranks; when it could no longer be called a battle, but a slaughter. Then Darius, turning about his chariot, fled with the rest; and the conqueror was now wholly employed in pursuing him.

Whilst all this was doing in the right wing of the Macedonians, where the victory was not doubtful; the left wing, commanded by Parmenio, was in great danger. A detachment of the Persian, Indian, and Parthian horse, which were the best in all the Persian army, having broke through the infantry on the left, advanced to the very baggage. The moment the captives saw them arrive in the camp, they armed themselves with every thing that came first to hand, and, reinforcing their cavalry, rushed upon the Macedonians, who were now charged both before and behind.

Parmenio, upon the first report of this attack, had dispatched a messenger to Alexander, to acquaint him with the danger to which the camp was exposed.

and to receive his orders. "Above all things, said the prince, let him not weaken his main body; let him not mind the baggage, but apply himself wholly to the engagement; for victory will not only restore us our own possessions, but also give those of the enemy into our hands." The general officers, who commanded the infantry which formed the centre of the second line, seeing the enemy were going to make themselves masters of the camp and baggage, made a half turn to the right, in obedience to the orders which had been given, and fell upon the Persians behind, many of whom were cut to pieces, and the rest obliged to retire; but, as these were horse, the Macedonian foot could not follow them.

Soon after, Parmenio himself was exposed to much greater peril. Mazæus, having rushed upon him with his cavalry, charged the Macedonians in the flank, and began to surround them. Immediately Parmenio sent Alexander advice of the danger he was in; declaring, that in case he was not immediately succoured, it would be impossible for him to keep his soldiers together. The prince was actually pursuing Darius, and fancying he was almost come up with him, rode with the utmost speed. He flattered himself, that he should absolutely put an end to the war, in case he could but seize his person. But upon this news, he turned about, in order to succour his left wing; shuddering with rage, to see his prey and victory torn in this manner from him, and complaining against fortune, for having favoured Darius more in his flight, than himself in the pursuit of that monarch.

Alexander, in his march, met the enemy's horse who had plundered the baggage; all which were returning in good order, and retiring back, not a soldiers who had been defeated, but almost as if they had gained the victory. And now the battle became more obstinate than before; for the Barbarians marching close in columns, not in order of battle, but that of a march, it was very difficult to

break through them; and they did not amuse themselves with throwing javelins, nor with wheeling about, according to their usual custom; but man engaging against man, each did all that lay in his power to unhorse his enemy. Alexander lost three-score of his guards in this attack. Hephæstion, Cœnus, and Menidas, were wounded in it; however he triumphed on this occasion, and all the Barbarians were cut to pieces, except such as forced their way through his squadrons.

During this, news had been brought Mazæus, that Darius was defeated; upon which, being greatly alarmed and dejected by the ill success of that monarch, though the advantage was entirely on his side; he ceased to charge the enemy, who were now in disorder, so briskly as before. Parmenio could not conceive how it came to pass, that the battle, which before was carried on so warmly, should slacken on a sudden: however, like an able commander, who seizes every advantage, and who employs his utmost endeavours to inspire his soldiers with fresh vigour, he observed to them, that the terror which spread throughout the whole army, was the forerunner of their defeat; and fired them with the notion, how glorious it would be for them to put the last hand to the victory. Upon his exhortations, they recovered their former hopes and bravery; when, transforming into other men; they gave their horses the rein, and charged the enemy with so much fury, as threw them into the greatest disorder, and obliged them to fly. Alexander came up that instant, and, overjoyed to find the scale turned in his favour, and the enemy entirely defeated, he renewed (in concert with Parmenio) the pursuit of Darius.

Such was the success of this famous battle, which gave empire to the conqueror. The Persians lost three hundred thousand men, besides those who were taken prisoners; and the Macedonians only twelve hundred men, most of whom were horsemen.

*An Account of the Siege of TYRE by ALEXANDER
the GREAT.*

WE may judge of the flourishing condition of Tyre, at that time, from the stand it made against that victorious prince, since it stopped the course of his whole army full seven months. As the conquerors approached the territories of Tyre, the Tyrians sent out ambassadors to meet him, (amongst whom was the king's own son,) with presents for himself, and provisions for his army. But when he desired to enter the city, under the pretence of offering sacrifice to Hercules, they refused him admittance; which provoked Alexander, now flushed with so many victories, to such a degree, that he resolved to storm the city, and enter it by force. On the other hand, the Tyrians not at all terrified by Alexander's threats, determined to stand it out to the last. What encouraged them to this resolution, was the strength of the place, and the confidence they had in the Carthaginians, their allies. The city then stood on an island half a mile distant from the shore; was surrounded with a strong wall an hundred and fifty feet high; and was stored with great plenty of provisions, and all sorts of warlike machines: besides the Carthaginians, who were a powerful state, and then masters of the seas, had promised to send them succours during the war. What animated the Tyrians to stand a siege, gave Alexander no small uneasiness in the undertaking and carrying it on: for he could no otherwise make his approaches to it, than by carrying a mole or causey from the continent to the island on which the city stood. This grand work he undertook; and as he was resolved at any rate to reduce the city, he accomplished it at last, maugre the innumerable, and almost insurmountable difficulties he met with in so bold an attempt. He was assisted in raising the mole (which was two hundred feet in breadth) by the

inhabitants of the neighbouring cities, who were called in on this occasion; and supplied with stones from the ruins of old Tyre, and with timber from mount Libanus. The Tyrians, at first looked upon this undertaking as a rash and desperate attempt, which could never be attended with any success; and therefore, from their ships, laughing at the king; asked him, Whether he believed himself to be greater than Neptune? But seeing the mole, contrary to their expectation, beginning to appear above water, they resolved, for fear of the worst, to send their wives and children, and such as were not fit for service, to Carthage; but were prevented by Alexander's fleet arriving from Cyprus. Neither could the Carthaginians assist them with the promised succours, being detained at home by domestic troubles. However, the Tyrians fainted not in the resolution of standing to their defence; first from their ships; and afterwards, as the mole was brought nearer the city, from the walls, with showers of arrows, darts, stones, &c. where-with they made a most dreadful havock of the Macedonians, who were employed in the work, and exposed without any defence. But what most of all disheartened the Macedonians, was a violent storm, which, arising all on a sudden, carried away, in great part, the causey, after it had been, with unwearied labour, and great loss of men, brought near the walls of the city. This unlucky accident perplexed Alexander to such a degree, that he began to repent he had undertaken the siege; and would have sent ambassadors to the Tyrians with terms of peace, had he believed they would have hearkened to them. But, as they had thrown headlong into the sea the ambassadors, who, before the siege, had in his name summoned them to surrender, he was afraid, those he should now send, might meet with such like, or more severe treatment. Being therefore diverted by this apprehension, from all thoughts of making up matters by way of treaty; and fully apprised that his reputation, and the future progress of his arms, entirely depended on the success

of the present undertaking, he reassumed, with seeming chearfulness, the work; repaired with incredible expedition, the breach which the sea had made in the mole; and having brought it again almost home to the city, began to batter it with all sorts of warlike engines; while the archers and slingers harassed, without interruption, those who defended it, in order to drive them from their post. But the Tyrians stood their ground; and, by means of a new contrivance of wheels of many spokes, which being whirled about with an engine, either shattered in pieces the enemy's darts and arrows, or broke their force; covered themselves against the aggressors; and killed great numbers of them, without suffering any considerable loss on their own side. But, in the mean time, the wall began to yield to the violence of the rams, that battered it night and day uninterruptedly. Whereupon the besieged, setting all hands to work, raised, in a very short time, a new wall, ten cubits broad, and five cubits distant from the former, and by filling up the empty space, between the two walls, with earth and stones, kept the Macedonians a long while employed, ere they could make, with all their engines, the least impression on this new piece of fortification. However, Alexander, having joined many of his ships together, and mounted upon them a vast number of battering engines, besides those he had already placed on the mole, made a breach an hundred feet wide. But when he came to the assault, in hopes of breaking into the city over the ruins, the Macedonians, though encouraged by the presence of their king, were forced to give ground, and retire with great loss to their ships. Alexander designed to renew the attack next morning; but the breach having been repaired by the Tyrians during the night, he perceived himself no further advanced than when he first began to batter the walls. Hereupon the Macedonian resolved to change his measures; and having brought the mole home to the wall, caused several towers to be built, equal in height to the battle-

ments. These towers he filled with the most brave and resolute men of his army; who, pursuant to his directions, having formed a bridge with large planks, resting with one end on the towers, and with the other on the top of the ramparts, endeavoured, sword in hand, to gain the wall; but could not prevail, being opposed by the Tyrians with unparalleled bravery, and weapons which the Macedonians were altogether unacquainted with. These were three forked hooks, fastened with a cord, (one end whereof they held themselves,) which, being thrown at a little distance, struck in the enemy's targets, and gave the Tyrians an opportunity, either of plucking their targets out of their hands, and by that means exposing them, without defence, to showers of darts and arrows; or, if they were unwilling to part with their shields, of pulling them headlong out of the towers. Some, by throwing a kind of fishing-nets upon the Macedonians that were engaged on the bridges, entangled their hand so, that they could neither defend themselves, nor offend the enemy: others with long poles, armed with iron hooks, drew them off the bridges, and dashed their brains out against the wall, or on the causey. In the mean time a great many engines, placed on the walls, played incessantly upon the aggressors, with massy pieces of red hot iron, which swept away entire ranks at once. But what most of all disheartened the Macedonians in the attack, and forced them at last to give it over, was the scorching sand, which the Tyrians, by a new contrivance, showered upon them: for this sand, which was thrown in red hot shields of iron or brass, getting within their breast-plates and coats of mail, tormented them to such a degree, that many, finding no other relief, threw themselves headlong into the sea; and others dying in the anguish of inexpressible torments, struck, with their desperate cries, a terror into all those that heard them. This occasioned unspeakable confusion among the aggressors, which gave new courage to the Tyrians; who now leaving the walls,

charged the enemy hand to hand on his own bridges, with such resolution, that Alexander, seeing his men give ground, thought fit to found the retreat, and by that means, in some degree, save the reputation of his Macedonians. Such desperate attacks were frequently renewed by the aggressors, and always sustained, with the same unbroken and undaunted courage, by the besieged. And now, Alexander began to entertain some thoughts of abandoning the enterprize, and continuing his march into Egypt: but again considering the dangerous consequences that must unavoidably attend such a resolution, he determined to go on with the siege at all adventures: though, of all his captains, none was found but Amyntas, who approved of that determination. Having therefore exhorted the disheartened Macedonians to stand by him, and infused into them all the courage he could, he surrounded the city with his fleet, and began to batter it on all sides. In the mean time a fancy taking the Tyrians, upon a dream some of them had, that Apollo designed to forsake them, and go over to Alexander, they fastened his statue, or colossus, with golden chains, to the altar of Hercules. This statue, or colossus, (for it was of an extraordinary size,) belonged formerly to the city of Gela, in Sicily, and was sent from thence by the Carthaginians, when they took Gela, to Tyre, their mother city. In this Apollo, the Tyrians greatly confided; and therefore, upon the rumour that he was to abandon them, they had recourse even to chains, in order to prevent his departure. But their utter ruin being already decreed by the true GOD, and foretold by his prophets, the confidence they placed in their idols could not avert the impending judgment. They were destined to destruction, and destruction was their fate: For Alexander having at last battered down the walls, and taken the town by storm; after seven months siege, fully executed the sentence which the Tyrians had, by their pride and other vices drawn down upon themselves and their country. The city was burnt down to the ground; and the in-

habitants (excepting those whom the Sidonians secretly conveyed away in their ships (were either destroyed or enslaved by the conqueror; who upon his first entering the city, put eight thousand to the sword, caused two thousand of those he took prisoners to be crucified, and sold the rest, to the number of thirty thousand, says Arian, to be slaves. His cruelty towards the two thousand that were crucified, was highly unbecoming a generous conqueror. Alexander treated them thus for no other reason, than because they had fought with such bravery and resolution in defence of their country; but, to palliate the true cause of so base an action, he gave out that he did it to revenge, upon the present Tyrians, the crime which their fore-fathers committed when they murdered their masters; and that, being slaves by origin, crucifixion was the punishment due to them. Upon taking the city, he unchained Apollo; returning him thanks for his intention of coming over to the Macedonians; offered sacrifice to Hercules; and, after performing many other superstitious follies, continued his march into Egypt.

A Description of the City of JERUSALEM; its Ancient and Modern State.

THIS city, in its most flourishing state, was divided into four parts, each inclosed with its own walls, viz. 1. The old city of Jebus, that stood on mount Zion where the prophets dwelt: and where David built a magnificent castle and palace, which became the residence both of himself and successors; on which account it was emphatically called, *The city of David*. 2. The lower city, called, *The daughter of Zion*, built after it; on which stood the two magnificent palaces which Solomon built for himself and his queen; that of the Maccabean princes; and the stately amphitheatre, built by Herod,

capable of containing eighty thousand spectators; the strong citadel, built by Antiochus, to command and overtop the temple, but afterwards razed by Simon the Maccabee, who recovered the city from the Syrians; and lastly, a second citadel, built by Herod, upon a high and craggy rock, called by him Antonia. 3. The new city mostly inhabited by tradesmen, artificers, and merchants. And, 4. Mount Moriah, on which was built the so-famed temple of Solomon, described in the sixth and seventh chapters of the second book of Kings; and since then, that rebuilt by the Jews, on their return from Babylon; and afterwards built almost anew, and greatly adorned and enriched by Herod.

Setting aside all controverted points concerning this so celebrated structure, we shall confine our present account of it to such particulars only, as are agreed on all hands, and founded on the authority of the divine writers: but which will serve to give our readers a general idea of the whole.

As, 1. There were no less than one hundred sixty three thousand and three hundred men employed in the work. 2. That notwithstanding that prodigious number of hands, it took up seven whole years in building. 3. That the height of this building was an hundred and twenty cubits, or eighty two yards, rather more than less; and the courts round it, about half as high. 4. That the front, on the east side, was sustained by ramparts of square stone of vast bulk, and built up from the valley below; which last were three hundred cubits high, and, being added to that of the edifice, amounted to four hundred and twenty cubits. To which if we add, 5. The height of the principal tower, above all the rest, *viz.* sixty, will bring it to four hundred and eighty cubits; which reckoning at two feet to a cubit, will amount to nine hundred and sixty feet: But, according to the length of that measure, as others reckon it, *viz.* at two feet and a half, it will amount to twelve hundred feet. A

prodigious height this from the ground; and such as might well make Josephus say, that the very design of it was sufficient to have turned the brain of any but Solomon. 6. These ramparts, which were raised in this manner, to fill up the prodigious chasm made by the deep valley below, and to make the area of a sufficient breadth and length for the edifice, were one thousand cubits in length at the bottom, and eight hundred at the top, and the breadth of them one hundred more. 7. The huge buttresses, which supported the ramparts, were of the same height, square at the top, and fifty cubits broad, and jutted out one hundred and fifty cubits at the bottom. 8. The stones of which they were built, were, according to Josephus, forty cubits long, twelve thick, and eight high, all of marble; and so exquisitely joined, that they seemed one continued piece, or rather polished rock. 9. According to the same Jewish historian, there were one thousand four hundred and fifty three columns of Parian marble, and twice that number of pilasters, and of such thickness, that three men could hardly embrace them, and their height and capitals proportionable, and of the Corinthian order. But it is likely Josephus hath given us these two last articles from the temple of Herod; there being nothing like them mentioned by the sacred historians; but a great deal about the prodigious cedars of Lebanon, used about that noble edifice, the excellent workmanship of them, adapted to their several ends and designs, together with their gildings and other curious ornaments. The only thing more we shall venture to add, is, what is affirmed in the text, that all the materials of this stupendous fabric, were finished and adapted to their several ends, before they were brought to Jerusalem; that is, the stones in their quarries, and the cedars in Lebanon: so that there was no noise of axe, hammer, or any tool, heard in the rearing of it.

This once stately and opulent metropolis, is at

present called by the Turks, Cudsembaric, and Coudsheriff, and reduced to a poor thinly inhabited town, of at most three miles in circuit. It stands on a rocky mountain, surrounded on all sides, except on the north, with steep ascents, and deep vallies below; and these again environed with other hills, at some distance from them. The soil now, for want of care, is, for the most part stony, sandy, and barren; yet here and there produces some corn, wine, oil, &c. especially about the neighbourhood of the city; but at a distance from it, scarcely bears any thing but grass, heath, and other spontaneous herbs and shrubs, which are left to run to seed. There was a period indeed, after its destruction by Titus Vespasian, in which it was likely to have recovered its former grandeur; namely, when the emperor Adrian built a new city almost upon the spot of the old one, which he called *Ælio Capitolina*, and adorned with walls and other noble edifices; permitting the Christians to settle and live in it. But this was a short-lived change; so that when the pious Empress Helen, mother of Constantine the great, and by birth a British lady, came to visit this theatre of the world's redemption, she found it in such a forlorn and ruinous condition, as raised her pity into a noble zeal of restoring it to its ancient lustre. To which end, she caused, with a great deal of cost and labour, all the rubbish that had been thrown upon those places where our Saviour had suffered, had been buried, &c. to be removed, in the doing of which, as the writers of those times relate, they found the cross on which he died, as well as those of the two malefactors who were put to death with him; and discovered, by a miracle, that which had borne the Saviour of mankind. Mount Calvary thus cleared, she caused a magnificent church to be built upon it, which should inclose as many of the scenes of his sufferings as could be conveniently done; which stately edifice is still standing, and is kept in good repair

by the generous offerings of a constant concourse of pilgrims, who annually resort to it, as well as the contributions of several Christian princes.

The walls of it are of stone, the roof of cedar. The east end incloses mount Calvary, and the west the holy sepulchre. The former is covered with a noble cupola, supported by sixteen massy columns, which were crusted with marble. The centre of it is open on the top, just over the sepulchre; and over the high altar, at the east end, is another stately dome. The nave of the church constitutes the choir; and in the inside isles, are shewn the places where the most remarkable circumstances of our Lord's passion were transacted, together with the tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin, the two first Christian kings of Jerusalem. Going up an ascent of twenty two steps, we came to a chapel, where that part of Calvary is shewn on which Christ was crucified, and the very hole in the rock, in which his cross was fixed. The altar had three crosses on it, and is richly adorned, as with other costly embellishments, so particularly with forty six lamps of immense value, that hung before it, and are kept continually burning. Adjoining to this is another small chapel, fronting (like this) the body of the church. At the west end is that of the sepulchre, which is hewn in that form out of the solid rock, and hath a small dome or lanthorn, supported by pillars of porphyry. The cloister round the sepulchre is divided into sundry chapels, appropriated to the several sects of Christians who reside there; such as Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, Jacobites, Copts, Abassines, Georgians, &c.; and on the north-west are the apartments of the Latins, who have the care of the church, and are forced to reside constantly in it; the Turks keeping the keys of it, and not suffering any of them to go out, but obliging them to receive their provisions in at a wicket.

Easter is the time in which the greatest ceremonies are performed in this place, and which chiefly

consist in representations of the Lord's passion, crucifixion, death, and resurrection; all which are acted with their concomitant circumstances; though, we are informed by several witnesses, of undoubted credit, in a manner not altogether so suitable to the sacredness of the subject. At this solemnity, every pilgrim, paying a certain fee, is admitted in to assist at the solemn procession, and the other ceremonies belonging to it; and, at the end of it, is let out again: and of these there are commonly a vast concourse, and some of them that chuse to go in the eve of Good Friday, may stay till Easter Monday.

The last thing we shall take notice of, is an edifice erected on Mount Moriah, on the south-east part of the city called Solomon's temple, and standing in or near the spot where the ancient one did. But, as we are well assured, that the old one was totally destroyed by the Romans, according to our Saviour's prediction, it is not easy to guess when, or by whom this mock one was reared. The entrance into it is at the east end, under an octagon, adorned with a cupola roof, and lantern; and forward, toward the west, is a fair strait isle, like that of a church; the whole surrounded with a spacious square court, walled on every side. The extent of this place, according to Mr. Maundrel, is five hundred and twenty common paces long, and three hundred and seventy broad. In the midst of it, and where the Jewish *Sanctum Sanctorum* is said to have stood, is erected a Turkish mosque, neither considerable for its largeness nor structure; but which, nevertheless makes a stately figure, by the sole advantage of its situation. This place is held in such veneration by the Turks, that a stranger cannot go near its border, without being in danger of forfeiting his life or religion. It lies over against the mount of Olives and is parted from it by the vale of Jehoshaphat, and one may easily judge what an immense labour must have cost, to level such a spacious area, upon

so strong and rocky a mountain. Dr. Pococke, who hath taken a more particular view of that edifice, much extols the beauty of the prospect, as well as the materials and workmanship of it: the stones, both without, and, as he was told within, being caufeyed with tiles of different colours, but chiefly green; the colonades being of the Corinthian order, finely wrought, and the arches turned over them; being, as he supposes, the porticoes leading to the inside of the building, which he thinks was formerly a Christian church.

The city is now under the government of a fangiac, whose residence is in an house, said to have been that of Pontius Pilate, over against the castle of Antonia, built by Herod the great; where they shew the stairs by which our Saviour ascended up to the gallery, where the governor exposed him to the people; at least they shew a new flight of them: For, as to the old ones, called *scala sancta*, they are said to have been carried to Rome. All that we shall add concerning this famed city, is, that many of those stately churches, built in memory of some remarkable gospel transaction, have been since turned into mosques: into some of which, money will procure an entrance, and into others not. Both friars, and other Christians are kept so poor, by the tyranny of the government, that the chief support and trade of the place consists in providing strangers with food, and other accommodations, and selling them beads, relics, and other religious trinkets; for which they are obliged to pay considerable sums to the fangiac, as well as to his officers; and these are seldom so well contented with their usual dues; but they frequently extort some fresh ones from them, especially from the Franciscans; whose convent is the common receptacle of all pilgrims, and for which they have considerable allowances from the Pope, and other crowned heads; besides the usual presents which those strangers generally make to them at their departure.

ABRAHAM'S Soliloquy upon receiving the command to
sacrifice his Son ISAAC.

IT is certain that there are no passages in Pagan history, which affect nature stronger, than those we meet with in holy writ: but there is no part of sacred history, which raises our wonder, and, on the first reading of it, excites all the passions, equal to that of Abraham's receiving the command to sacrifice his only son Isaac. It is such a trial betwixt faith and nature, as in all probability none but the father of believers could have gone through. When we think to what a height of paternal fondness the soul of Abraham must be raised, by having a child by his wife, when nothing but the more immediate interposition of a divine providence could have given him one, it is amazing to conceive what in his soul he must feel, when he received the peremptory command of God to offer him up for a burnt-offering. The manner of giving the command is as affecting to him as a father, as it is sublime in the commander, and moves the heart to tenderness; at the same time it shews the highest authority; *Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah: and offer him there for a burnt-offering, upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.* The holy text adds no other circumstance, than an immediate implicit obedience to the command he had received; however according to the dictates of human nature, the powers of his mind must be shaken, and there must have been strong combat between faith and nature.

Sir Henry Wotton has wrote an admirable meditation on Abraham's circumstances at this crisis and in a soliloquy has made him discourse with himself, in all the struggling passions that any one could conceive at that time to have felt. As this piece is but very little known, I recommend it as a much

better comment on this part of sacred history than I ever yet met with. Sir Henry imagines him, after receiving so surprising a command, to have broken out into some such reflections as the following :

“ What ! could this possibly be the voice of God which I heard ! or have not rather some strange impressions of the night deluded my fancy ! —— Yes, thy voice it was ; my God, it was thy voice. How can thy servant deny it, with whom seven times before, descending from the throne of glory, thou hast vouchsafed to commune in this vale of tears ! When thou didst first call me out of the darkness of my father’s house into thy saving light ; when thou didst often cherish and encourage me in the steps of my pilgrimage ; when thou didst furnish me with plenty, and crown me with victory in a strange land ; when lastly, thou didst even overload my feeble age with joy, in a rightful heir of my own body, was I forward at all these times to acknowledge thee the God of my support and comfort, and shall I now question thy voice, when thou demandest but a part of thy own benefits ? no, my dear Isaac, altho’ the heavens know how much I love thee, yet if thou wert, or couldst be millions of times more precious in the eyes of thy trembling father, I would summon together all the strength of my aged limbs, to render thee unto that gracious God from whom I had thee. Alas ! poor boy, how sweetly thou slumberest, and in thy bed dost little think what change is towards thee ! but I must disturb thy rest.——Isaac arise, and call up my servants ; bid them prepare for a journey which we are to make unto the mount Moriah, and let some wood be carried for the burning of a sacrifice : meanwhile, I will walk out a little by myself, to contemplate the declining stars, and the approach of the morning. O ye ornaments of the sky, who, when all the world is silent, obey your Maker in the determinate order of your motions ! can man behold his own duty in a fairer volume ? why then stand

I gazing here, and do not rather go myself to hasten my servants, that I may execute his will?—but stay——his will! why! is his will contrary to the example of his justice? did he not heavily punish Cain, at the beginning of the first world, for killing but a brother; and can I slay my child, and embroil my hands in my own bowels, without offence of his immortal Majesty? yes, why not? the act of Cain was the act of his own sinful malice; but I have received an immediate command from God himself. A command——is his command against his law; shall the fountain of all truth be served with contradictions? did not the same God, straight after the universal deluge (as our fathers have told us) denounce this judgment, that *whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*? how then can I herein obey my God, but I must withal disobey him?

O my weak soul! what poor arguments dost thou search to cover thine own rebellious affections! is there any warrant higher than his will, or any better interpreter of his will than himself! but is it murder to restore a loan to the sovereign owner at his command?——But then again, how shall the blessing that my good God hath determined upon my seed, and even upon this very child, be accomplished, if I destroy the root; O Lord, was not thy divine goodness pleased, in the depth of thy mercy to accept my belief for righteousness, and shall I now frustrate thy promises with my obedience?—But what! am I fallen into a new reluctance? have I before contested with thy justice, and shall I now dispute thy power? didst thou create the light before the sun, and shall I bind thee to the passions of a natural agent? didst thou not make this All of Nothing, even by thy word (which is thy wisdom) and soment all that thou hast made by thy Spirit, which is thy love; and shall I doubt thou canst raise innumerable nations out of the ashes of my poor Isaac; nay, did I not even at first receive

him, in a manner, from a dead womb? and art thou not still the same almighty and everlasting God, merciful Father, full of tenderness and compassion, that well knowest whereof we are made!—Pardon my discourses, and forget my delays. I am now going to perform thy good pleasure. And yet, there is remaining one humble suit, which refuse not, O my God, tho' it proceed from the weakness of thine unworthy creature. Take my child, and all that is mine; I have resigned him with my whole heart into thy will; he is already thine, and mine no longer; and I glory that he shall die upon thy holy altar; but yet I fear withal, that these my shaking hands and fainting limbs, will be seized with horror: be not therefore, dear Lord, displeased, if I use my servants in the execution.——

How now! my soul! dost thou shrink in the last act of thy loyalty? can I yet walk up and down about vile and ordinary functions, and when my God is to be served, do my joints and members fail me? have I humbled my desires to his will, and shall I deny him the choice of his own instrument? or if his indulgent mercy would permit, shall I suffer another to anticipate the chearfulness of my obedience? O thou great God of life and death! who mightest have made me an insensible plant, a dead stone, or poisonous serpent, and yet even in them likewise I should have conduced to the variety of thy glorious wisdom: but thou hast vouchsafed to endue us with the form of man, and to breathe into our first parent that spark of thy divine light, which we call Reason, to comprehend and acknowledge thy high and indisputable sovereignty over all nature; thou then, eternal Maker and Mover, whose will is the first of causes, and whose glory is the last of ends, direct my feet to the place which thou hast appointed; strengthen these poor hands to accomplish thy pleasure, and let heaven and earth obey thee."

From the Spectator.

I Consider an human soul without education, like marble from the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance, to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in fullness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their master, or upon changing their service, hang them-

selves upon the next trees, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches upon many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? That we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy, that passed about twelve years ago at St. Christophers, one of our British leeward islands. The negroes, who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman, among his negroes, had a young woman, who was looked upon as an extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had, at the same time, two young fellows, who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened, that both of them fell in love with the female negroe above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves, which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time, were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The

torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them; where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave, who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts, in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family, with the news of what he had seen; who, upon coming to the place, saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see, in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men, whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Tho' the action, which I have related, is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world, where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who had the advantage of more liberal education, rise

above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance, but seldom met with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently, to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profest myself, in this paper, a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day, contribute something to the polishing of men's minds: at least, my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it, by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, for approbation of my endeavours; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which, I am sensible, would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to the persons who write them, but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient disservice to the world, that I did not deserve them.

MR. SPECTATOR;

I AM the happy father of a very towardsly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects, which serve to bind these sorts of rela-

" tions faster, and endear the ties of blood, with their
 " of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence,
 " and veneration. I would methinks, have this done
 " after an uncommon method, and do not think any
 " one who is capable of writing a good play, fit
 " to undertake a work wherein there will neces-
 " sarily occur so many secret instincts, and biases of
 " human nature, which would pass unobserved by
 " common eyes. I thank heaven, I have no outrageous
 " offence against my own excellent parents to answer
 " for; but, when I am now and then alone, and
 " look back upon my past life, from my earliest im-
 " fancy to this time, there are many faults which I
 " committed that did not appear to me, even till I
 " myself became a father. I had not till then a no-
 " tion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has
 " when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the
 " sudden damp which seizes him, when he fears he
 " will act something unworthy. It is not to be ima-
 " gined, what a remorse touched me for a long
 " train of childish negligences of my mother, when
 " I saw my wife, the other day, look out of the win-
 " dow, and turn as pale as ashes, upon seeing my
 " younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight
 " intimations will give you to understand, that there
 " are numberless little crimes which children take no
 " notice of while they are doing, which upon re-
 " flection, when they shall themselves become fathers,
 " they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and
 " contrition, that they did not regard, before those
 " whom they offended were to be no more seen.
 " How many thousand things do I remember; which
 " would have highly pleased my father, and I omit-
 " ted for no other reason, but that I thought what he
 " proposed the effect of humour and old age, which
 " I am now convinced, had reason, and good sense
 " in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him,
 " and make his heart glad, with an account of a mat-
 " ter which was of no consequence, but that I told it
 " and acted in it. The good man and woman are

"long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot
 "the welfare of us their children, while perhaps, we
 "were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another
 "end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely
 "to follow nature in these great duties of life, tho' we
 "have a strong instinct towards the performing of
 "them, we should be on both sides very deficient:
 "Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind,
 "and growth towards manhood so desireable to all,
 "that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in
 "the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of
 "gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There
 "are so few who can grow old with a good grace,
 "and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the
 "world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his
 "desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only,
 "could neither of them, behave himself as he ought
 "to the other. But when reason interposes against
 "instinct, where it would carry either out of the
 "interests of the other, there arises that happiest in-
 "tercourse of good offices, between those dearest re-
 "lations of human life. The father, according to the
 "opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing
 "down blessings on the son, and the son endeavour-
 "ing to appear the worthy offspring of such a father.
 "It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-
 "born dwelt together. Camillus enjoys a pleasant and
 "indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and
 "reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution,
 "with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son
 "fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffi-
 "dence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well
 "as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father
 "knows he leaves a friend to the children of his
 "friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an
 "agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He be-
 "lieves his son's behaviour will make him frequently
 "remembered, but never wanted. This commerce,
 "is so well cemented, that without the pomp of say-
 "ing, *Son, be a friend to such a one, when I am gone?*

" Camillus knows, being in his favour, is direction
 " enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed
 " him, without the admonition of his mentioning
 " it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their
 " neighbourhood; and the same effect, which the
 " court has on the manners of a kingdom, their cha-
 " racters have on all who live within the influence
 " of them.

" My son and I are not of fortune to communicate
 " our good actions, or intentions, to so many as these
 " gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son
 " has, by the applause and approbation which his be-
 " haviour towards me has gained him, occasioned
 " that many an old man besides myself, has rejoiced.
 " Other mens children follow the example of mine,
 " and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhear-
 " ing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their
 " children, and say, with a voice of joy, There they
 " go.

" You cannot, Mr. Spectator, pass your time bet-
 " ter, than in insinuating the delights which these
 " relations, well regarded, bestow upon each other.
 " Ordinary passages are no longer such, but mutual
 " love gives an importance to most indifferent things,
 " and a merit to actions the most insignificant. When
 " we look round the world, and observe the many
 " misunderstandings, which are created by the malice
 " and insinuation of the meanest servants, between
 " people thus related, how necessary will it appear,
 " that it were inculcated, that men would be upon
 " their guard to support a constancy of affection, and
 " that grounded upon the principles of reason, not
 " the impulses of instinct?

" It is from the common prejudices which men
 " receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept
 " alive from one generation to another; and when
 " men act by instinct, hatreds will descend, when
 " good offices are forgotten. For the degeneracy of
 " human life is such, that our anger is more easily
 " transferred to our children than our love. Love

always gives something to the object it delights in, and anger spoils the person, against whom it is moved, of something laudable in him: from this degeneracy, therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow them in their friendships.

One would think there should need no more, to make men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost sanctity, than to examine their own hearts. If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependence, this one reflection would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in their several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of states and empires can possibly produce. I shall end this application to you, with two letters which passed between a mother and a son very lately, and are as follow:

DEAR FRANK,

IF the pleasures, which I have the grief to hear you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it, as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr. Latacre, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my jointure; and that your father was a fond fool to give me a rent charge of eight hundred a-year, to the prejudice of his son. What Latacre said to you upon that occasion, you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father's well-beloved servant, than to have called him country-put. In the first place, Frank, I must tell you, I will have my rent duly paid, for I will make up to your sisters for the partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon

" half my jointure ! I lived upon much less, Frank,
 " when I carried you from place to place in these
 " arms, and could neither eat, dress, nor mind any
 " thing, for-feeding and tending you a weakly child,
 " and shedding tears when the convulsions you were
 " then troubled with, returned upon you. By my
 " care you outgrew them, to throw away the vigour
 " of your youth in the arms of harlots, and deny
 " your mother what is not your's to detain. Both
 " your sisters are crying to see the passion which I
 " smother ; but, if you please to go on thus, like a
 " gentleman of the town, and forget all regards to
 " yourself and family, I shall immediately enter upon
 " your estate for the arrears due to me, and without
 " one tear more, condemn you for forgetting the
 " fondness of your mother, as much as you have the
 " example of your father. O Frank, do I live to omit
 " writing myself,

Your affectionate mother,

A. T.

MADAM,

" I WILL come down to-morrow, and pay the
 " money on my knees. Pray write so no more,
 " I will take care you never shall, for I will be for
 " ever hereafter,

Your most dutiful son,

F. T.

" I will bring down new hoods for my sisters.
 " Pray let all be forgotten."

T.

I am so well pleased with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable present to the Public.

SIR,

THOUGH I believe none of your readers more admire your agreeable manner of working trifles than myself, yet as your speculations are now swelling into volumes, and will, in all probability pass down to future ages, methinks I would have no single subject in them, wherein the general good of mankind is concerned, left unfinished.

"I have a long time expected, with great impatience, that you would enlarge upon the ordinary mistakes which are committed in the education of our children. I the more easily flattered myself that you would, one time or other, resume this consideration; because you tell us that your 168th paper was only composed of a few broken hints; but finding myself hitherto disappointed, have ventured to send you my own thoughts on this subject.

"I remember Pericles, in his famous oration at the funeral of the Athenian young men, who perished in the Samian expedition, has a thought very much celebrated by several ancient critics, namely, That the loss which the commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its youth, was like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring. The prejudice which the public sustains from a wrong education of children, is an evil of the same nature, as it in a manner starves posterity, and defrauds our country of those persons, who, with due care, might make an eminent figure in their respective posts of life.

"I have seen a book written by Juan Huartes, a Spanish physician, entitled, *Examen de ingenios*, wherein he lays it down as one of his first positions,

“that nothing but nature can qualify a man for
 “learning; and that without a proper temperamen
 “for the particular art or science which he studies
 “his utmost pains and application, assisted by the
 “ablest masters, would be to no purpose.

“He illustrates this, by the example of Tully’s
 “son Marcus.

“Cicero, in order to accomplish his son in the
 “sort of learning which he designed him for, sent
 “him to Athens, the most celebrated academy at
 “that time in the world, and where a vast con
 “course, out of the most polite nations, could
 “not but furnish the young gentleman, with
 “multitude of great examples, and accidents that
 “might insensibly have instructed him in his de
 “signed studies: he placed him under the care of
 “Cratippus, who was one of the greatest philoso
 “phers of the age, and, as if all the books which
 “were at that time written, had not been sufficient
 “for his use, he composed others on purpose for
 “him: notwithstanding all this, history informs us
 “that Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that
 “nature (who it seems was even with the son for
 “her prodigality to the father) rendered him incap
 “able of improving by all the rules of eloquence
 “the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavour
 “and the most refined conversation in Athens. The
 “author therefore proposes, that there should be
 “certain triers or examiners, appointed by the state
 “to inspect the genius of every particular boy, and
 “to allot him the part that is most suitable to his
 “natural talents.

“Plato, in one of his dialogues, tells us, that S
 “ocrates, who was the son of a midwife, used to
 “say that as his mother, though she was very skilful in
 “her profession could not deliver a woman unless
 “she was first with child, so neither could he him
 “self raise knowledge out of a mind where nature
 “had not planted it. Accordingly, the method this
 “philosopher took of instructing his scholars, by sever

"interrogatories or questions, was only helping the
 "birth, and bringing their own thoughts to light.

"The Spanish doctor above-mentioned, as his speculations grew more refined, asserts, that every
 "kind of wit has a particular science corresponding
 "to it, and in which alone it can be truly excellent.
 "As to these geniuses, which may seem to have an
 "equal aptitude for several things, he regards them
 "as so many unfinished pieces of nature wrought off
 "in haste.

"There are, indeed, but very few to whom nature
 "has been so unkind, that they are not capable of
 "shining in some science or other. There is a cer-
 "tain bias towards knowledge in every mind, which
 "may be strengthened and improved by proper ap-
 "plication.

"The story of Clavius is very well known; he
 "was entered in a college of Jesuits, and after
 "having been tried at several parts of learning,
 "was upon the point of being dismissed as an
 "hopeless blockhead, till one of the fathers took
 "it into his head to make an essay of his parts in
 "geometry, which, it seems, hit his genius so lucki-
 "ly, that he afterwards became one of the greatest
 "mathematicians of the age. It is commonly thought
 "that the sagacity of those fathers, in discovering the
 "talents of a young student, has not a little contri-
 "buted to the figure which their order has made in
 "the world.

"How different from this manner of education is
 "that which prevails in our own country? where
 "nothing is more usual than to see forty or fifty
 "boys of several ages, tempers, and inclinations,
 "ranged together in the same class, employed upon
 "the same authors, and enjoined the same tasks?
 "Whatever their natural genius may be, they are all
 "to be made poets, historians, and orators alike.
 "They are all obliged to have the same capacity, to
 "bring in the same tale of verse, and to furnish out
 "the same portion of prose. Every boy is bound to

" have as good a memory, as the captain of the form.
 " To be brief, instead of adapting studies to the par-
 " ticular genius of a youth, we expect from the young
 " man, that he should adapt his genius to his studies.
 " This I must confess, is not so much to be imputed
 " to the instructor, as to the parent, who will never
 " be brought to believe, that his son is not capable of
 " performing as much as his neighbours, and that he
 " might not make him whatever he has a mind to.

" If the present age is more laudable than those
 " which have gone before it in any single particular, it
 " is in that generous care which several well-disposed
 " persons have taken in the education of poor chil-
 " dren; and as in these charity schools, there is no
 " place left for the over-weaning fondness of a parent,
 " the directors of them would make them beneficial
 " to the public, if they considered the precept which
 " I have been thus long inculcating. They might
 " easily, by well examining the parts of those under
 " their inspection, make a just distribution of them
 " into proper classes and divisions, and allot to them
 " this or that particular study, as their genius quali-
 " fies them for professions, trades, handicrafts, or
 " service by sea or land.

" How is this kind of regulation wanting in the
 " three great professions!

" Dr. South, complaining of persons who took up-
 " on them holy orders, though altogether unquali-
 " fied for the sacred function, says somewhere, that
 " many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who
 " might have done his country excellent service at a
 " plough tail.

" In like manner, many a lawyer, who makes but
 " an indifferent figure at the bar, might have made
 " a very elegant waterman, and have shined at the
 " Temple-stairs, though he can get no business in
 " the house.

" I have known a corn-cutter, who, with a right
 " education, would have been an excellent physician.

" To descend lower, are not our streets filled

“ with sagacious draymen, and politicians in live-
 “ ries? We have several taylors of six feet high,
 “ and meet with many a broad pair of shoulders,
 “ that are thrown away upon a barber, when per-
 “ haps at the same time we see a pigmy porter reel-
 “ ing under a burden, who might have managed a
 “ needle with much dexterity, or have snapped his
 “ fingers with great ease to himself, and advantage
 “ to the public.

“ The Spartans, though they acted with the spirit
 “ which I am here speaking of, carried it much
 “ farther than what I propose: among them, it was
 “ not lawful for the father himself to bring up his
 “ children after his own fancy. As soon as they
 “ were seven years old, they were all listed in several
 “ companies, and disciplined by the public. The
 “ old men were spectators of their performances,
 “ who often raised quarrels among them, and set
 “ them at strife with one another, that, by those
 “ early discoveries, they might see how their several
 “ talents lay; and without any regard to their qua-
 “ lity, dispose of them accordingly, for the service
 “ of the commonwealth. By this means, Sparta
 “ soon became the mistress of Greece, and famous
 “ through the whole world, for her civil and mili-
 “ tary discipline.

“ If you think this letter deserves a place among
 “ your speculations. I may perhaps, trouble you
 “ with some other thoughts on the same subject.”

I am, &c.

X.

K

The following Letters written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

SIR,

I HAVE long expected, that in the course of your observations, upon the several parts of human life, you would, one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean, is the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistance, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity and poverty, when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess, when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood than by sending you a history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

I am the son of a merchant of the city of London, who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit, to very narrow circumstances, in comparison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of attention to a fortune which he now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a will, having before buried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father; and an estate of 200 l. a year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this was (though I wanted no director, and soon had fellows who found me out for a smart young gentleman, and led me in to all the debaucheries of which I was capable)

' that my companions and I could not well be supplied without running in debt, which I did very
 ' frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed, with
 ' a guard strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days,
 ' surrounded with a very merry, but not very agreeable company. As soon as I had extricated myself from that shameful confinement, I reflected
 ' upon it with so much horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an
 ' inn of court, with a resolution to study the law with all possible application. But I trifled away a
 ' whole year in looking over a thousand intricacies, without a friend to apply to in any case of doubt;
 ' so that I only lived there among men, as little children are sent to school before they are capable
 ' of improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspense, not knowing
 ' how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a relation of mine, who, upon observing a good
 ' inclination in me, used me with great familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the country. When
 ' I came there, he introduced me to all the good company in the county; and the great obligation
 ' I have to him for this kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has the authority of a
 ' father over me, founded upon the love of a brother. I have a good study of books, a good stable
 ' of horses always at my command; and tho' I am not now quite eighteen years of age, familiar
 ' converse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an effect upon
 ' me, that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus Mr. SPECTATOR, by this gentleman's favour
 ' and patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this, as well by
 ' subscribing the initial letters of my name, to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation of his virtue.
 ' It would be a worthy work, to shew what great

' charities are to be done without expence, and how
 ' many noble actions are lost, out of an inadvertency
 ' to persons capable of performing them, if they were
 ' put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a
 ' county, would make his family a pattern of sobriety,
 ' good sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour
 ' to influence the education, and growing prospects
 ' of the younger gentry about him, I am apt to
 ' believe it would save him a great deal of stale beer,
 ' on a public occasion, and render him the leader of
 ' his country, from their gratitude to him, instead of
 ' being a slave to their riots and tumults, in order
 ' to be made their representative. The same thing
 ' might be recommended to all, who have made any
 ' progress in any part of knowledge, or arrived at
 ' any degree in a profession; others may gain preferments
 ' and fortunes from their patrons; but I
 ' have, I hope, received from mine, good habits
 ' and virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my request to
 ' print this, in return for all the evils an helpless orphan
 ' shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive
 ' in this life; both which are wholly owing to
 ' this gentleman's favour to,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

S. P.

MR. SPECTATOR,

' I AM a lad about fourteen. I find a mighty
 ' pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin
 ' school four years. I don't know I ever played tru-
 ' ant, or neglected any task my master set me in
 ' my life. I think on what I read at school as I go
 ' home at noon and night, and so intently, that I
 ' have often gone half a mile out of my way, not
 ' minding whither I went. Our maid tells me, she

' often hears me talk Latin in my sleep. And I
 ' dream two or three nights in the week, I am
 ' reading Juvenal and Homer. My master seems as
 ' well pleased with my performance as any boy's
 ' in the same class. I think, if I know my own
 ' mind, I would chuse rather to be a scholar than
 ' a prince without learning. I have a very good af-
 ' fectionate father; but tho' very rich, yet so migh-
 ' ty near, that he thinks much of the charges of
 ' my education. He often tells me, he believes my
 ' schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God
 ' knows what in books. I tremble to tell him I want
 ' one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money and
 ' lay it out for a book now and then, that he don't
 ' know of. He has ordered my master to buy
 ' no more books for me, but says he will buy them
 ' himself. I asked him for Horace t'other day, and
 ' he told me in a passion, he did not believe I was
 ' fit for it, but only my master had a mind to make
 ' him think, I had got a great way in my learning.
 ' I am sometimes a month behind other boys in
 ' getting the books my master gives orders for. All
 ' the boys in the school, but I, have the classic
 ' authors in *usum Delphini*, gilt and lettered on the
 ' back. My father is often reckoning up how long
 ' I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do
 ' little good. My father's carriage so discourages
 ' me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy.
 ' My master wonders what is the matter with me;
 ' I am afraid to tell him; for he is a man that loves
 ' to encourage learning, and would be apt to chide
 ' my father, and not knowing my father's temper,
 ' may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love
 ' for learning, I beg you would give me some in-
 ' structions in this case, and persuade parents to
 ' encourage their children, when they find them di-
 ' ligent and desirous of learning. I have heard some
 ' parents say, they would do any thing for their
 ' children, if they would but mind their learning:
 ' I would be glad to be in their place. Dear Sir,

‘ pardon my boldness. If you would but consider,
 ‘ and pity my case, I would pray for your prosperity
 ‘ as long as I live.

LONDON, March 2, }
 1711. }

Your humble servant,

T.

JAMES DISCIPULUS.

*The gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me
 in particular, with his thoughts upon education, hath
 just sent me the following letter :*

SIR,

‘ I TAKE the liberty to send you a fourth letter
 ‘ upon the education of youth: in my last, I
 ‘ gave you my thoughts about some particular tasks,
 ‘ which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix
 ‘ with their usual exercises, in order to give them
 ‘ an early seasoning of virtue: I shall in this pro-
 ‘ pose some others, which I fancy might contribute
 ‘ to give them a right turn for the world, and en-
 ‘ able them to make their way in it.

‘ The design of learning is, as I take it, either
 ‘ to render man an agreeable companion to him-
 ‘ self, and teach him to support solitude with plea-
 ‘ sure; or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply
 ‘ that defect, and furnish him with the means of
 ‘ acquiring one. A person who applies himself to
 ‘ learning with the first of these views, may be said
 ‘ to study for ornament, as he who proposes to
 ‘ himself the second, properly studies for use. The
 ‘ one does it to raise himself a fortune, the other
 ‘ to set off that which he is already possessed of.
 ‘ But as for the greater part of mankind are includ-
 ‘ ed in the latter class, I shall only propose some
 ‘ methods at present, for the service of such who
 ‘ expect to advance themselves in the world by
 ‘ their learning: in order to which, I shall premise,

‘ that many more estates have been acquired by little
 ‘ accomplishments than by extraordinary ones ; those
 ‘ qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of
 ‘ the world, not being always the most useful in them-
 ‘ selves, nor the most advantageous to their owners.

‘ The posts, which require men of shining and
 ‘ uncommon parts to discharge them, are so very
 ‘ few, that many a great genius goes out of the
 ‘ world without ever having had an opportunity to
 ‘ exert itself ; whereas persons of ordinary endow-
 ‘ ments, meet with occasions fitted to their parts
 ‘ and capacities every day, in the common occur-
 ‘ rances of life.

‘ I am acquainted with two persons, who were
 ‘ formerly school-fellows, and have been good
 ‘ friends ever since. One of them was not only
 ‘ thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but
 ‘ still maintained his reputation at the university ;
 ‘ the other was the pride of his master, and the
 ‘ most celebrated person in the college of which he
 ‘ was a member. The man of genius is at present
 ‘ buried in a country parsonage of eighty-score pounds
 ‘ a-year, while the other, with the bare abilities of
 ‘ a common scrivener, has got an estate of above
 ‘ an hundred thousand pounds.

‘ I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost
 ‘ appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen,
 ‘ whether or no he ought to wish his son should
 ‘ be a great genius ; but this I am sure of, that no-
 ‘ thing is more absurd, than to give a lad the edu-
 ‘ cation of one, whom nature has not favoured with
 ‘ any particular mark of distinction.

‘ The fault therefore of our grammar-schools is,
 ‘ that every boy is pushed on to works of genius ;
 ‘ whereas it would be far more advantageous for
 ‘ the greatest part of them, to be taught such little
 ‘ practical arts and sciences as do not require any
 ‘ great share of parts to be master of them, and yet
 ‘ may come often into play, during the course of a
 ‘ man’s life.

‘ Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I
 ‘ have known a man contract a friendship with a
 ‘ minister of state, upon cutting a dial in his win-
 ‘ dow; and remember a clergyman, who got one
 ‘ of the best benefices in the west of England, by set-
 ‘ ting a country gentleman’s affairs in some method,
 ‘ and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

‘ While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear
 ‘ mentioning a particular, which is of use in every
 ‘ station of life, and which, methinks every master
 ‘ should teach his scholars: I mean, the writing of
 ‘ English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing
 ‘ them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there
 ‘ might be a punctual correspondence established be-
 ‘ tween two boys, who might act in any imaginary
 ‘ part of business, or be allowed sometimes to give
 ‘ range to their own fancies, and communicate to
 ‘ each other whatever trifles they thought fit, pro-
 ‘ vided neither of them ever failed, at the appointed
 ‘ time to answer his correspondent’s letter.

‘ I believe I may venture to affirm, that the gene-
 ‘ rality of boys would find themselves more advan-
 ‘ taged by this custom, when they come to be men,
 ‘ than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can
 ‘ teach them in seven or eight years.

‘ The want of it is very visible in many learned
 ‘ persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of
 ‘ Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express
 ‘ themselves on the most common occasions. I have
 ‘ seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which
 ‘ would have been deservedly laught at by a common
 ‘ attorney.

‘ Under this head of writing, I cannot omit ac-
 ‘ counts and short-hand, which are learned with
 ‘ little pains, and very properly come into the num-
 ‘ ber of such arts as I have been here recommending.

‘ You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have
 ‘ hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things, for
 ‘ such boys as do not appear to have any thing
 ‘ extraordinary in their natural talents, and conse-

‘quently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be, as it were, the fore-runners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

‘History is full of examples of persons, who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men, by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter or a dancing master.

‘The difference is, that in a lad of genius, these are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials: the one diverts himself with them, and the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the grand seignior, who is obliged, by an express command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade. Tho’ I need not have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. Leopold the last worked in woods; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making, to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them, without any disgrace to his profession.

‘I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a boy’s genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to shew in this essay, is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities.

I am, Sir, yours, &c,

AT my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company; and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days: but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement of the Daily Courant, in the following words: *Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.* As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fish-monger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my chimney, if water to my basin: upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the gentleman. At

my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady, observing that upon these occasions I always cried tush, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present, I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent house-wife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies, with the same liberty as a cat or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing I hear or see.

I remember, last winter, there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire, with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door, the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood, as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light: and of others that had been conjured into the Red-Sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight, with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to

bed by himself these twelve months. Indeed they talked so long that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company, how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions, that I should be forced to explain myself, if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care, to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that had entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who, the day before, had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bulrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them, by the dictates of reason and religion, *to pull the old woman out of our hearts*, and extinguish those impertinent notions, which we imbibed, at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves, an interest in him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossi-

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ble for one being to break loose upon another, without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions; when we think ourselves most alone: but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:

—Nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their life seems to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her fea-

tures and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent, towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments, to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say, before she uttered it, while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion, as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is fullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity and innocence of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia.*—She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief, in the

agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with.—*Daphne*, continued he, *I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely.* The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter.—*Nay*, says he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father.* He did so: the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfection of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantage of them.

IN the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite feature and shape; the one we shall call Brunetta, the other Phillis. A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the world. They played, dressed babies, acted visitings, learned to dance and make curtesies, together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of; which innocent happiness continued till the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened, that Miss Phillis had an head-dress on, which became her so very well, that, instead of being beheld any more with pleasure

for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their beauty. They no longer enjoyed the ease of mind, and pleasing indolence, in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their speech and behaviour, was looked upon as an act of emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and by natural steps into an irreconcilable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation of beauty, were, in their stature, countenance, and mein, so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them, in their absence, the words in which you described the one, must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their sex, was, that in detraction from each other, neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvy each other, and inventing of new devices to recal admirers, who observed the charms of the one, rather than those of the other, on the last meeting. Their colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged, made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mother's as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of the daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expence, which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were

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exposed to the examination of the audience, for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle, it happened, that Phillis one day at public prayers, smote the heart of a gay West Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American, in a summer island suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phillis, and too intent upon her charms, to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta. Soon after, Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that shewed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phillis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes: Brunetta had the ill nature to enquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive bands of them, and carried from place to place, in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman, whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions, on which these irreconcilable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time, it happened that a ship put into the island, consigned to a friend of Phillis, who had directions to give her the refusal of all goods for apparel, before Brunetta could be alarmed of their arrival. He did so, and Phillis, was dressed in a few days, in a brocade, more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. Brunetta languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who, by an

interest in the wife of Phillis's merchant, procured a remnant of the same silk for Brunetta. Phillis took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet Brunetta: Brunetta was now prepared for the insult, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl, in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phillis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy Phillis swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself, she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth.

AS I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Rodger, we were met by a fresh coloured ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my enquiry who it was, Sir Rodger told me, that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother, that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and writing made his head ach. He was let loose among the woods, as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts, I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers, who, either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and

therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use, but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances, which make it rather appear like a novel, than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates: They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship, as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where, by his natural endowments, and his acquired abilities, he made way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarcely meet with the name of any extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short he had so well mixt and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels, he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court, by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which,

according to Mr. Cowley, *there is no dallying with life*) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own, and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a-year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time. Eudoxus, having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time, that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was, by degrees, prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side, had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable, for his supposed parent, was

taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances; and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself, with more than ordinary attention, to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the inns of court; where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates, without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a-year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission, till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which, in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence, that she never gave him the least

intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion, which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine, to repair to him in the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could not longer with-hold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him, that Eudoxus, had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left, of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father, by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You will have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of, had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla, which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply; but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show, those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude,

that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married and half Eudoxus' estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received, in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla, the just recompence, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who, having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distance from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart, as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and, by degrees, raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbade him his house; and charged his daughter, upon her duty, never to see him more. In the mean time to break off all communication between the two lovers,

who, he knew, entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia, it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia who was over-awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her farther commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rises in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to Constantia:

“THE thought of my Constantia, which for
 “some years has been my only happiness, is now be-
 “come a greater torment to me than I am able to bear.
 “Must I then live to see you another's. The streams,
 “the fields, and meadows, where we have so often
 “talked together, grew painful to me: life itself is
 “become a burden: May you long be happy in the
 “world, but forget there was ever such a man in it
 “as

THEODOSIUS.”

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who, it seems, had left his chamber about mid-night, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who

knew that nothing but the report of her marriage, could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted; she now accused herself for having so tamely given ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius: in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage, which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance, rather as a marriage of convenience, than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that, after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquility, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns, among whom to place his daughter. There was, in this place, a father of a convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and, as it is usual in the Romish church, for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who the very morning that the above-mentioned enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of

the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival, upon the day, on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius, had now taken upon him the name of father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia, kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and, after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story, in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has I fear been the death of a man, who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death.—She here paused, and lift up her eyes, that streamed with tears, towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broken with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch, that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who

thought the good man thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who, by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears, upon hearing that name, to which he had been so long refused, and upon receiving this instance of unparalleled fidelity from one, who, he thought, had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted.—To tell her that her sins were forgiven her.—That her guilt was not so great as she apprehended.—That she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure.—After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolution she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could, to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind, those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it, concluding with a promise to her, that he would, from time to time, continue his admonitions, when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you

have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, as it is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of father Francis that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her noviciate and father Francis: from whom she now delivered to her the following letter :

‘ AS the first-fruits of those joys and consolations
 ‘ which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius, whose
 ‘ death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive;
 ‘ and that the father to whom you have confessed
 ‘ yourself, was once that Theodosius whom you so
 ‘ much lament. The love which we have had for one
 ‘ another will make us more happy in its disappointment
 ‘ than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though
 ‘ not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will
 ‘ not cease to pray for you in father

FRANCIS.’

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour; and above all, the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy; it is enough, says she, Theodosius is still in being: I shall live with comfort, and die in peace.

The letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are oft read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments

of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia; who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius had just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure: And now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask, is, I hope no violation of it.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purport:

Here lie the bodies of father Francis and sister Constance. *They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.*

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled, 'The vision of Mirza, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

‘ **O**N the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in

meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard; they put me in mind of those heavenly airs, that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place: my heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs, which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued, by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

‘ He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the
 ‘ rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy
 ‘ eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest.
 ‘ I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of
 ‘ water rolling through it. The valley that thou
 ‘ seest, said he, is the valley of *Misery*, and the tide of
 ‘ water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of
 ‘ *Eternity*. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I
 ‘ see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again
 ‘ loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou
 ‘ seest, said he, is that portion of *Eternity* which is
 ‘ called *Time*, measured out by the sun, and reach-
 ‘ ing from the beginning of the world to its consum-
 ‘ mation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is
 ‘ thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell
 ‘ me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge,
 ‘ said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The
 ‘ bridge thou seest, said he, is human life, consider it
 ‘ attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it; I
 ‘ found that it consisted of three score and ten entire
 ‘ arches, with several broken arches, which, added
 ‘ to those that were entire, made the number about
 ‘ an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the
 ‘ genius told me that this bridge at first consisted of
 ‘ a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept
 ‘ away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous
 ‘ condition I now beheld it; but tell me further, said
 ‘ he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes
 ‘ of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud
 ‘ hanging on each end of it. As I looked more atten-
 ‘ tively, I saw several of the passengers dropping
 ‘ through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed
 ‘ underneath it; and upon further examination, per-
 ‘ ceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay
 ‘ concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no
 ‘ sooner trode upon, but they fell through them into
 ‘ the tide, and immediately disappeared. These
 ‘ hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance
 ‘ of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner
 ‘ broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into

‘ them. They grew thinner towards the middle,
 ‘ but multiplied and lay closer together towards the
 ‘ end of the arches that were entire.

‘ There were indeed some persons, but their
 ‘ number was very small, that continued a kind of
 ‘ hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell
 ‘ through one after another, being quite tired and
 ‘ spent with so long a walk.

‘ I passed some time in the contemplation of this
 ‘ wonderful structure, and the great variety of ob-
 ‘ jects which it presented. My heart was filled with
 ‘ a deep melancholy to see several dropping unex-
 ‘ pectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and
 ‘ catching at every thing that stood by them to save
 ‘ themselves. Some were looking up towards the
 ‘ heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst
 ‘ of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight.
 ‘ Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bub-
 ‘ bles that glittered in their eyes and danced before
 ‘ them; but often when they thought themselves
 ‘ within the reach of them, their footing failed, and
 ‘ down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I
 ‘ observed some with scimitars in their hands, and,
 ‘ others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the
 ‘ bridge thrusting several persons on trap-doors,
 ‘ which did not seem to lie in their way, and which
 ‘ they might have escaped, had they not been thus
 ‘ forced upon them.

‘ The genius seeing me indulge myself in this me-
 ‘ lancholy prospect, told me, I had dwelt long enough
 ‘ upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he,
 ‘ and tell me, if thou yet seest any thing thou dost
 ‘ not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean,
 ‘ said I, those great flights of birds that are perpe-
 ‘ tually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon
 ‘ it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ra-
 ‘ vens, cormorants, and among many other feathered
 ‘ creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in
 ‘ great numbers upon the middle arches. These,
 ‘ said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, de-

‘spair, love, with the like cares and passions that
‘infest human life.

‘I here fetched a deep sigh : Alas ! said I, man
‘was made in vain ! how is he given away to mi-
‘sery and mortality ! tortured in life, and swal-
‘lowed up in death ! The genius being moved
‘with compassion towards me, bid me quit so un-
‘comfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he,
‘on man in the first stage of his existence, in his
‘setting out for eternity ; but cast thine eye on that
‘thick mist into which the tide bears the sever-
‘al generations of mortals that fall into it. I di-
‘rected my sight as I was ordered, and (whether
‘or no the good genius strengthened it with any
‘supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist
‘that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate)
‘I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and
‘spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had
‘a huge rock of adamant running through the midst
‘of it, and divided it into two equal parts. The
‘clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that
‘I could discover nothing in it ; but the other ap-
‘peared to me a vast ocean, planted with innume-
‘rable islands, that were covered with fruits and
‘flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little
‘shining seas that ran among them. I could see
‘persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands
‘upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying
‘down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds
‘of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of
‘singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and mu-
‘sical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the
‘discovery of so delightful a scene ; I wished for the
‘wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those hap-
‘py seats ; but the genius told me there was no pas-
‘sage to them, except through the gates of death that
‘I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The
‘islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee,
‘and with which the whole face of the ocean appears
‘spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number

' than the sands on the sea shore ; there are myriads
 ' of islands behind those which thou here discoverest,
 ' reaching further than thine eye, or even thine ima-
 ' gination can extend itself. These are the mansions
 ' of good men after death, who, according to the de-
 ' gree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled,
 ' are distributed among these several islands which
 ' abound with pleasures of different kinds and de-
 ' grees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of
 ' those who are settled in them ; every island is a pa-
 ' radise accommodated to its respective inhabitants.
 ' Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth con-
 ' tending for ? Does life appear miserable, that gives
 ' thee opportunities of earning such a reward ? Is
 ' death to be feared, that will convey thee to so hap-
 ' py an existence ? think not man was made in vain,
 ' who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gaz-
 ' ed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.
 ' At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee,
 ' the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds
 ' which cover the ocean on the other side of the
 ' rock of adamant. The genius making me no an-
 ' swer, I turned about to address myself to him a
 ' second time, but I found that he had left me ; I then
 ' turned again to the vision which I had been so long
 ' contemplating ; but instead of the rolling tide, the
 ' arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw no-
 ' thing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with
 ' oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides
 ' of it.

IT is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a
 certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for
 action that ever was proposed to man, is not ac-
 knowledged the glory and happiness of their being.
 The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let
 our reflections go deep enough to receive religion
 as the most honourable incentive to good and

worthy actions. It is our natural weakness to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory. But however, spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or another being; upon stricter enquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing to the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow, that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity, and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderers, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society: yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer? When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgotten them for the glance of a wanton, for the

applause of a vain world, for an heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows?

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they; they could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he, in that place, therefore, would not longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossessions of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom, when their Creator had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh! the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributer's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh, envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our God did not still precede over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this; and though in the midst of those acts of divinity he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp;

for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the apostles, hearing his master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized, that he, whom he had so long followed, should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death which he foretold, that he took him aside, and said, *Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee;* for which he suffered a severe reprehension from his master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of nature thought fit, as a Saviour and Deliverer, to make his public entry into Jerusalem with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly: with an unfelt new ecstacy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying with loud gladness and acclamation, *Hosannah to the Son of David; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* At this great King's accession to his throne, men were not ennobled, but saved, crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven; he did not bestow medals, honours, favours; but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw, was the author of sight: while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the hosannah. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred temple; and, by his divine authority, expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he for a time, use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand, that it was not want of, but superiority to all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? shall this obscure Nazarene command Israel, and sit on the throne of David? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire his death. Our Lord was sensible of their design, and prepared his disciples for it, by recounting to them now more

distinctly what should befall him; but Peter, with an ungrounded resolution, and, in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men should be offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world, to bring us to a sense of our inability (without God's assistance) to do any thing great or good; he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

But what heart can conceive, what tongue can utter the sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mock'd, and spurn'd? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate those very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of life! How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart heaves with pity and with agony! O Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infamy! Lo he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark he groans! see, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise; which are the quick? which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature is departing with her Creator.

FROM

MRS. ROWE'S LETTERS,
MORAL AND ENTERTAINING.

LETTER I.

To PHILARIO, *from the Duke of —, written on
his Death-bed.*

BEFORE you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth; in a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be past, that shall raise me to the heights of happiness or sink me to the depths of misery. When you read these lines, I shall be either groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in the fulness of joy. It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul, the vast uncertainty I am struggling with; no words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions; every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for some faint beams of hope, which dart across the tremendous gloom. What tongue can utter the anguish a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy or eternal misery? I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event. Good God! how have I employed myself! what enchantment has held me! in what delirium has my life been past! what have I been doing! while the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent their beams perhaps only to light me to perdition. I never waked till now. I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being; till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of every thing in nature; I have pursued shadows, entertain-

myself with dreams ; I have been treasuring up dust, sporting myself with the wind. I look back on my past life, and but for some memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank, a perfect vacancy. I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitants of the woods, to much better purpose, than any for which I have lived : and, oh ! but for some faint hopes, a thousand times more blessed had I been, to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the almighty *Fiat*, nor waked into life at his command ! I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I am to act, till now. I have often met death insulting on the hostile plain, and with a stupid boast defied his terrors ; with a courage as brutal as that of the warlike horse, I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet ; nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned ;

Where all my secret guilt had been reveal'd ;
Nor the minutest circumstance conceal'd.

It is this which arms death with all its terrors ; else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch. It is not giving up my bread, it is not being for ever insensible, is the thought at which I shrink : it is the terrible *hereafter*, the something beyond the grave, at which I recoil. Those great realities, which in the hours of mirth and vanity, I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams of superstitious brains ; these start forth, and dare me now in their most terrible demonstration. My awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied. To what height of madness is it possible for human nature to reach ? What extravagance is it to jest with death ? to laugh at damnation ? to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of infernal mis-

ry. Were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of an harlequin, or the rehearsal of a farce. Every thing in nature seems to reproach this levity in human creatures; the whole creation but man, is serious: man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite consequence depending on his short uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may, with as good a grace go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind, go on with such a thoughtless gaiety to their graves. Oh, my Philario! with what horror do I recal these hours of vanity we have wasted together! Return ye lost neglected moments! how should I prize you above the eastern treasures! Let me dwell with hermits; let me rest on the cold earth; let me converse in cottages; may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness! Ye vain grandeurs of a court! ye sounding titles and perishing riches! what do ye now signify! what consolation, what relief can you give me! I have had a splendid passage to the grave; I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians: my dependents sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, the generous Pylades, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief. But, oh! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me? Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay; which, perhaps, may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge. My afflicted friends, it is very probable, with great

solemnity will lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with

Here lies the great——

But could the pale carcase speak, it would soon reply ;

—————False marble, where !
Nothing but poor and fordid dust lies here—COWL.

While some flattering panegyric, is pronounced at my interment, I may perhaps be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal ; where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy. But I cast myself on his absolute mercy, thro' the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, my dear Philario, till we meet in the world of spirits.

LETTER II.

To LEONORA.

I HAVE been on the very borders of the grave, and have for several months, endured all the pains and languishments of a dangerous illness ; but it has pleased God to restore me to so tolerable a measure of health, that I am now able to think, and write again ; and with what pleasure do I feel myself once more at ease ! how ungrateful are the generality of mankind while they enjoy this blessing ! and how seldom, when they are well, do they reflect on the inconvenience and faintness, the weariness and pains, which attend a sick bed ! I never was sensible what I owed to God for my health, till I came to want it. While my blood flowed with an even uninterrupted course in its channel, and my arteries and sinews were able to perform their several functions, I overlooked that mercy which had contrived them for these operations ; but as soon as they were obstructed, I was

sensible of their value; and while I sickened at the sight of my food, I envied the peasant, whose health enabled him to earn his dinner with the sweat of his brow; and while I was in torment in a stately apartment, and restless on a bed of down, how joyfully would I have exchanged conditions with the hind, who, in a humble cottage, was sleeping on sheaves of straw; how readily would I have parted with all the vanity of airy titles, all the advantages of riches and grandeur, to purchase health: health which gives relish to every enjoyment, and like the rays of light diffuses beauty upon every object. When I was ill the beauty of the creation was effaced to me; I found no longer harmony in the sounds of music, nor joy while the sun poured his meridian glory; but turned my eyes from the intolerable lustre, and wished for the shades of night to veil his radiance. I had no pleasure in seeing every thing round me flourish, while I withered and decayed; the birds that warbled near my window, seemed to sing my funeral dirge; and every fly that buzzed in my chamber, sounded like an alarm to judgment. When night came I considered that probably I might never see day-light again, till the morning of the resurrection dawned upon the earth: and when I was drowsy and inclining to sleep, I imagined that I should perhaps never wake, till I heard the voice of the archangel, and the sound of the last trumpet, nor lift up my head till I saw the Son of man coming in the clouds with power and great glory. This near prospect of death and judgment has put the world and all its gaudy vanities into a just light, and has convinced me of the falsity of human comforts: and I have reason to bless God, who has given me such an opportunity of seeing things as they really are, and by making me sensible of the small consolation that all the earth can afford in the time of illness, and at the hour of death, has directed my eyes and hopes to heaven, and made me know the value of those hours which

were too often wasted in guilt or folly: and believe me, Leonora, you will some time or other be sensible of this important truth. You are not more secure of years to come, than I appeared to be before this illness; and will find the splendor of a court, and all the flatteries of life, miserable comforters upon a sick-bed; the pleasures of this world will withdraw, and nothing remain with you but a sense of your past conduct; and when you find yourself ready to quit the stage, you will have no concern about any thing, but how you have acted your part. I am still very weak, though perfectly at ease, and I could be satisfied to remain so always, rather than hazard being again a slave to my passions and pleasures. I am, with all imaginable sincerity,

Your most faithful friend,

DIANA.

LETTER III.

To Lady SOPHIA.

MADAM,

WHEREVER I am, it will be a pleasure to you, I am persuaded, to know I have found a retreat entirely to my own satisfaction: the occasion of my flight and concealment you are partly acquainted with. I found my father inflexible in his resolution of marrying me to a foreigner of great distinction, one of his own principles, a bigotted Papist. My mother, you know, was a strict Protestant, and by her marriage articles had secured her own liberty, and that of educating her daughters in the same profession. I was their only child, carefully instructed in those sacred truths, which, by the assistance of heaven, I never will renounce, but rather give up my title to all the dazzling advantages the world can tempt me with. It is for this, I am a voluntary exile from my father's

house, who, after my mother's death, intrenched on my religious liberty, restrained me from the public worship, and forbid me reading my Bible. These severities, with the French match, he was treating for me, put me on the desperate adventure of privately quitting his family, and securing my freedom in some humble disguise. No person on earth was privy to my design, but a near relation of my mother's, a person of strict honour and piety; who encouraged me to sacrifice every thing, rather than renounce my faith, or break my peace with heaven and my own conscience. I got the habit of a country girl, and with this gentleman's assistance, was carried into one of the most fertile countries in England, till we came near a large farm-house, of which he had some knowledge, and there left me to make my own fortune. I went on with cautious steps, till I came to the entrance of a square court, surrounded with a hedge of hawthorn in its full bloom. Here I met the mistress of the family; she appeared young, and in a clean modest dress, was perfectly agreeable; there was something in her aspect so gentle and beneficent, that I could not help being interested in her welfare, from the first moment I saw her. She was then dealing out the remains of a plentiful table to a company of indigent people, who, with lifted hands and grateful hearts, implored heaven to reward her in a thousand blessings. A very pretty boy and girl, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, stood hanging on her apron; who, to mimic their mother, gave away all the little treasure they had in their pockets to the beggars children; and then fell a crying, because she would not suffer them to pull off their own shoes and stockings, to give to some that were barefooted. As soon as she had dismissed her dependents, I offered my service, and told her the distresses to which I must be exposed, if she refused me. She perceived my concern was unaffected, and seeing me young, with the bloom of health in my looks, she agreed to receive me into her service. She then happened to want a

servant, rather to share with her in the management of a large family, than to be employed in any domestic drudgery.

I knew not why, but she seemed pleased with me; and I with equal content entered my new station, without any melancholy reviews of my past grandeur, the dignity of my birth, or the delicacy of my education. The glorious motives for which I had resigned the splendid vanities of life, gave an unspeakable alacrity to my mind, and filled it with that ineffable peace, which springs from conscious virtue.

Be these celestial consolations mine,
And I, the world, with all its pomp, resign.

I did not see my new master till the evening, when he came home with a train not of beaux and powdered footmen, but of industrious honest labourers; some of his own household, and others hired by the day, whom he punctually paid at the close of it, repeating that rule of the sacred scripture, *Thou shalt not sleep with the wages of an hireling*. He is a very grave man, twice the age of his wife, a person of great prudence and unblemish'd honesty; very hospitable to strangers; as generous and compassionate to his servants; country business is his great delight, in the management of which heaven has blessed him with uninterrupted prosperity, and vast increase. The farm-house is indeed something antique, but spacious and pleasant; the country round about is all my master's property; the snowy flocks are ranging on the hills, his grazing herds lowing thro' the plains; the mountains are crowned with the great Creator's bounty, and the vallies made vocal with his praises. These scenes of innocence and plenty bring back the patriarchal ages to my view, and give me a sort of pious pleasure. Methinks I see the plains of Mamre, covered with the wealthy Hebrew's flocks and herds; or shifting the scene, for the fruitful fields of Haran, the beauteous Rachel following her fleecy charge

seems to come in view; Boaz and his reapers appeared to my fancy in the jovial month of harvest. In that chearful season, here was no wild riot, no rude intemperance; nothing but harmless merriment appeared among any of my master's domestics: as soon as they enter his service, he gives them a Bible and the *Practice of Piety*, with strict orders that they appear constantly on the Lord's day at public worship, unless they have such an excuse, as they dare carry to the last tribunal. It will not be incredible to one of your piety, that I can make myself easy in a way of life so different from the gaieties of a court, to which I have been inured. I am not only easy, but really happy; my mistress, who has a sweetness of temper not to be equalled, is fond of me, and leaves me not to be idle; but, which is much better, to chuse my own employment. You know my stature is above the common height, and since I came here, I am rather grown taller, and somewhat more plump, so that a little business does me no manner of harm. I have entirely put off the fine lady and all my court-airs. I have almost forgot I am an earl's daughter, and should start at the sound of lady Francis; instead of that I am plain Rosalinda, without any other appellation but what the gentle swains, now and then, give me of handsome lass, or a proper damsel, with which I am infinitely better pleased, than when I was called an angel, a goddess, and impiously addressed in the strains of adoration. If ever I return to the modish world, I must learn to dance again, having almost forgot to make my honours. I am not turned Quaker, but I have laid aside all ceremony, and call every body in the village by their Christian names, except my master and mistress, and the parson of the parish, whom I cannot pass by without telling you, he is a man of exemplary piety, of universal charity, and a great blessing to this place. My distinction of being head-servant, as it gives me a pretence to be reserved, so it frees me from any drudgery, but what is my own choice; the worst of

which is rubbing a long oaken table, that graces the hall, and is kept as bright as a looking-glass. My Saturday's work is dressing four or five spacious chimnies, with pionies, holly-oaks, or branches of bays. Some part of my time (and that the most delightful) is spent in rambling the fields with my master's children, the pretty boy and girl I mentioned; while they are following their little sports, I give up my thoughts to some innocent reverie, or pious meditation. To this the view of the fair creation invites me; here the present Deity seems to challenge a natural homage, while he cheers me in the glory of the sun, refreshes me in the fragrant breeze, is beauty in the flowers of the field, and harmony in the nightingale's voice.

ROSALINDA.

LETTER IV.

From the same.

YOUR advice, dear lady Sophia, is, without question, well meant; but I dare not follow it: my father is so far from relenting (I have had intelligence since I came here) that he has sworn by all that is holy, unless I will marry count Altamont, and embrace the Romish religion, he will settle his whole estate on some monastery at his decease. This was what I expected; and I am sure you will not persuade me to renounce heaven, and damn myself, for the sordid purchase of eighty thousand pounds; nor would you considerately advise me to hazard a celestial advancement for a gilded coronet, or prefer the flattery of mistaken mortals to the approbation of angels. They have been witnesses of my pious vows; and should I violate my faith, and turn apostate to heaven, those ministers of light would bring in their awful evidence, and stand my accusers at the last dreadful tribunal: and can you

earnest think is the effect of wisdom and just reflection to dare the menaces of divine justice, rather than incur my father's unmerited resentment? Such I must term it, having found his affections entirely alienated before I left him: there is full evidence he was pleased with my flight, and takes no thought of making any enquiry about it. But heaven can witness with what reluctance I have torn myself from the sight of this unnatural parent; what anguish, what pangs of affection it cost me! This was the most difficult part of my conquest; the delicacy and softness to which I had been inured, the eclat of birth and quality, reputation and esteem of my friends, I resigned with some degree of fortitude: but here nature with specious arguments opposed, and had triumphed in my perdition, unassisted by the sacred oracles; to them I applied in this perplexity, and received aid from the heavenly illumination: here I found it by the eternal truth determined, — *He that loves father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.* — I worshipped, and obeyed the celestial dictates. This was no rash inconsiderate action, but the effect of reason and design; after having counted the cost, I found the odds to be infinite; the damage was momentary, the recompense unlimited and immense.

'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding part:
The world's subdu'd, and heav'n has all my heart,
Earth's gaudy shews, and pomp of courts adieu!
For ever now I turn my eyes from you.

What can the world, what can the artifice of hell propose to tempt me to relinquish my choice! what could they lay in the balance against the sovereign good! what could they offer as an equivalent to the favour of the infinite Divinity! whose smiles enlighten the realms of joy, and fill the celestial inhabitants with unutterable ecstasy! — Ask those happy spirits, who know what the light of his countenance imports, what should buy one moment's interval of their bliss. Ask some radiant cherub, amidst his flaming raptures,

at what price he values his enjoyments. And when they have named the purchase, earth and hell may try to balance my glorious expectations.

Pleasure would court in vain, and beauty smile,
 Glory in vain my wishes would beguile;
 The persecutor's rage I would not fear,
 Let death in ev'ry horrid form appear,
 And with his keenest darts my breast assail!
 When breath and ev'ry vital spring shall fail,
 This sacred flame on brighter wings shall rise,
 And, unextinguish'd, reach its native skies.

A thousand times blessed be that propitious power, who from the plenitude of bliss, and highest exaltation of glory, descended to low mortality; and by his own great example and sufferings animated my breast with his divine fortitude, and marked a way to victory and immortal honour. How sincerely I have followed the heavenly illumination, my witness is within, and my record on high. My father, I know is, inexorable, and has cut me off from his paternal care, and all the privileges of my birth: but while I look forward to the bright recompence prepared for suffering virtue, this loss sits lightly on my soul. But friendship with a stronger force detains me; here my soul is in suspense.—Dear lady Sophia, how shall I speak my last adieu! I feel the pangs of separation, in anguish beyond all the emphasis of human learning to utter.—Adieu! we must meet no more, till the course of nature is dissolved, and the sun has measured his last radiant circle round the skies.

ROSALINDA.

LETTER V.

From MELINDA.

My dear ORIANA,

I Told you before I left my brother's house, that you should hear from me as soon as I was settled; and that I would inform you of the reason of my flight; you have too much candour and charity to judge harshly of my proceedings; which, could you see my heart, you would rather pity, than condemn me for. You have often, within these two last years, observed an alteration in my temper and person. I am no more the sprightly florid creature, that you used to call the emblem of health and cheerfulness; you saw the change, but did not guess the cause was a secret hopeless passion. I was in a public assembly: I saw there one of the most agreeable persons in the world; his dress, his behaviour, every thing was graceful and easy; his aspect wore the visible character of fortitude and virtue. As he went out, he made way for me through the crowd; but I never after saw him in any public place, nor knew who or what he was. However, he made an impression on my thoughts, which had soon a very happy effect. I grew weary of the noisy tumultuous way of living in my brother's house; and refused sharing in the constant round of diversions that my sister loved; assemblies, balls, gaming, and all sorts of riot and licentiousness: I never indeed approved these entertainments, and was always uneasy without knowing how to make myself otherwise. The paths to happiness, that religion proposed, I was as ignorant of as the savage Americans, in their native groves. Dumain, who married my sister, was a professed libertine; my parents left me very young to their care, my sister being many years older than I am: and if my god-fathers and god-mothers, instead of renouncing the pomps and vanities of this world for me in baptism, had solemnly vowed I should

be bred in the midst of those snares and seducing temptations, they could not more effectually have discharged their trust, than by placing me in this family, whose Sunday's amusement was cards; for we never went to church, unless in a frolic, to spend an idle hour in whispering or laughing. However, my guardian angel did not quit his charge; but, by the impression of a virtuous passion, fortified my soul from every loose inclination. I fled diversions, grew fond of retirement; this soon gave me a habit of thinking: if I had now any schemes of happiness, they were all in some future life beyond the grave: but my notions were clouded and imperfect. I believed there was a God, and the reproaches of my own reason taught me to fear him; but I had never looked into the Bible, since I learned to read, and was as ignorant of Christianity as a young Hottentot, bred in a cave: my pensive temper now detested vanity in every appearance; plays and novels no more diverted me: but wanting something to read, I saw a Bible in the room where my sister's woman lay, and opening it, my attention was immediately engaged. The history was new to me; I carried it to my chamber, but how was I surprized, to find the life and precepts of the great Founder of the Christian faith, so different from the manners and principles of those who assume that sacred profession! I found myself in the flowery paths of ruin, nor knew how to extricate myself from the fatal snare: this was the secret language of my soul, to that invisible power which knew its sincerity;

Thou, Ruler of the sky, almighty name,
Whose piercing eye discerns my rising thoughts,
Ere they are form'd within my anxious breast;
Thou seest my soul struggling to break the bands,
Which thus detain her captive to the earth:
Thou seest how vainly she would soar on high,
Passion and pleasure clog her downy wing,
Prevent her flight and sink her to the dust:
There low she lies, and trembling begs thy aid,
Conscious how impotent she is without thee.

My sister soon perceived the alteration of my temper, and used all her art to engage me in some criminal diversion: but in vain, for I was sick, and tired of these extravagancies. But what could I do? my fortune was lost in the South Sea; I was dependant on Dumain's and my sister's charity: and, to heighten my distress, I was importuned by my lord ——— to yield to his criminal passion. At this proposal I started with horror, but could not shun him, without quitting this disorderly family; which I resolved to do, and cast myself on the protection of heaven. I left my brother's house just after dinner, and went in a hackney coach to a woman in the city who had been my nurse; I engaged her to secrecy, and got her to enquire for a place in some merchant's family: she soon succeeded, and introduced me to the wife of an East India merchant, who lived in great splendor. My business was to wait upon her in the station of a chambermaid: she was very handsome, modest, and unaffected; the orders of the family were so regular and peaceful, so perfectly the reverse of my brother's, that I thought myself in another world, and among a new set of beings; temperance and sobriety reigned amidst the height of plenty and liberality. The rooms were noble, and furnished with all the riches of the Indian world, and looked like the palace of some eastern monarch. I found myself perfectly at ease; dressing my mistress was all I had to do, which was a very agreeable employment, and soon dispatched: she had something so genteel in her manner, that every thing looked graceful and becoming on her, and cost but little trouble to make it fit well. Her conversation was innocent and instructive; her hours spent in reading, or some little amusement with the needle, without the least inclination to rambling after balls or masquerades. I spent two or three weeks in this regular manner, my mistress treating me almost on a level. I had not seen my master, who now returned from his country-house; but my dear Oriana, think what was my affliction,

when I discovered he was the same lovely youth I had seen in the assembly. As soon as he saw me, he turned red as crimson, and I pale as ashes: he passed by me, and went immediately into my mistress's room. It was almost two years since I had seen him, and had some hopes I was forgot; however, I resolved to quit the family, if I found he knew me, or that my friendship for his wife did not extinguish my passion. — On my master's part I found reason to be easy; I hardly ever saw him; he was either at the exchange, or when at home engaged in a series of beneficent actions. His wealth was immense, which he dispersed with an unequalled generosity; he assisted honest traders that had but a small stock, paid the debts of prisoners, relieved the widow, and redressed the injured and oppressed; this was his every day's business, which yet never intrenched on his hours of devotion in public or private. I now grew easy; a man of his character was not like to indulge a guilty flame in his own breast, or to flatter it in mine; besides, his absence would soon relieve me, for he intended to go to the Indies with the fleet, which was to sail within a month. The time was now expired; the day before he went his voyage, after he had been an hour with my mistress in some private conversation, he left her, and came directly into my room, with such an air of benignity in his face, as some heavenly minister would wear, who brought a message of peace. He began; 'You will be surprized, Madam, to find I know your family, and the reason you have put yourself into the protection of mine; the first sight I had of you in public, made an impression, which was never effaced, till I gave my vows to the best of wives; 'tis with some confusion I own the wrong I did your virtue, when I tell you nothing should have prevented my pursuit of the passion you first raised, but the scandal of the house you were in, which was so extravagant, that it forbade me ever thinking of you; but I now do you entire justice, and admire that

triumph of honour, that put you in a station so low, to secure yourself from the temptation of returning to your brother. I have left you ten thousand pounds in bank bills, and have told your case (as I had it from the woman who nursed you) to my wife, who has all the virtues that ever adorned the sex; she yielded to this proposal with great transport, and waits while I am gone to deliver the bills.' He said this, and left me without time or language to speak my gratitude. My mistress immediately came into the chamber, with goodness in her eyes, and gave me the bank bills with a grace, which only virtue can stamp on human actions. She prevented my thanks, by making an apology for her ignorance of my quality, assuring me the house was entirely at my command: and that the hopes of my staying with her, was the greatest satisfaction she proposed in her dear Henry's absence. I could not possibly discover my sense of this surprizing benefit by all the force of language. My silence, and the tenderness into which she saw my soul melted, was the only evidence of gratitude I could give. In the morning, when every thing was ready for the parting of the East India fleet, my generous benefactor came into his wife's chamber to take his last adieu: I was with her, endeavouring to give that consolation myself wanted; her grief drew some reluctant tears from him, while he endeavoured to conceal the inward anguish; the hero and the lover appeared in his behaviour; and when, to excuse the intemperance of her sorrow, his wife urged the danger of the seas, and the rage of barbarous nations on the shore; I shall never forget with what an air of greatness he replied, *I fear God and have no other fear.* Thus undaunted would the god-like man have appeared, had he seen the stars falling from their orbs, and heard the sound of the last thunders. When he had, with an apparent regret, freed himself from the embraces of his wife, with a look of compassion, like that of some pitying angel, he bid me farewell. His domestics

were lost in grief; the passage from his house was crowded with his grateful dependants, whose wrongs or necessities had been redressed by him. A thousand ardent prayers for his prosperity reached the skies, and gained the divine assent; while he hastened through the admiring throng, distressed with the popular applause. How poor a figure is that of a libertine in his most glittering heights of vanity, compared to this great man, who has so early begun his race of glory, and is in the very bloom of youth, mature in every virtue! Instead of passing his hours in a train of idle amusements, the gay part of his life is devoted to heaven and the public welfare—You know where to find

Your humble servant,
MELINDA,

LETTER VI.

FROM

An English Merchant, to his Friend VALERIUS.

I AM at last safely arrived in Holland, and have taken the first opportunity to give you a relation of the adventures that detained me so long in foreign countries. In my return from the Indies, I had some affairs with a Spanish merchant, which, while I was managing in one of their sea-ports, there came in a Spanish corsair, who had taken a rich Turkish prize, with several Turks and Moors prisoners, whom he offered to sale as slaves: I never had any traffic of this kind from any view of interest; but from a motive of compassion I had purchased liberty for many a miserable wretch, to whom I gave freedom the moment I paid his ransom. Among the captives newly taken, there was one distinguished by the richness of his habit, and more by the gracefulness of his port; he drew all my attention, of which he appeared sen-

sible, and still directed his looks to me: our souls seemed to greet one another, as if their intimacy had been of a long standing, and commenced in some pre-existent period. There was something in the air of this young stranger superior to adversity, and yet sensible of the present disadvantage of his fate; while I felt for him an emotion, soft as the ties of nature, and could not but impute it to the secret impression of some intelligent power, which was leading me to a height of generosity beyond my own intention; and by an impulse of virtue on my soul, directing it to the accomplishment of some distant and unknown design of providence: the heavenly instigation came with a prevailing force, and I could not but obey its dictates. The price set on this captive was extravagantly high, and such as would be a vast disadvantage to my present affairs to part with: however, I listened to the gentle monitor within, and paid the corsair his full demand. As soon as I had conducted the youth to my lodgings, I told him he was from that moment free; the price I had paid was for his friendship and liberty.

‘Then you have confined me, replied the gentle stranger, by the most lasting engagements; I might have broken through any other restraint, but I am now your voluntary slave, and dare trust you with a secret, yet unknown to the Spaniards. My name is Orramel, the son of a wealthy Bassa in Constantinople, and you may demand what you will for my ransom.’

‘You will soon be convinced, said I, there was no mercenary intention in this action; the amity I have for you is noble and disinterested; it was kindled by a celestial spark, an emanation from the divine clemency, and terminates in nothing below your immortal happiness; and were you now inclined to examine those sacred truths which would lead you to that felicity, and to share my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the Indies should not buy you from my affections:

but if it is your choice to return to the customs
 and religion of your country, you are absolutely
 free, without attending any terms for your re-
 lease. With a friendly but dejected look, he
 told me it was impossible for him to dispense with
 his filial obligations to an indulgent parent, but he
 positively refused his freedom, till he had given in-
 telligence, and received an answer from his father;
 which he soon had with a *carte blanche* to me,
 on which I might make my own demands for his
 son's ransom. I returned it with no other terms,
 but the liberty of all the Christian slaves he had in
 his possession; hoping by this disinterested conduct
 to leave a conviction on the mind of my young
 friend in favour of Christianity. It was some
 months after he was gone, before I could finish my
 negociations in Spain: but, as soon as they were
 dispatched, I embarked for Holland. We had not
 been a week at sea, before the ship was taken by a
 Turkish pirate, and all the men in it carried to Con-
 stantinople, to be sold as slaves; my lot fell to a mas-
 ter from whom I was like to find most barbarous
 treatment; however, I was resolved to endure my
 bondage, till I could give intelligence to my friends
 in England to procure my ransom; for I was fixed
 to this, that no hardship should reduce me to give
 Orramel an account of my distress, till I was again in
 circumstances not to need his kindness, nor expect a
 retaliation of my own. But heaven had kinder in-
 tentions by bringing me into this adversity, nor left
 me long without redress. As I was talking in a pub-
 lic place to one of my fellow slaves, Orramel came
 by; he passed beyond me, but instantly returning,
 looked on me with great attention, till some melting
 sorrow dropped from his eyes: when making en-
 quiry of some that were near, to whom I belonged,
 without speaking a word to me, he flew to my new
 master, paid his demand for my ransom, and im-
 mediately conducted me to his house, where he wel-
 comed me with the warmest marks of affection: he

spoke——he paused——and was in the greatest perplexity to find language suitable to the sentiments of his soul; “ My brother! said he, my friend! — or “ if there are more sacred ties in nature or virtue, “ let me call you by some gentler appellation: we are “ now united by the bands of celestial amity, one in “ the same holy faith, and hopes of a glorious immortality. Your charity rescued me from worse “ than Spanish slavery, from the bondage of vice and “ superstition; your conduct banished my prejudices “ to the Christian name, and made way for the entrance of those heavenly truths, to which I now assent. But this is a secret even to my own domestics, and whether such a caution is criminal, I am “ not yet able to determine.” With what rapture what attention did I listen to this language! I blessed the accents that told me my friend, my Orramel, had embraced the Christian faith: an angel’s song would have been less melodious; I looked upward, and, with a grateful elevation of mind, gave the glory to the supreme disposer of all human events. The illustrious Orramel made it his joy, his study, to evince his affection: he told me his father died since we parted in Spain, and that he had left five daughters, which he had by several of his wives: he offered me the choice of his sisters, if I had any thoughts of marriage, and promised a dowry with her to my own content. One of them, he said, was privately bred a Christian, by her mother, a beautiful woman of Armenia: I was pleased with the proposal, and impatient to see my fair mistress. In the mean time he made me a present of several rich habits and two negroes to attend me. The next day he conducted me to a fair summer-house, whither he sent for his sisters; who were all so handsome, that I was distressed with my own liberty, nor knew where to chuse, had not a principle of piety determined me to the young Armenian; who was not superior in beauty to the rest, but there was a decorum in her behaviour, which the others wanted: she had

more of the modesty and politeness of the European women, to whom you know I was always partial: my choice was fixed, and the more I conversed with my fair mistress, the more reason I found to approve it. We were privately married by a chaplain belonging to the British envoy. My generous friend gave her a fortune which abundantly paid all my losses; and after a prosperous voyage, I am safely landed in Holland. I have sent you this relation as a memorial of my gratitude to heaven, whose clemency has returned me more than measure for measure, and largely recompensed that liberality it first inspired. Adieu.

Romulus, the founder of Rome, after building the city, resolved to submit the form of its government to the choice of the people; and therefore, calling the citizens together, he harangued them thus:

IF all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built. Are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? And of what use are ramparts in intestine divisions? They may serve for a defence against sudden incursions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, sobriety and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented. Cities, fortified by the strongest bulwarks, have often been seen to yield to force from without, or tumults from within. An exact military discipline, and a steady observance of civil polity, are the surest barriers against these evils. But there is still another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have in a great measure been owing to their form of government. Was there but one manner of ruling states and

cities that could make you happy, the choice would not be difficult, but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them : and yet that no one of those is in all respects perfect ; but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Chuse you then in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? shall it be by select number of the wisest among you? or shall the legislative power be in the people? as for me I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command: so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me ; honours of which, living or dead, I can never be deprived.

While Quinctius Capitolinus, and Agrippa Furius were consuls at Rome, the differences betwixt the senate and people ran so high, that the Æqui and Volsci, taking advantage of their intestine disorders, ravaged the country to the very gates of Rome, and the tribunes of the people forbade the necessary levies of troops to oppose them. Quinctius, a senator of great reputation, well beloved, and now in his fourth consulate, got the better of this opposition by the following speech :

THOUGH I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it.—Posterity will know it.—In the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away unchastised! The course of our manners indeed, and the state of our affairs have long been such,

that I had no reason to presage much good; but could I have imagined, that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by death or banishment if all other means had failed, have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt! Rome taken while I was consul! — Of honours I had sufficient! — of life enough, — more than enough, — I should have died in my third consulate. But who are they, that our dastardly enemies thus despise! The consuls, or you Romans! If we are in the fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame, may neither God nor man punish your faults! only may you repent. No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice. They have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of this city. The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we set no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty: while you impatiently endure patrician magistrates, and we plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired tribunes, for the sake of peace we granted them. You were eager to have decemvirs, we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these decemvirs, we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the tribuneship, we yielded; we quietly saw consuls of your faction elected. You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the patricians are subjected to the decrees of the commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights, and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. — When

shall we see an end of discord ! when shall we have one interest and one common country ? Victorious and triumphant you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us you seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, *Æsquiline* is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the Forum, fill the jails with our nobles, and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then at last sally out at the *Æsquiline* gate, with the same fierce spirits against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this ? go then, and behold from your walls, your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages ? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you ? they'll give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men of the state; heap laws upon laws ; assemblies you shall have without end. But will any of you return the richer from these assemblies ? Extinguish, O Romans, those fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.

If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict, which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of your territory. This terror of war (with which you seem so grievously struck) shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

The Tarentines having a quarrel with the Romans, by the assistance of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, defeated the Roman army. Upon this Fabritius, with two other Roman senators, is sent to treat with Pyrrhus about an exchange of prisoners. The king being informed of the great abilities, and great poverty of Fabritius, hinted in a private conversation with him, the unsuitableness of such poverty to such merit, and that, if he would assist him to negotiate an honourable peace for the Tarentines, he would bestow such riches upon him, as should put him, at least, upon an equality with the most opulent nobles of Rome. The answer of Fabritius was as follows :

AS to my poverty, you have, indeed, Sir, been rightly informed. My whole estate consists in a house of but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground ; from which, by my own labour, I draw my support. But if, by any means, you have been persuaded to think that this poverty makes me less considered in my country, or in any degree unhappy, you are entirely deceived. I have no reason to complain of fortune; she supplies me with all that nature requires; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desire of them. With these, I confess, I should be more able to succour the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied; but as small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the state, and the assistance of my friends. With regard to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest : for Rome knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of religion ; she intrusts me with the command of her armies; she confides to my care the most important negociations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate; the Roman people honour me for that very poverty, which you consider as a disgrace: they know

the many opportunities I had in war to enrich myself, without censure; they are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity; and if I have any thing to complain of in the return they make me, it is only the excess of their applause. What value then can I put upon your gold and silver? What king can add any thing to my fortune! always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent on me: I have a mind free from *Self-reproach*, and I have an *Honest fame*.

THE
SECOND OLYNTHIAN
OF
DEMOSTHENES.

TRANSLATED BY LORD LANSDOWNE.

WHEN I compare, Athenians, the speeches of some amongst us with their actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see, with what I hear. Their protestations are full of zeal against the public enemy, but their measures are so inconsistent, that all their professions become suspected. By confounding you with variety of projects, they perplex your resolutions, and lead you from executing what is in your power, by engaging you in schemes not reducible to practice. 'Tis true, there was a time, when we were powerful enough, not only to defend our own borders, and protect our allies, but even to invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians, there was such a juncture, I remember it well, but by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders; it will be well for us if we can provide for our own defence, and our allies. This is the present point to be settled; we can look no further as circumstances now stand; it is in vain to form projects of greater consequence. In the end we may hope to humble our ene-

any; but in order to arrive at a happy end, we must fix a wise beginning. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this; however, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures. The opportunities which have so frequently escaped us, have not been lost through ignorance or want of judgment, but through negligence or treachery.

If I assume at this time a more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently, those truths, which have no other end but your own good: you have too many reasons to be sensible how much you have suffered by hearkening to sycophants. I shall therefore be plain in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct. You may remember, for it is not above three or four years, since we had the news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno in Thrace; it was, as I think, in October we received this intelligence, we voted an immediate supply of threescore talents, forty men of war were ordered to sea; and so zealous we were, that preferring the necessities of state to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five and forty years were commanded to serve. What followed? a whole year was spent idly, without any thing done; and it was but in the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feast of Ceres, that Charidemus set sail, furnished with no more than five talents, and ten galleys not half mann'd.

A rumour was spread that Philip was sick; that rumour was followed by another, that Philip was dead; and then, as if all danger died with him, you dropped your preparations: whereas then, then was your time to push and be active; then was your time to secure yourselves and confound him at once. Had your resolutions, taken with so much heat, been as warmly seconded by action, you had then been as terrible to Philip, as Philip recovered, is now to you.—To what purpose at this time these reflections? What is

done cannot be undone. But by your leave, Athenians, though past moments are not to be recalled, past errors may be repeated. Have we not now a fresh provocation of war? let the memory of oversights, by which you have suffered so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present danger. If the Olynthians are not instantly succoured, and with your utmost efforts, you become assistants to Philip, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself. The strength of that commonwealth was once sufficient alone to keep that aspiring monarch within bounds; neither durst Philip attack the Olynthians, nor the Olynthians Philip, so equal was the balance of power between them. We joined them, and it was no small mortification to Philip, to see at his very gates a republic, by being confederated with us, not only able to thwart all his ambitious designs, but even to carry the war into the very bowels of his own kingdom.

So exorbitant his power was grown, that there was nothing left for us to wish, but to see him embroiled with his neighbours. Fortune has seconded our wishes; what then have we to do, but to second our fortune, by sending a quick and powerful assistance to these people thus happily engaged by providence for our sakes? should we neglect an opportunity so seasonable, and of such importance, we shall not only be covered with confusion and reproach, but exposed to a long chain of inevitable evils from the conqueror, especially considering the disposition of the Thebans, ready to catch at any occasion to hurt us, and the inability of our friends the Phocians, drained by a long war, to assist us.

What way then to put a stop to the torrent? or to prevent the conqueror from turning his whole force against Athens itself! The man who is for deferring this duty till then, had rather see war and desolation in his own country, than hear of it in another; and scandalously beg assistance from his neighbours, than generously give it; nor can any thing be more obvious,

than that we are destined for his next prey; if we permit him to succeed in his present enterprise. But you will say, have we not already unanimously voted to stand by the Olynthians? 'Tis true; but how will you do it? that's the question. Be not displeased Athenians, if I should point you the way, by offering any advice disagreeable to your inclinations, or the common opinion. I would have you begin, by appointing a certain number of legislators, or commissioners to inspect our laws, not to create a confusion of more, we have already but too many; but rather to repeal such, as upon examination, may be found prejudicial to the public. Let me speak plain—I mean those laws, which discourage and oppress the soldiery, by appropriating to the maintenance of our theatres, that money which ought to be applied as a provision for them, who daily venture their lives for their country. When you have reformed those abuses which give away the bread of the soldiery to citizens idle and unuseful, and which squander in pensions to mimics and buffoons, what might be converted to the support of men of honour. When you have abrogated those sanguinary laws, that it may be no longer dangerous to speak plain, you will not then want friends, who, with freedom and sincerity, will offer such expedients as your safety, and the exigencies of state shall require. But if you are too obstinate to revoke any act once past, tho' ever so contrary to sense and the public good; if it shall remain a capital crime to arraign any such act, or demand the revocation, you may spare yourselves the trouble of enquiring after truth, for who will seek to make you honest or wise by the forfeiture of his own head? No, Athenians, no; you must expect no friends at that price: the most forward and zealous of your citizens will be circumspect or silent, when their sincerity must be fatal to themselves, without being serviceable to you, and as long as such examples can be turned only to terrify others from endeavouring your good with the same freedom.

Since therefore, such laws there are, with such dangerous penalties annexed, that honest men dare not speak plain, let the promoters of the mischief be condemned to repair it, by being obliged to run the hazard of demanding the revocation. For what freedom of speech can you expect, if while you honour with your protection, and encourage with your favour, such sycophants only as humour your fancy, and flatter your inclinations, tho' ever so contrary to your interest, or your honour; the true patriot, who has no other view but the public good, shall be suspected and impeached, and delivered up a sacrifice to the hatred and fury of the people. Let me tell you, men of Athens, till some legal redress may be had of this grievance, the very best of your citizens, let his interest be ever so powerful, will be questioned for the freedom of his advice, if he should be so mad as to give it. But who will be a friend, when he is sure to be treated as an enemy? It is not necessary to warn you, that votes are of no force, unless seconded by action: if your resolutions had the virtue to compass what you intend, without other aid, we should not see yours multiply every day, as they do, and upon every occasion, with so little effect: nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner: it has not happened through want of warm and seasonable votes, that we have failed to chastise him long since: though action is the last in place, and must succeed to deliberation, it is the first in efficacy, as crowning the work, for nothing can be done without it. Proceed then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with action: you have heads capable of advising what is best; you have judgment and experience to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time so proper for action? what occasion so happy? And when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not, at this instant, straiten and invade your confederates,

whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? A faithless ally? The usurper of providence to which he has no title or pretence; a stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant, and indeed, what is he not?

And yet, O ye immortal gods, when we shall have abandoned all things to this Philip: when by the indifference of some, the treachery of others, we have, as it were, added force and wings to his ambition, we shall yet make ourselves a greater scorn to our enemies, by upbraiding and loading each other with the reproach. Each party, though equally guilty by their divisions, of the common calamity, will be imputing the miscarriage to his neighbour, and tho' ever so conscious, every one will be excusing himself, by laying the blame on another; as after the loss of a battle, not a man that fled, but accuses his companion, condemns his general; and separately examined, no one takes shame to himself; each shifting the common disgrace from one to another; but yet it is certain, that every individual man who gave ground, was equally accessory to the general defeat. The man who accuses his companion might have stood firm himself, had he pleased, and that which was a rout, had then been a victory. Such is the pride and folly of parties, overborne and swayed by personal prejudice, sacrificing the public to private resentment, and charging each other with miscarriages, for which they are every one equally accountable. A manager for one side proposes; he is sure to be opposed by a manager for the other, not gently and amicably, but with heat, malice, and unbecoming reflection; let a third more moderate arise, his opinion is not to be received, but as he is known to be engaged in a party. What good can be hoped from such a confusion of counsels, directed only by prejudice or partiality, in defiance to sense and right reason?

If no advice that is given, is to be received, but as it suits the honour of a party, or flatters the distemper of the times; it is not his fault who speaks honestly,

but yours who resolve to be deaf to all arguments that displease you. In debates for the public, we are not to seek what will please, but what will profit. If our wishes exceed what we have means to accomplish, we must contract our wishes, and confine them to what is in our power. Let the gods have your prayers to grant what is out of your reach: nothing is impossible to them; but we who have only human means to act by, must be governed by circumstances, doing as well as we can, and trusting the rest to providence. Suppose now, for example, some person should rise pretending to find sufficient funds for a war, without touching your appointments for public diversions, and thus endeavour to reconcile your duty to your pleasure, with what joy would you hearken to the proposal? But where to find this able projector, I should be glad it were possible. But that man must be a fool or a madman, or not think you much better, who would persuade you to continue dissipating real and solid funds, in ridiculous and superfluous expences, under a vain expectation of imaginary ways and means that may never be found. And yet you would relish the proposal, though ever so inconsistent and incongruous; what flatters never fails of reception; every one is adding to his own deceit, and overlooking the improbable and the impossible, soothes himself with any extravagance that honours his inclinations.

In cases where necessity is not to be reconciled to pleasure, we must sacrifice pleasure to necessity, and conforming ourselves to the nature, condition, and circumstances of our affairs, act according to what we can, and not according to what we would. Thus, if it were lawful to propose to you, to employ for the service of your country, those sums which daily come into the public coffers to be idly spent, a vigorous war might be supported without any other charge or fund. It is beneath the spirit and bravery of Athenians, to bear thus patiently to be insulted for want of funds necessary to support an honourable war. How is it

of a piece with that fire and gallantry with which we took arms to stop the Corinthians, and to punish the treachery of Megara? Shall we, who could resist Greeks, submit to be braved by a Macedonian, a Barbarian, I mean no offence: I am not so rash as to run headlong upon your displeasure, and fail besides of doing you service. But sure it is the duty of every faithful and sincere lover of his country, to prefer the welfare of his fellow citizens, to the desire of pleasing them: it was with this honest freedom the commonwealth was directed by those ancient and memorable patriots, who, to this day, are so prodigally praised, though so sparingly imitated.—Aristides, Nicias, Pericles, and the great man whose name I bear.

But since we have been pestered up by a vile race of hypocrites and sycophants, who dare not open their mouths till they have learnt their lessons, till they have servilely enquired what they shall say, what they shall propose, what they shall vote, and in what they may make themselves agreeable: in a word, since advices publicly given, must first be whispered by some great man or minister, and you bespeak, as it were, and prepare your own poison, how can it otherwise happen, but your debates must be corrupted, your councils ineffectual, your reputation blasted, and disgrace accumulated upon disgrace, while those illustrious parasites flourish and prosper by their country's ruin.—Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different this conduct appears from the practice of your ancestors: I shall be short and alledge no instance but what is notorious: to induce you to be honest and wise, there will be no need of foreign examples; the domestic will be sufficient. Your ancestors, who were friends to truth and plain dealing, detested flattery and servile compliance; your ancestors I say, by unanimous consent continued arbiters of all Greece, for the space of forty-five years without interruption; a public fund of no less than ten thousand talents was ready for any

emergency: they exercised over the kings of Macedonia that authority which is due to Barbarians, obtained both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories, and by their noble exploits, transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the rest of mankind, and above the reach of malice and detraction. Such were your ancestors, in respect of their figure abroad, and in regard to all Greece in general. Let us now consider these great men in their private capacities, and in their particular stations in Athens alone.

It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples so richly embellished; but above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies, bearing an eternal record of their immortal virtue. But visit their own private habitations: visit the houses of Aristides, Miltiades, or any other of those patriots of antiquity, you will find nothing, not the least mark or ornament, to distinguish them from the meanest of their next neighbours. They meddled not in government to enrich themselves, but the public; they had no schemes or ambition but for the public, nor knew any interest, but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety towards the immortal gods, by a strict faith, and religious honesty betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform and of a piece, they established that reputation which remains to this day, and will last to utmost posterity.

Such, O men of Athens, were your ancestors; so glorious in the eye of the world, so bountiful and munificent to their country, so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance can we find in the present generation of those great men? How much unlike! what a provoking reflection! Though much may be said, I shall observe only this, That at a time, when your ancient compe-

titors have left you a clear stage ; when the Lacedemonians are disabled ; the Thebans employed in troubles of their own ; when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you : in short, when you are at full liberty, when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiters of Greece, you permit patiently whole provinces to be wrested from you : you lavish the public money to scandalous and obscure uses : you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war : and, to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin ; lives there a man that has confidence to deny it, let him arise, and assign if he can, and other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip. But you reply, what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendor at home ; was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity, a greater face of plenty ; is not the city enlarged ? are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified ?——Away with such trifles ; shall I be paid with countries ? an old square new vamp'd up : a fountain ! an aqueduct ! are these acquisitions to brag of ? cast your eye upon the magistrate, under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honours. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats, vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces ? And how have their fortunes and their power increased ; but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished !

To what are we to impute these disorders ? and to what cause assign the decay of a state so powerful and flourishing in past times ! The reason is plain :

the servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people; punishments and rewards were properties of the people; all honours, dignities, and preferments were disposed by the voice and favour of the people: but the magistrate now has usurped the right of the people, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You miserable people, the mean while without money, without friends, the supports of power, from being the ruler are become the servant; from being the master, the dependant: happy that these governors, into whose hands you have thus resigned your own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Although this pitiful provision was originally an establishment of your own, you are as thankful, as well pleased, and acknowledging, as if these creatures of your own making were your real benefactors, and as if the obligation was derived from their bounty, and not from your own institution. It is by means of this implicit trust, this absolute resignation and deference, that these cunning impostors have by little and little worked themselves into arbitrary power, undermined your liberties, and prepared you insensibly for slavery. Neither is it natural, Athenians, that from men of such vicious and selfish principles, any generous or noble design can be expected: there can be no better rule to judge of a man than by his ordinary occupations, and common course in private life. I should not be surpris'd if I incurred your displeasure by my frankness; nor if by seeking to open your eyes, I should be treated more like an enemy, than those who blind and abuse you: I know very well you are seldom in humour to suffer bold truths, and am rather surpris'd at this unusual attention, by which I am encouraged to proceed.

Believe me, Athenians, if recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit of your fathers; if you would be your own soldiers, and your own commanders, confiding no lon-

your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands, if you would charge yourselves with your own defence, employing abroad for the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home, the world might once more behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians. Of what benefit, of what real advantage to you, is that wretched subsistence with which you are so poorly contented? what is it but a mere encouragement for idleness! too little to satisfy, and but just enough to prevent a more honest industry: like the slender diet allowed to the sick, which neither contributes to health nor strength, and but barely serves to keep together a miserable life. "You would have us then (say you) do service in our armies, in our own persons, and for so doing, you would have the pensions, you receive in time of peace, accepted as pay in time of war. Is it thus we are to understand you?" Yes, Athenians, it is my plain meaning. I would make it a standing rule, That no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who should grudge to employ it for the public service. Are we in peace? the public is charged with your subsistence: Are we in war, or under a necessity, at this time, to enter into a war? let your gratitude oblige you to accept as pay, in defence of your benefactors, what you receive in peace as mere bounty. Are there, who taking the benefit of the law, excuse themselves by pleading their age? Their age, however, hinders them not from eating the bread of the commonwealth. Let then the claim of him, who would shun the service, be given over and above to him who is willing in what he can to serve his country.

Thus, without any innovation, without altering or abolishing any thing but pernicious novelties introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness; by converting only for the future the same funds for the use of the serviceable, which are spent at present upon the unprofitable, you may be well served in your armies, your troops regularly paid, justice duly admini-

nistered, the public revenues reformed and encreased, and every member of the commonwealth rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burdén to the state. To conclude; what I insist upon is no more than this, that the wretch who, during the times of danger, is not ashamed to linger at home, and causes to lead a lazy, sauntering, unprofitable life, canvassing the actions of others, questioning and enquiring after news, under what foreign, and with what troops of mercenaries such and such a battle was fought, should no longer be permitted to eat the bread of the diligent and laborious.

When I named foreigners, it was not to reflect upon these men, who perform for you that duty, which you ought to perform for yourselves; but to provoke you, if possible, not to resign to strangers, those opportunities of gaining your esteem, which might be made use of to entitle you to theirs: not to renounce and abandon as you do, that reputation which you inherited from your ancestors, and was purchased for you with so much toil, hazard, and glory.

This, O men of Athens, is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion. May the gods inspire you to determine upon such measures as may be most expedient for the particular and general good of our country.

ATHERBAL, prince of Numidia, after the death of his brother Hiempsal, and his own defeat by Jugurtha, fled to Rome, and addressed the senate for assistance, in this manner:

Most illustrious SENATORS,

MY father Micispa made it his dying charge to me, to account the right and supremacy of Numidia, yours; mine, the regency only; to study

both at home and abroad the welfare of the Romans in the first place; for then would you be my friends, then had I you for my kinsmen; assuring me withal, that from your friendship, obtained by such a conduct, power, wealth, and safety would accrue to me. Scarce had I entered on the execution of these my father's commands, when Jugurtha (I will say it of all villains breathing, the chief) disregarding your authority, at once stript me of my kingdom and paternal estate; me, the grandson of Masinissa, and so by line the friend and ally of Rome. Since this fate was awaiting me, I wish I could have grounded my pleadings for assistance upon my own, rather than my ancestors merit, tho' indeed I should have chiefly desired a right to your aid, without any demand for it; and next to that, when in straits a right to call for and use it as my due. But integrity is not always a safeguard; nor could I prevent Jugurtha's throwing off the mask; which has obliged me to fly to you, most noble senators, and (O cutting reflection!) to burden before I have served you. Other princes, either overcome in the field, were received into your favour; or amidst the perplexities of their affairs, procured your countenance. Our family dates its alliance with the Romans from the time of the Punic war; a time when our fidelity only, not our strength was wanting: see now, renowned fathers, the offspring of this family, and let me not implore your aid in vain. Had I nought to present but my present wretched condition, a once eminent powerful prince hereditary, now a poor miserable suppliant; were it not the glory of Rome to punish such injury, and overturn the reign of villainy? But this is not all, I am thrust out of dominions given my ancestors by the Romans, from whence my own father and grandfather, along with you, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Your gifts then are violently torn from me. By my sufferings you are affronted. But, oh! wretched me! Is this my dear fathers, is this the effect of your bounty? Is he, whom you made equal with your own sons, and part-

ner with them in your kingdom, is he become the chief exterminator of our race? Oh! shall our family never have rest? Shall we always be in exile, or massacre? While the Carthaginians were in power, no wonder if we suffered all extremities. Our foes at hand, our friends at a distance, our only hope was in arms. But when this plague was rooted out of Africa, we joyed in the prospect of peace, nor dreaming of enemies, except any should dare to be enemies to Rome. But, all of a sudden, this Jugurtha, boiling with pride, barbarity and impudence unequalled, has assassinated my brother, his own relation, seized the crown as the prey of his violence, and driven me out, indigent, loaded with misery, and exile from my country and my home, so that I'm safer, any where than in my own dominions. I gave full credit to my father, noble senators, when he told me, that whoever assiduously courted your favour, undertook a difficult task indeed, but might rely on absolute safety as their reward: our family has done its utmost, in every field of battle it has attended you, and now our peace depends upon you, most worthy fathers. The king my father left us two brothers, and by good offices thought Jugurtha united, to us for a third. One of us is basely butchered, I have narrowly escaped the same fate, and now what shall I do, or whither, O wretched creature! whither shall I turn? My father has paid the debt of nature; my brother, O inhuman! is murdered by his own cousin; my friends, my kindred, my relatives are all one way or another, destroyed; for falling into the hands of Jugurtha, some were broken on the rack, others thrown to wild beasts, and the few, whose lives are spared, shut up in darkness, are dragging a life of sorrow and woe, more intolerable than death itself. Were I possessed of all that I have lost, and all that opposes me, I would on any cross accident, have my only recourse to you, very eminent fathers, whose wide extended government it well becomes, strictly to examine every right and wrong. But now that I am banished my country and my home; now that I am forlorn

and in want of every thing : to whom shall I look ? whom shall I address ? shall I apply to the princes or nations whose enmity to us subsists in our friendship to you ? or whither shall I go and not meet with marks of the hostilities of my forefathers ? who will pity me, who is at variance with you : In fine, Masinissa enjoined us, most worthy senators, to reverence none but you, to make no treaties, no new alliances, for your friendship would be a sufficient safeguard ; and if ought beset you, let us both perish together. Your guardian deities and your virtue preserve you great and opulent ; all succeeds with you, all is at your nod : so easily may you resent the injuries of your allies. This only I fear, that some secret attachment to Jugurtha draw aside some of you ; for all arts, I hear, have been tried, by importuning each of you not to judge an absent unheard party, by asserting that all is fiction : that I but pretend flight, and that I might have quietly enjoyed my kingdom. Well—may I only behold him, whose iniquity has thus plunged me in misery, pretending in the same manner ; and may a concern be excited in you, or in the immortal gods, remarkably to punish a remarkable villain, for his impiety to our father, the murderer of my brother, and my present load of wretchedness. O my brother ! the darling of my soul ! you are, it is true, unworthily and unseasonably cut off : but happy, not miserable do I call you. With your life indeed you lost your crown ! what then ! you're freed from exile, poverty, flight from enemies, and all those numberless calamities which quite overwhelm me. Me, unhappy creature, hurl'd from my paternal throne into the deepest woe, I'm become a spectacle to mankind ; at a stand which to attempt ; whither to revenge your injuries, but that's impossible, when I want relief myself ; or to seek after my kingdom, and that's equally impracticable, when my life is in the hands of others. O, to find an honourable death, and avoid a life of oppression and contempt ! O now, most worthy senators,

now that I would abhor thus to live, and cannot thus die without shame and ignominy; I would conjure you by your honour, by your parents and children, by the dignity of Rome, succour your distress'd suppliant, oppose such outrage, and suffer not the dissolution of your rightful kingdom Numidia, by the barbarous extirpation of your family.

L E T T E R

FROM

Mr. POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER, before his going into exile.

ONCE more I write to you as I promised, and this once I fear will be the last! the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul, which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you, than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies: they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you have to complain, I mean, of all posterity: and perhaps at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life, but a censure or critique on the past? those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it; the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you will never suffer your age

to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of our ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it. To shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most: in their retreat; in their exile; or in their death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, that they became guides to mankind. Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such, I therefore hope, will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds, but revenge will never harbour there; higher principles than these of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self. Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make as you can, the world look after you: but take care, that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration. I am with the greatest sincerity and passion for your fame, as well as happiness,

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R

FROM

*Mr. GAY to Mr. —.**Stanton Harcourt, 9th August, 1718.*

THE only news you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors, of high towers levell'd by it to the ground, while the humble vallies have escap'd: the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which I take however to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see, that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stands still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers, than ever were found in romance, under the shade of a beach-tree. John Hewit was a well set man, of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age: they had passed through the various labours of the year together with the greatest satisfaction; if she milk'd it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat; and the posy on her silver ring was of his chusing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirm'd that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their

work, they were now talking of their wedding cloaths, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to choose her a knot for the wedding day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightening and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder, every one was solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the lightening. They were both struck in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day interred in Stanton Harcourt church-yard. My lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, had caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we should furnish the epitaph, which is as follows:

When eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire;
Here pitying heaven, that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound,
Hearts so sincere, th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

But my lord is apprehensive the country people w

not understand this; Mr. Pope says, he will make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

I am, &c.

A novel, founded on a late fact which happened in the city of London.

JOHNSON and Smith were two young persons educated in the same house, and brought up to the same business under the same master; but with this difference, that Johnson was the son, the other the servant, and the former had a considerable independent fortune, the latter no estate, but honest industry.

About three years since, the parent and the master dying, the young traders were left to themselves: Smith declined an offer of partnership with his young master, merely because it was more than he could in reason or honesty expect, and Johnson generously advanced him a sum of money to engage in trade for himself.

Smith, who knew he traded at present but with another's stock, and had only industry and frugality for the means to repay the loan, and settle himself in ease and happiness, became the most diligent trader and arrantest slave to a shop that ever kept one. No debaucheries over night kept him in bed the next morning; and his doors were open two hours before, and at least an hour after his neighbours: Smith lived in his shop, and knew no idle moment there; his constant attendance brought him constant business; his obliging behaviour, and the probity of his dealings, made every customer a friend to him; and whoever once bought of him, never afterwards bought any where else.

The first year's balance gave him power to pay his generous benefactor, with great thanks; and

before another was elapsed, he was become the favourite of every worthy person in the neighbourhood; and the sobriety of his life recommended him so far with the clergyman of the place, (one of the worthiest of his worthy function) that he found no objection in the way of his addresses to this gentleman's only daughter; she had no great fortune, nor could our young trader expect much; the good-will of her father was a sufficient portion. His good opinion of his son-in-law was so great, that he readily agreed to all he gave his daughter being laid down into trade, and that gave the young man a larger stock than he could otherwise have commanded; while the good-will of every man in the parish to the father, made them take a pleasure in obliging him, at the same time that they encouraged a young man who deserved it; and he, by this means, got as great an addition of custom, as that in his stock, and became the most flourishing young trader in the place.

This better fortune made no alteration in his temper; he naturally indeed entered on a somewhat more expensive way of living on his having a wife; but she was as frugal and prudent as himself, and they soon calculated a certain standard of expence; something within what their present profits would afford, and determined to save a little from that till their increase of trade should enable them, in the succeeding years, to spend more without being more extravagant. It is easy to conceive that such a family must save money yearly; and, in short, the end of a second year saw them worth more, than from so small beginnings one would easily expect.

While this was the life of Smith, his young master, whose easy fortune set him above the necessity of industry, was carrying on the same trade in a very different manner; he had easily determined himself to follow trade, indeed, as an amusement for his leisure hours; but since he did not want it, designed never to be very solicitous about it, but to do just what he liked of it, and no more. He took an experienced

good servant, as a substantial trader who recommended him, assured him, and gave him good pay to take the trouble, while he had no share in any part of business, but in the profits of it.

It is the most dangerous of all errors, though too common a one, for a man to imagine he can play with business, and do what he pleases, when his affairs are easy without it. There is no middle state in the trading world; industry will bring riches; idleness, beggary; nor is there any medium between these: the man who does not think it worth his while to be a slave to business because he can do without it: the shop that is kept, will keep its master, but that which is neglected will at any time ruin even him that does not want it; and too often an experienced servant is, to such a man, the worst servant in the world.

Johnson, however, did not absolutely neglect his affairs of this kind; he appeared every morning in his shop; at noon, indeed, he dined at the tavern, and spent the evening as a man of fortune ought. Every young trader has the unhappy imagination, that going into company is the way to get into business, and that the neighbourly clubs in most streets are half the support of the people who are the members of them. It is one of the most mischievous errors in the world to fancy this, and I am afraid is an error that has been fatal to half the young fellows in trade in this town. They do not consider that the master of the house is the only man whose purse is heavier for these meetings, and that the people who frequent them are usually idle and indigent persons; such as a sober trader ought to avoid having any dealings with, nor court their custom.

Johnson, however, was above all these sects of people; the company he kept, were men of fortune; the young fellows of taste and spirit of the age; he frequented every club of such, and soon got their general custom.

The dress necessary to appear among such people in, was different from the sober habit of the city,

that this alone, which made him the adoration of the neighbouring apprentices, and perhaps laid the first steps to ruin one half of them in their ambition to follow him in his fashions, got him so universally the distaste and ill-will of the sober part of the neighbourhood, that he soon had no other custom than that acquaintance.

All this while an elegant manner of living, and the necessary supplies for the shop, called for a deal of money: Johnson's fortune was all in cash; he readily drew on his banker, as often as he wanted; he contented himself with knowing that he lived very little above the income of his fortune alone, and as to what trade called for, he imagined he knew that must be returned with interest. It was no matter to him that no money came, neither did he know, indeed, except at the year's end, whether any came or not; he knew it was all one to him whether he was paid to-day or this day twelve month, and was fully persuaded of that too common and destructive an error, that long credit gives a man reputation; and that a tradesman should never call in his money so long as it is safe, because it stops his customers from buying.

Johnson had, indeed, all the false notions of the generality of our young traders, but not one more; and that too many in this city are ruined daily by the same, though they are still propagated among numbers as the secrets of trading, and held for truth as certain as the gospel. Johnson's affairs began now to run dreadfully behind hand, without his knowing it; but that which to others is a last relief, when they find themselves just gone, was now the scheme of our young gentleman trader, without his knowing it. A young lady who accidentally came into his shop, in the morning hours, one day while he was in it, took away both what she bought, and her tradesman's heart into the bargain. In short, Johnson watched her home; he was prudent enough, before he made any further step, to inform himself who she was;

and found she was a person of a good family, and worth 7000*l*.

Johnson was a man of a polite and engaging behaviour; he soon found means of introducing himself into the family; and as he imagined himself more than an equal match for her, he made it his first step to settle matters with her father. The old gentleman had no right liking to this sort of gentleman-trading that Johnson carried on, but his private fortune made him unexceptionable in respect of money, and he soon convinced the old gentleman of the advantages of his way of carrying on business. He found less difficulty to get the lady's consent than her father's, and all was harmony and good understanding between them; the lover gallanted his lady and all the family to all the public places of diversion, and the natural affability and good humour about him, made the old people, in short, as much in love with him almost as the lady.

Courtship is sure to be the ruin, or the happy settling of every young tradesman who engages in it: if the choice be imprudent, it is ruin whether it succeeds or not; and even where it is irreproachable, the time lost about it, and the neglect of business it occasions, are not easily made up to a young man. All parties, however, were so well agreed about the affair, that Johnson found it no difficulty to get the day of marriage fixed: the bride made her preparations, and Johnson's taylor had his orders not to fail. When things were in this state, the lady's fortune was inquired more earnestly into on Johnson's part, and his on her father's. No mistake appeared about her's; but alas! the looking into his affairs on this occasion was the first notice of the bridegroom's ruin. It is true, his books were full of long debts, and the current account of cash in trade was something considerable; but his fortune was in a manner all drawn out of his banker's hand, and though he had much more owing to him

than by him; yet his debts to his creditors were not small.

It is easy to imagine, the prudent father now refused his daughter; the distress on her part, as well as Johnson's, was very sincere and affecting, that they must part; while they did it with the sincerest agonies on both sides, nor could the entreaty of the old people, prevent the young lady, from engaging herself, by the most solemn vow, never to marry any other person. Johnson now went to new-model his affairs, to take his money, and call in his debts; but alas! his servant went off in the night with his ready money, and his debtors were one half dead, and the other half in goal or in Flanders. It was not so, however, with his creditors: the breaking off of the match set them upon enquiries, and the ill-natured world soon whispered the occasion: it is easy to know what must be the event of this: all fell upon him at once, and his goods and person were seized upon. What now remained, therefore, for the unhappy Johnson to do? He bethought himself of the friend he had once been generous to: he called in what was remaining of his fortune, sent for Smith, delivered all into his hands, and begged of him to endeavour to bring his creditors to some composition. The generous Smith engaged himself immediately for the whole, took home his friend, called in his debts, paid the remainder out of his own fortune, and told him, My dear Johnson, there was a time when your generosity offered me a partnership in what I had no right to; my trade is now as good as yours was then, but there is this great difference, that though you owed nothing to me, I cannot but remember I owe every thing to you; and let my gratitude now offer what your generosity then did, a share of all you have enabled me to procure.

It was not without much difficulty that the unhappy Johnson accepted this offer: he now, how-

ever, saw through all his former folly, and became as diligent as his friend had been. The neighbourhood adored the gratitude and generosity of young Smith, and even his wife and father applauded it: every thing had been for some time perfectly happy here, and Johnson knew no misfortune but the loss of his bride, whom he indeed doated on with an uncommon affection: and now though he had no hope of gaining her, fortune, as suddenly as she robbed him of her, restored her to him again; a relation of his dying at this time, left him a fortune twice as great as that he had at first. His love, his gratitude, and generosity now shewed themselves in the most amiable colours: he married the lady, laid his whole fortune into wholesale trade, and took Smith in to be an equal sharer in the profits: and the neighbourhood now see them the most flourishing traders in it, and a glorious example to every one about them.

Behaviour of the brave Tars at Quebec.

THE humorous and natural description given in the papers of sailors lugging along the cannon at Martinico, brought to my remembrance a story I heard of the whimsical behaviour of some seamen who were employed on the same kind of service at the taking of Quebec: which was related to me by an officer present, a gentleman of veracity, and is as follows:

The honest tars being ordered from the ships to draw the cannon up the eminencies whereon they were to be fixed, performed this business with their accustomed dexterity and alacrity; but on their return to go on board again, observing the foot soldiers drawn up for an engagement, instead of continuing their rout, they fell in to the ranks among the soldiers, some having cutlasses in their hands, others sticks, and some nothing at all. As soon as general Wolfe perceived them

he addressed himself to them with great affability, thanked them for the service they had performed, and desired they would immediately repair to their ships, as their stay among the soldiery, unarmed and unacquainted with the discipline of the army, as they must necessarily be, would only expose their lives, without their being able, in such a situation, to be of the least service to their king and country. To which sensible and humane advice, some of these brave thoughtless fellows cry'd out, *God bless your honour, pray let us stay and see fair play between the English and the French.* The general could not help smiling, but again repeated his request, that they would return to their ships. Upon this some complied; but others, when the general's back was turned, swore that *the soldiers should not have all the fighting to themselves, but that they would come in for a share some way or other*; and actually remained in the ranks, and when a soldier dropped in the action near any of them, they put on his accoutrements, charged and fired with the rest.

Now, though this is a step which is not to be justified in point of prudence, yet it shews what consummate bravery these men are possessed of. And here, Sir, I dare say, a wish arises in your breast, and that of every humane person, that the number of brave fellows, both of the army and navy, the defence and glory of the nation, will have some provision made, or some employment struck out for them, whenever the blessings of peace shall render their further services unnecessary. This hath been often proposed; and I hope will be timely considered.

I am, &c.

PHILANTHROPOS.

A LETTER from a person who was an eye-witness of the MARTYRDOM of the Rev. Mr. Rochette, and the three noblemen that were executed with him at Thoulouse, Feb. 19th, 1762, dated the day after the execution.

DEAR SIR,

THE only resource we have now left is to let our tears flow, and to render our sorrow supportable by giving it a free course. The day before yesterday the prisoners were tried by the two chambers of the parliament of Thoulouse, and yesterday they were executed. The three noblemen were beheaded. All the four martyrs behaved with invincible constancy and firmness of mind, attended with a certain cheerfulness and serenity that was adapted to excite the highest admiration. They finished their days, like true saints and Christian heroes. As soon as they heard their sentence read, they beheld each other stedfastly, and said, "Let us then die, since things are so; and let us pray to God to accept the sacrifice that we are now to make of our lives to him and to the truth." Upon which Mr. Rochette prayed aloud in a most moving and pathetic manner. They then embraced two of their companions, who were condemned to the galleys, congratulated tenderly another of them who had been set at liberty, and in all their conduct they seemed to be full of the Spirit of God. Monsieur Billot, one of the secretaries, who was present at this first scene of their trials, never speaks of it without shedding tears. The martyrs were next committed to the care of the four principal curates, whom the attorney-general sent to attempt their conversion. But the exhortations of these ecclesiastics produced as little effect as those of the Abbe Contezac, who had been in the prison every day during three months, and had been so often impowered by the magistrates to offer them their lives, and their liberty, on condition of their embracing the Romish

religion; an offer which they rejected without the least hesitation.

Mr. Rochette begged of these ecclesiastics, that they would put an end to their useless importunities, and not continue to trouble him and his three friends in their last moments, but suffer them to die in peace; expressing at the same time his grateful sense of their well-meant zeal. One of the curates threatened him and his companions with damnation: upon which the worthy minister replied, with his usual serenity, "That they were going to appear before a more equitable judge, than he was, even before that merciful judge, who had shed his blood for their salvation." At the same time he exhorted his fellow martyrs to fortitude and perseverance; and when the curates interrupted him with accusations of heresy, and with pompous discourses about the power of granting the remission of sins, which was lodged in the church, he told them that the protestant religion acknowledged no such power, nor looked for the pardon of sins from any other source, than the mercy of God in Jesus Christ.

Being delivered, about two o'clock, from the importunity of these priests, the pious martyrs employed those precious moments in prayer and praises to the God who enabled them to behold death without terror or dismay, and encouraged each other to persevere unto the end. So calm and undisturbed was the state of their minds, that they did not shed a single tear. But this was not the case with the persons who were the spectators of this moving scene. While these good men thanked the centinels and keepers of the prison for the kind treatment they had received from them, and asked their pardon if they had given them any offence, the latter burst into tears, and shed the anguish of humanity upon the martyrdom of their prisoners. The minister perceiving one of the soldiers weeping still more bitterly than the rest, addressed himself to him thus: My dear friend, are you not "willing and ready to die for your king? Why then

"do you pity me, who am going to death for the
"cause of God."

The priests returned to their importunities about one o'clock in the forenoon; and were entreated to retire; but to no purpose. One of them said, "It is from a concern about your salvation that we come here:" upon which the youngest of the three brothers replied, "If you were at Geneva, at the point of death, in consequence of a mortal disease (for there no body is put to death on account of religion) would you chuse to be teased and importuned in your last moments by four or five Protestant ministers, under pretence of zeal? Do therefore as you would be done by." This mild remonstrance was insufficient to put an end to the vain and cruel attempts of these blind zealots, who, furnished each with a crucifix, which they presented from time to time to the prisoners, continued to perplex them in the most indiscreet manner. "Speak of him," said one of the noblemen who was to suffer, "who died for our sins, and was raised for our justification; and then we will listen to you; but do not trouble us with your vain superstitions."

About two o'clock the martyrs were led out of prison, placed in a waggon, with the four curates; and thus conducted to the gate of the cathedral. Here the minister was desired to step out of the waggon, and to ask pardon, on his knees, of God, the king, and the law, in that he had wickedly persevered in performing the functions of his ministry in opposition to the royal edicts. This he twice refused to do. He was told that this was no more than a formality; to which he answered, "That he neither would acknowledge nor submit to any formality that was contrary to the dictates of his conscience." At length, however, being obliged, by force and violent treatment, to leave the waggon, he fell upon his knees, and expressed himself thus: "I humbly ask of Almighty God the pardon of all my sins, in the full persuasion of ob-

"taining the remission of them, through the blood of
 "Christ. With respect to the king, I have no pardon
 "to ask of him, having never offended him. I al-
 "ways honoured him as the Lord's anointed; I
 "always loved him as the father of my country; I
 "have always been to him a good and faithful sub-
 "ject, and of this my judges themselves have ap-
 "peared to be fully convinced; I always recom-
 "mended to my flock patience, obedience, and
 "submission; and my sermons have always been
 "confined to the two great objects contained in
 "these words of holy writ, *Fear God and honour*
 "*the king*. If I have acted in opposition to the
 "laws that prohibited our religious assemblies, I
 "did this in obedience to the laws of him who is
 "the King of kings. With respect to public justice,
 "I have nothing to say but this, that I never of-
 "fended it; and I most earnestly pray, that God
 "will vouchsafe to pardon my judges." This was
 the only confession that the officers of justice, af-
 ter much importunity and contestation, could ob-
 tain from Monsieur Rochette; and though it did
 not answer their purpose, yet they were obliged to
 be satisfied with it, perceiving the invincible reso-
 lution with which this noble martyr protested against
 going any farther. No such acknowledgement was re-
 quired of the three noblemen who suffered with him,
 as by the laws of France it is never demanded of such
 as are beheaded. They were however, conducted
 with M. Rochette to the place of execution. The
 ordinary place appointed for the execution of crimi-
 nals was not chosen upon this occasion, but one much
 less spacious, that this glorious instance of martyrdom
 might have the fewer spectators. All the streets
 which led to it were lined with soldiers, and that on
 account of the pretended apprehensions of a rescue.
 But this they could only fear from the Roman Ca-
 tholics (on whom indeed the shedding thus delibe-
 rately the blood of the innocent seemed to make a
 lively impresson); for the small number of Protec-

tant families that live in this city, filled with consternation at this unrighteous sentence, had shut themselves up in their houses, where they were wholly employed in sending up their prayers and lamentations to Heaven, while this terrible scene was transacting. In the streets which led to the place of execution, the windows were hired at very high prices: wherever the martyrs passed, they were accompanied with the tears and lamentations of the spectators. One would have thought by the expressions of sorrow that appeared every where, that Thoulouse was, all of a sudden, become a Protestant city. The curate of Faur could not bear this affecting spectacle. Yielding to the power of sympathy, and perhaps of conscience, he fainted away, and one of his vicars was sent for to supply his place. The circumstance that was most affecting, and that made every eye melt into tears, was the inexpressible serenity that appeared in the countenance of the young clergyman as he went on to death. His graceful mien, the resignation and fortitude that reigned in his expressions, his blooming youth, every thing, in short, in his conduct, character, and appearance, interested all ranks of people in his favour, and rendered his fate the subject of universal affliction. This affliction was augmented by one particular circumstance, even its being universally known, that M. Rochette might have saved his life by an untruth, but refused to hold it at so dear a rate; for, as his being a minister was his only crime, and as there were no complaints made against him, no advertisements describing his person, nor any witnesses to prove his pastoral character, he had only to deny his being a minister, and his life was saved: but he chose rather to lose his life than deny his profession. He was the first of the four that was executed: and in the face of death he exhorted his companions to perseverance, and sung those sublime verses in the cxviiith Psalm, *This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will be glad, &c.* When the executioner, among others, conjured him to die a Ro-

man Catholic, the minister answered him in this gentle manner: "Judge, friend, which of the two is the best religion; that which persecutes, or that which is persecuted." He added that his grandfather, and one of his uncles had died for the pure religion of the gospel, and that he would be the third martyr of his family. Two of the three gentlemen that suffered with him beheld him tied to the gibbet with amazing intrepidity; but the third covered his eyes with his hand that he might not see such a terrible spectacle. The commissaries of the parliament, and the deputies of the other courts of justice, discovered by their pensive looks and downcast eyes, how deeply they were affected on this occasion. The three brothers embraced each other tenderly, and recommended mutually their departing souls to the Father of spirits. Their heads were struck off at three blows. When the scene was finished, the spectators returned to their respective homes, in a solemn silence, reflecting on the fate of innocence and virtue, and scarcely able to persuade themselves, that the world could present such a spectacle of magnanimity and such an instance of cruelty, as they had been just beholding.

DEATH *strangely prevented.*

IN the history of Muscovy, published by the ambassador Demetrius, we read the memorable fortune of a country peasant. This man seeking for honey, got into a hollow tree, where was such plenty of it that it sucked him up to the breast; and being unable to get out, he had lived two days upon honey only, and finding his voice could not be heard in that solitary wood, despaired of freeing himself from this sweet captivity. A huge bear came to the same tree to eat the honey, of which these beasts are very greedy, and descending with his hinder parts foremost, the poor fellow caught hold of his loins: the bear, terribly frightened, labour

ed with all his might to get out, and so drew out the peasant from his sweet prison, which otherwise had proved his grave.

Of the WORLD.

PLINY is very pathetic in his reflections, when he had shewn what little portions of the earth were left for us, and what large tracts were rendered, as he thought, useless, the frigid zone being frozen up with excessive cold, the torrid zone being burnt up, as the opinion then was, with as excessive heat, and other parts drowned by the sea, lakes, and rivers, and others covered with large woods, deserts, or barren mountains: He then exclaims thus: "These little parcels of land, *which are left for our habitation*; yea, as many have thought, this point of the world (for no other is the earth in respect of the universe) this is the matter, this is the seat of our glory: Here it is we bear our honours; here we exercise our authority; here we covet riches; here mankind make a bustle; here we begin our civil wars, and soften the earth with mutual slaughters." And then having shewn how by fraud and violence, men striving to enlarge their estates, said he, "What a little part of those lands doth he enjoy? And when he hath augmented, even to the measure of his avarice, what a poor pittance is it that his dead body at last possesseth?" Thus Pliny. And after the same manner Seneca reflects upon the matter, when he shews how virtue tends to make a man completely happy, among other things by preparing him for the society of God, by enabling the mind to soar above the things here below, and to make him laugh at the costly pavements of the rich; yea, the whole earth with all its wealth. "A man can never be able to slight the stately piazza. the noble roofs shining with ivory, the curious

ly clipped woods, and the pleasant rivulets
 conveyed to the houses, until he had surveyed
 the whole world, and spying from above our
 little globe of earth, covered in a great measure
 by the sea, and where it is not, is far and near
 squalid, and either parched with heat, or frozen
 with cold, he saith to himself, is this that point,
 which by fire and sword, is divided among so
 many nations? O how ridiculous are the bounds of
 mortals? The Ister bounds the Dacians, the Stry-
 mon the Thracians, Euphrates the Parthians, the
 Danube parteth the Sarmatians and Romans, the
 Rhine gives bounds to Germany, the Pirenees to
 France and Spain, and between Egypt and Ethiopia
 lie the vast uncultivated sandy desarts. If any could
 give human understanding to ants, would not they
 too divide their mole-hill into divers provinces?
 And when thou listest up thyself in thy truely
 great province, and shall see the *armed hosts passing*
here, and lying there, as if some great matter was to be
acted: consider that this is no more than the running
of ants in a mole-hill: For, what difference between
 them and us, but only the measure of a little body;
 that is but a point in which thou failest, in which
 thou wagest war, in which thou disposest of king-
 doms. But above these are vast spaces, to whose
 possessions the mind is admitted, provided it
 brings but little of the body along with it, that
 it is purged of every vile thing, and that it is
 nimble and free, and content with small mat-
 ters." And so he goes on to shew, that when the
 mind is once arrived at those celestial regions, how it
 comes to its proper habitation, is delivered from its
 bonds, hath this argument of its divinity, that divine
 things delight and please it, and is conversant with
 them as its own: that it can securely behold the
 risings and settings, and various courses of the stars;
 that it curiously pries into all those matters, as near-
 ly appertaining to itself: that then it contemns the
 narrow bounds of its former habitation, it being

but a trifling space of a few days journey, from the utmost limits of Spain to the very Indies : whereas, the celestial regions afford a path for the wandering of the swiftest star for 30 years, without any resistance ; in which regions he tells us the mind arrives to the knowledge of those things at last, which it had before long enquired after, and there begins to know God. Thus Seneca.

With what pleasure then shall departed happy souls survey the most distant regions of the universe, and view all those glorious globes thereof, and their noble appendages with a nearer view ? Only let us take special care to “ set our affections on things “ above ;” to “ be spiritually not carnally minded ;” and so to “ run the race which CHRIST had set before us, “ that we may arrive to that “ place which “ he hath prepared” for his faithful servants, “ that “ he may receive us unto himself, that where he is, “ we may be also : in whose presence is fulness of “ joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for “ evermore.”

DERHAM.

How finely imagined is the following description, of this earthly globe, after the general conflagration, by Dr. Thomas Burnet, in his Theory of the Earth. “ Such is the vanity and transient “ glory of this habitable world ! by the force of “ one element breaking loose upon the rest, all “ the vanities of nature, all the works of art, all “ the labours of men, are reduced to nothing ; all “ that we admired and loved before, as great and “ magnificent, is obliterated and vanished, and another form and face of things, plain, simple, “ and every where the same, overspreads the earth. “ Where are now the great empires of the world, “ and their great imperial cities ? Their pillars, “ trophies and monuments of glory ? Shew me “ where they stood, read the inscription, tell me “ the victor’s name ? What remains, what impres-

" fions, what difference or distinction do you see
 " in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome,
 " the great city, the empress of the world, whose
 " dominion or superstition, ancient or modern,
 " make a great part of the history of the earth;
 " what is become of her now? She laid her foun-
 " dations deep, and her places were strong and
 " sumptuous. She glorified herself, and lived de-
 " liciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and
 " shall see no sorrow; but her hour is come, she
 " is wiped away from the face of the earth, and
 " buried in everlasting oblivion. But it is not
 " cities only, and the works of mens hands, the
 " everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the
 " earth are melted as wax before the sun, and
 " their place is no where found. Here stood the
 " Alps, the load of the earth, that covered many
 " countries, and reached their arms from the o-
 " cean to the Black Sea. This huge mass of stone
 " is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud into
 " rain. Here stood the African mountains, and
 " Atlas, with his top above the clouds. There
 " was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus,
 " and the mountains of Asia; and yonder, towards
 " the north stood the Riphean hills cloathed in ice and
 " snow: All these are vanished, dropped away, as the
 " snow upon their heads."

Of TIME.

HOW speedily will the consummation of all things
 commence? for yet a very little while and the
 commissioned Archangel lifts up his hands to heaven,
 and swears by the Almighty Name, *That Time shall be*
no longer. The abused opportunities will never return;
 and new opportunities will never more be offered.
 Then, should negligent mortals wish, ever so passion-
 ately, for a few hours;—a few moments only;—
 to be thrown back from the opening eternity; thou-

sands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

How amazingly great and awful is the representation of that tremendous day, as mentioned in the beginning of the 10th chap. of Revelation, which says one, abstracted from its spiritual meaning, and considered only as a stately piece of machinery, well deserves our attention; and I will venture to say has not its superior, perhaps not its equal, in any of the most celebrated masters of Greece and Rome.—All that is gloomy or beautiful in the atmosphere, all that is striking or magnificent in every element, is taken in to heighten the idea. Yet nothing is disproportionate; but an uniform air of ineffable Majesty, greatens, exalts, ennobles the whole.—Observe the aspect of this august personage. All the brightness of the sun shines in his countenance, and all the rage of the fire burns in his feet. See his apparel; the clouds compose his robe, and the drapery of the sky floats upon his shoulders. The rainbow forms his diadem, and that which “compasses the heaven with a glorious circle,” is the ornament of his head.—Behold his attitude, one foot stands on the ocean, and the other rests on the land. The wide extended earth, and the world of waters, serve as pedestals for those mighty columns.—Consider the action; his hand is lifted up to the height of the stars. He speaks, and the regions of the firmament echo with mighty accents, as the midnight desert resounds with the lion’s roar. The artillery of the skies is discharged at the signal; a peal of sevenfold thunder spreads the alarm, and prepares the world to receive his orders.—To finish all, and give the highest grandeur, as well as the utmost solemnity to the representation, hear the decree that issues from his mouth. He *swears by him that liveth forever*. In whatever manner so majestic a person had expressed himself, he could not fail of commanding universal attention. But when he confirms his speech by a most secret and inviolable oath, we are not only wrapt in silent suspense,

but overwhelmed with the profoundest awe.—He swears, *That Time shall be no longer.* Was ever voice so full of terror; so big with wonder? It proclaims not the fall of empires, but the final period of things. It strikes off the wheels of nature; bids ages and generations cease to roll, and with one potent word, consigns a whole world over to dissolution.

The London Gazette gives the following account of the operations in Germany, dated Hague, Nov. 14. 1761, in relation to Prince Ferdinand and M. Broglio.

IN the beginning of November, whilst Prince Ferdinand had his head quarters at Ohr, upon the left of the Wefer, M. Broglio's position upon the right of that river was as follows: the Hartz was occupied by 2000 men. Lt. Gen. Stainville encamped at Seesen with 16 battallions, Pr. Xavier of Saxony at Gandersheim with 19 battallions, M. Broglio with 8 battallions at Eimbeck, which made the centre; and Gen. Chabo with 15 battallions at Escherthausen. The rest of the infantry with the cavalry, cantoned in the villages behind the camps above specified, to secure at the same time the communication with Hesse and Franconia. Gen. Rochambeau was left at Cassel with 8 battallions and the Irish brigade on the Eder. Pr. Ferdinand to march if possible, directly to Eimbeck, and to endeavour to prevent the French army so dispersed, from collecting in a body: but that did not succeed in the manner that had been wished. The disposition made by his serene highness for that purpose, was this: Gen. Luckner was ordered to march with his detachment, joined by the garrison of Wolfenbuttle, on the 3d and 4th, Ringelheim and Lutter; so as to be opposite M. Stainville's corps at Seesen on the 5th, and either to keep him in check, or to follow him if he marched. The hereditary prince was directed to march on the 3d by his right from

Hilderfheim, to cross the Leine at Coldengen, and to proceed the 4th to Alsfeldt, so as to be able to get possession of the Huve at Eimbeck on the 5th. The marquis of Granby was ordered to march the 3d to Coppenbrugge, the 4th to Dusen, and to force the same day the post of Capelnhagen, and to be on the 5th at Wickenfen, so as to block the defile which leads from Eschershausen to Eimbeck. His lordship, after a smart action, forced the enemy at Capelnhagen, and found means to be at the hour appointed on the 5th at Wickenfen.

These several corps had been for some time upon the right of the Weser. Those upon the left crossed the river in the following manner: Pr. Ferdinand on the 4th, with the main body of the army which encamped between Fundern and Heftenbeck; Lt. Gen. Conway being advanced the same day to Borgel, and Gen. Scheele to Bremken, who joined at Halle the 5th in the morning. The intention of his serene highness was to cut off Gen. Chabo's corps which lay at Eschershausen; and he pursued his march for that purpose on the 5th. M. Chabo finding himself likely to be attacked, left Eschershausen, and marched towards Wickenfen, in order to get to Eimbeck, and join M. Broglio. Surprised to find a body of troops in his way, which was that of the marquis of Granby, he fell back again the road to Eschershausen, till he could turn to the right towards Stadt Oldendorp. The only way left him to escape, and which, without an accident, he would have likewise found blocked up, and his retreat entirely cut off. Lt. Gen. Hardenberg, who was to have passed the Weser at Bodenwerder, on the 4th at night, so as to have been on the 5th in the morning at Amelunxborn, upon the road to Eschershausen, was prevented by the pontoons overturning in a hollow way, which delayed his arrival at Bodenwerder, till the 5th at 7 in the morning; so that M. de Chabo had the great good fortune to escape by Dassel to Eimbeck, where he arrived about 12 o'clock at noon, and took post, upon the Huve. The

hereditary prince was disappointed by this accident likewise in his project upon Eimbeck ; for he arrived opposite the Huve at two o'clock, and was joined by the Marquis of Granby and Lt. Gen. Conway at 4 in the afternoon. A warm cannonading ensued till night ; but M. Broglio had time to collect so many troops, that the hereditary prince did not think it adviseable to attempt to force the Huve under that change of circumstances.

OF HUMAN NATURE.

IT cannot but afford a great pleasure to the rational mind, to contemplate the dignity of human nature, which often shews itself in all conditions of life ; for notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into it, there are a thousand occasions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. We may consider the soul of man, as the ruin of a glorious pile of building ; where, amidst the great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually occupied in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible, according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the greatest assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as shew capacities and abilities only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and shew them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of

the glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish.

And the author of various prospects of mankind, nature, and providence, in expatiating on the pre-eminence of man over all other animals, takes notice of the vast discoveries and improvements in arts and sciences, effected by human sagacity; and descants thereon as follows:

Various are mens' dispositions and abilities, and by their different characters they discover different degrees of perfection. But it is by the study and practice of true philosophy that the highest dignity of human nature is displayed. Among all the characters of mankind, that of the philosopher himself is the most perfect. Distinguished from those of an inferior kind, by clearer and more distant perceptions; by more comprehensive views both of nature and art; by a more ardent love and higher admiration of what is excellent; by a firmer attachment to virtue, and the general good of the world: by a lower regard for all inferior beauties compared with the supreme, consisting in rectitude of conduct and dignity of behaviour; by a greater moderation in prosperity, and greater patience and courage under the evils of life: the real philosopher, though not absolutely perfect, sets the grandeur of human genius in the fairest light.

But not only in this exalted character; in those also of an inferior order, the excellence of human reason and genius render itself conspicuous.

By statuary we bring distant objects to sight, and recal past scenes. We form images of men and other animals; which appear to breathe, feel, and live.

With greater art the painter represents all kinds of solid bodies upon a plane. Though no image can be felt upon the smooth surface, we behold with admiration, heights and hollows, mountains and valleys, men and cattle, which bear a perfect resemblance to what they are in nature.

After another manner the poet displays his art, and sets all sorts of objects before us without any sensible image. By apt and natural descriptions he presents them to the imagination. Not only sensible objects, but the inward motions and affections of the soul, pass before us in review. By drawing feigned as well as real characters, he displays the native graces of virtue and wisdom, and exposes the deformity of vice and folly. By the sentiments and examples of the personages whom he introduces, he powerfully touches our hearts, and instils the soundest instruction of pleasure.

The Tragic Poet assumes a sovereign command over our strongest passions, to enable us to govern and refine them, and to prepare us to meet with great and sudden calamities in life; he exercises us by representations of imaginary evils. By views of the distresses of virtue, he cherishes our love of it; melts us into the deepest compassion, and awakens our highest concern, by raising an inexpressible joy, while he unravels the plot, and makes us spectators of the final and complete happiness of the virtuous.

With an equal or greater force of genius, the Epic Poet, by the sublimity of his conceptions, and the harmony of his numbers, equals the virtue and dignities of heroes, and approaches to the magnificence and majesty of nature.

The Orator not only unravels the darkest and deepest plots, and sets the most intricate subjects in the clearest light, but subdues every unmanly passion, rouses up whatever is generous in the human breast: extinguishes all mean and unworthy regards, inspires courage and a contempt of danger, and animates his audience with the love of glory, and a concern for the public good.

By Music we so strike and agitate the invisible substance of air, and direct its imperceptible motions with so divine an art, as raises an enchanting harmony, which composes, exalts, and ravishes the soul.

Geometry determines lines to which we cannot

apply any measures. It traces out lines, which though continually approaching nearer to one another, can never coincide, however far they are extended. It has discovered the most ingenuous, surprising, and just mensuration of surfaces and solid bodies. It traces accurately the paths of bodies which are thrown into the air, though projected at random in any direction whatsoever.

From projectiles near the surface of the earth, Astronomy leads our thoughts to planets, which are of equal magnitude, and of a similar substance to that of our earth. It considers these mighty globes as projected by an almighty hand; and confined in their different orbits, by that same gravity which causes all bodies that are projected by man to descend to the earth. By means of imaginary points, lines, and circles, it divides the heavens into its distinct regions. It assigns to the fixed stars their settled habitations. It marks out the wide circuits of the planets and comets; and calculates their periods, oppositions, and conjunctions with astonishing exactness.

In the easiest manner Arithmetic adjusts the greatest sums by a cypher and the nine digits. It adds, multiplies, and divides numbers, in every manner that can be required. It arranges and combines them in all sorts of regular serieses, and progressions, both finite and infinite. It not only discovers with a wonderful facility the properties and sums of finite ones, from general principals, without a tedious consideration of each particular number; but by determining the sums of such progressions as can never come to an end, set bounds to infinity itself. With no less surprising invention it effects impossibilities; and when no real quantity can be found which will answer the question that is proposed, it finds out a just solution by imaginary, yet intelligible quantities: or by a series of quantities which continually approximates to the truth, till at length all error vanishes.

Of HAPPINESS.

NO man can call himself happy till the hour of his death; which alone releases us from all human miseries. This was the saying of Solon upon the following occasion:

Cræsus sending for Solon, received him decked with all the ornaments of jewels, purple and embroidery, and all that could make him worthy admiration that he might appear the most glorious and gaudy spectacle. Now, when Solon came before him, and seemed not at all surpris'd, nor gave Cræsus those compliments he expected; but shew'd himself to all discerning eyes, to be a man that despis'd such gaudy vanities: he commanded them to shew him all his wealth, though he did not desire to see it, and all his warlike preparations: and when he returned from viewing all this, Cræsus asked him if ever he had seen any happier man than he was? And when Solon answer'd he knew one Tellus, a citizen of his, who was an honest man, had good children, a competent estate, and died bravely for his country; Cræsus took him for an ill-bred fellow, and a fool, for not measuring happiness by the abundance of gold and silver; and preferring the life and death of a private and mean man, before so much power and such an empire: he asked him again, if besides Tellus, he knew any other man more happy? And Solon replied, Yes, Cleobis and Bito, who were brothers, were very loving, and extreme dutiful to their mother; for, when the oxen went but slow, they put themselves into the waggon, and drew their mother to Juno's temple, who was extremely pleas'd with their action, and called happy by her neighbours, and then sacrificing, and feasting, they never rose again, but died without pains or convulsions immediately after they had got so great credit and reputation. What, says Cræsus angry, and dost thou not reckon us among the happy men? And Solon unwilling either to flatter or exasperate him more,

replied, The gods, O king, in other things have given the Greeks nothing great and excellent, so our wisdom is bold, and mean, and low, not noble and kingly; and this, observing the numerous misfortunes that attend all conditions, forbids us to grow insolent upon our present enjoyments, or to admire any man's happiness that may change, for what variety will happen is unknown; but to whom God hath continued happiness to the end, that man we call happy; but his happiness who is yet alive, is like the glory and crown of a wrestler that is still within the ring, unsteady and uncertain: After this he was dismissed, having grieved but not instructed Cræsus. Then indeed Cræsus despised Solon; but when he was overcome by Cyrus, lost his city, was taken alive, condemned to be burnt, and laid bound upon the pile, before all the Persians, and Cyrus himself, he cried out as loud as possibly he could, O Solon! Solon! Solon! and Cyrus surprised, and sending some to enquire what man, or god, this Solon was, that he only invoked in this unavoidable misfortune; Cræsus told him the whole story, saying he was one of the wise men of Greece, whom I sent for, not to be instructed, or to learn any thing that I wanted, but that he should see and be a witness of my happiness: the loss of which is now a greater evil, than the enjoyment was a good: for when I had them they were goods only in opinion, but now the loss of them hath brought upon me intolerable and real evils; and, that no man conjecturing these present calamities, would happen, bade me look to the end of my life, and not rely and grow proud upon uncertainties. When this was told Cyrus, who was a wiser man than Cræsus, and seeing in the present example, that Solon's saying was confirmed, he not only freed Cræsus from punishment, but honoured him as long as he lived; and Solon had the glory by the same saying, to instruct one king and save another.

Description of the NORWEGIAN BEAR.

BEARS appear in every part of Norway, but chiefly in the districts of Bergen and Drontheim. This animal is generally of a dark or light brown colour, very strong and sagacious; his greatest strength resting in his fore-legs and paws. While a she-bear suckles her young, it is dangerous to meet her in the fields, at other times she will fly from the human species. One of those women who tend the flocks, will drive a bear before her with a stick, and often oblige him to quit his prey: but these animals will at any time attack a woman who is pretty far advanced in pregnancy; yet there is no instance of a bear's devouring a child. He feeds occasionally on roots, grass, plants, particularly angelica; and different sorts of berries: but he delights mostly in animal food, the flesh of sheep, goats, cows, and horses. He assaults his prey with his fore-paws, and uses not his teeth until he has mastered the creature: then he sucks the blood on the spot, and drags the carcase to his den. If the road is up hill, or difficult, he will take up the body in his arms, and walk upon his hind legs only. He will not touch the dead carcase of any animal, which he himself has not killed. He corrects the wolf, which, indeed does not like to reside in his neighbourhood. A large bear in Roysund was for many years known to follow the herds as their keeper: he stood tamely while the dairy maid was milking the cows, and often drove the wolf away; till at the end of autumn, when he began to provide his winter's den, he took a kid or sheep, as if by agreement in lieu of wages. The Norwegian bear, from a whole flock, singles out the cow that wears the alarm bell; he is so incensed at this utensil, that he often strikes it flat with his paw when it is made of hammered metal; and when it is cast, breaks it in pieces. He has been known to take a gun from the huntsman, and fire it off. When he is attacked by two or three hunters, and the first fire, without wounding him mortally,

he seizes the man before he can load again; and, hugging him in his fore-paws, retreats backwards on his hind legs, well knowing that the others will not fire for fear of wounding their companion: If he finds himself mortally wounded in the neighbourhood of the sea or any deep water, he lays hold on a large stone, with which he plunges into it, that he may sink to the bottom, and deprive the huntsman of his skin. His broad paws being well adapted for rowing, he ventures in rivers and creeks to catch fish. When he finds himself tired with swimming, and spies a boat near him, he will endeavour to board it; and if his attempt succeeds, will sit peaceably in the stern to be ferried over. The boatman, however, does not much relish his passenger, and plies his oars lustily, that he may not be overtaken. or if he is provided with an ax, the bear's paws smart for his presumption. In the latter end of autumn the bear pitches upon his winter-quarters in some cave or cavern, where he prepares for himself a soft bed of moss and leaves: he likewise covers up the opening with boughs in such a manner, that when the snow falls no entrance appears, and no sign remains of an animal enclosed within. Here he is seized with a deep sleep, or lethargic disorder, from which he cannot easily be awakened, even by wounds, when his den is discovered. If he escapes detection, he will lie in a kind of slumber the whole winter, without eating or drinking: but he is said to suck his paws. These are certainly sore and tender when he comes forth in the spring, so that he hops about some time, and the huntsman takes advantage of his lameness. When he forsakes his den, he is likewise sick at stomach; and goes in quest of an ant's hillock, which he swallows at one dose. This operates as a purge and a stomachic, scours his inside, and strengthens his bowels.

The Norway bear is hunted with small dogs, trained up to the sport. They never venture to grapple with him: but harrass him with running about, barking, leaping, and endeavouring to seize him by the genitals,

When he is thus tired he retreats to a rock, or a tree; and, setting his back against it, tears up the stones and the earth which he throws about him in his own defence; then the huntsman fires at him with a brace of balls with a rifled gun; and if the shot enters his chest, his shoulder, or his ear, he'll fall immediately; but, if he is only slightly wounded, he flies with surprising fury upon the marksman, who must defend himself with the bayonet, which is commonly fixed in the muzzle of the piece. If this implement be wanting, he snatches the knife or dagger, which the Norwegian farmer always wears hanging at his side by a brass chain, and, holding it cross-ways in his hand, endeavours to thrust it down the bear's throat. Should he miss his aim, his life is lost. The bear would flea him, and pull his skin over his ears with much dexterity. Sometimes, however, he beats the conquered huntsman with his paws until he appears to be dead, and then retires. If the farmer triumphs, the head of his antagonist is fixed upon his house as a trophy. The hide will fetch five or six rix-dollars. The flesh is eaten by the vulgar: and at every wedding a bear's ham appears as a dainty.

A Letter from Sir HENRY SIDNEY to his son Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, containing rules for his conduct in life.

I HAVE received two letters from you, the one in Latin, and the other in French, which I take in good part; and will you to exercise that practice of learning often, for it will stand you instead of that profession of life which you are born to live in: and now since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this tender age.

Let your first action be the lifting up of your hands and mind to almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with con-

tinual meditations, and thinking of him to whom you pray : and use this at an ordinary or particular hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that thing, which you are accustomed to do in that time.

Apply your study in such hours as your discreet master doth assign you earnestly ; and the time, I know, he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and matter of that you read, as well as the words ; so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter ; and judgement will grow as you advance in age.

Be humble and obedient to your master ; for unless you frame yourself to obey ; yea, and to feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others to obey you hereafter.

Be courteous of behaviour and affable to all men, with universality of reverence, according to the dignity of the person ; there is nothing that winneth so much, with so little cost.

Use moderate diet, so as after your meat you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy.

Seldom drink wines ; and yet sometimes do ; lest, being forced on a sudden to drink, it should inflame you.

Use exercise of body ; but such as may no ways endanger your bones or joints : it will much encrease your strength, and enlarge your health.

Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments : it shall make you graceful in each company, and otherwise will become loathsome.

Give yourself to be merry ; for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself more able in wit and body to do any thing when you must be merry ; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any person ; for a wound given by a word, is harder to be cured than that which is given by a sword.

Be you rather a hearer and a bearer away of other

men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech; otherwise you will be accounted to delight to hear yourself speak.

Be modest in all companies; and rather be laughed at by light fellows for a maiden shamefacedness, than of your sober friends for pert boldness.

Think upon every word you speak before you utter it; and remember that nature hath, as it were, rampered up the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips; and all betoken reins and bridles to the restraining the use of that member.

Above all things, tell no untruth; no, not in trifles; the custom of it is naught: and let it not satisfy you, that the hearers for a time take it for a truth; for afterwards it will be known, as it is, to your shame; and there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be counted a liar.

Study, and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied; so shall you make such a habit of well-doing as you shall not know how to do evil, tho' you would.

Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended from by your mother's side; and think, that only by a virtuous life and good actions, you may be an ornament to your illustrious family; and otherwise through vice and sloth, you will be esteemed *labes generis*, which is one of the greatest curses that can happen to man.

Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and I fear too much for you at this time; but yet, if I find that this light meat of digestion do nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Farewell. Your mother and I send you our blessing: and Almighty God grant you his; and nourish you with his fear, guide you with his grace, and make you a good servant to your prince and country.

Your loving father,

HENRY SIDNEY.

HYMNS and PSALMS.

H Y M N I.

THE glorious armies of the sky,
 To thee, O mighty King!
 Triumphant anthems consecrate,
 And Hallelujahs sing.
 But still their most exalted flights
 Fall vastly short of thee;
 How distant then must human praise
 From thy perfections be!
 Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
 When to my ravish'd sense,
 Each creature in its various ways
 Displays thy excellence?
 The active lights that shine above,
 In their eternal dance,
 Reveal their skilful Maker's praise,
 With silent elegance.
 The blushes of the morn confess
 That thou art much more fair;
 When in the east its beams revive
 To gild the fields of air.
 The fragrant, the refreshing breath
 Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
 In balmy whispers owns from thee
 Their pleasing odours come.
 The singing birds, the warbling winds,
 And waters murm'ring fall,
 To praise the first almighty Cause,
 With different voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
 And shall I silent be?
 No, rather let me cease to breathe
 Than cease from praising thee.

H Y M N II.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
 My ravish'd soul, and sing
 A solemn hymn of grateful praise
 To heav'n's almighty King.
 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.
 Retain it long ye echoing rocks,
 The sacred sound retain,
 And from your hollow winding caves
 Return it soft again.
 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide extended world
 My lofty theme convey.
 Take the glad burden of his name,
 Ye clouds, as you arise,
 Whither to deck the golden morn,
 Or shade the ev'ning skies.
 Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ætherial plain,
 And answer from the chrystal vault
 To ev'ry flying strain.
 Long let it warble round the sphere
 And echo thro' the sky,
 Till angels with immortal skill
 Improve the harmony.
 While I, with sacred rapture fir'd,
 The blest Creator sing,
 And warble consecrated lays
 To heav'n's almighty King.

HYMN III.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
 Ere time began its race;
 Before the ample elements
 Fill'd up the voids of space:
 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
 In fluid air was stay'd,
 Before the ocean's mighty springs
 Their liquid stores display'd:
 Ere thro' the gloom of antient night
 The streaks of light appear'd;
 Before the high celestial arch,
 Or starry poles were rear'd;
 Before the loud melodious spheres
 Their tuneful round begun,
 Before the shining roads of heav'n
 Were measur'd by the sun:
 Ere thro' the Empyrean courts
 One hallelujah rung,
 Or to their harps the songs of light
 Ecstatic anthems sung:
 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
 Or prais'd thy wond'rous name;
 Thy blifs (O sacred spring of life!)
 And glory was the same.
 And when the pillars of the world
 With sudden ruin break,
 And all this vast and goodly frame
 Sinks in the mighty wreck;
 When from her orb the moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
 While all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake:
 For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From agitation free,
 Unchang'd in everlasting years
 Shall thy existence be.

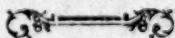
HYMN IV.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
 But not for earthly stores;
 Nor covet I the brightest gems
 On all the eastern shores:
 Nor that deluding empty joy,
 Men call a mighty name;
 Nor greatest in its gayest pride,
 My restless thoughts enflame.
 Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms
 My fond desires allure:
 For greater things than these from thee
 My wishes would secure.
 Those blissful, those transporting smiles
 That brighten heaven above,
 The boundless riches of thy grace,
 And treasures of thy love.
 These are the mighty things I crave,
 O make these blessings mine;
 And I the glories of the world
 Contentedly resign.

HYMN V.

IN vain the dusky night retires,
 And sullen shadows fly;
 In vain the morn with purple light
 Adorns the eastern sky.
 In vain the gaudy rising sun
 The wide horizon gilds;
 Comes glittering o'er the silver streams,
 And cheers the dewy fields.
 In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,
 The morning breezes play:
 In vain the birds with cheerful songs
 Salute the new-born day.

In vain unless my Saviour's face
 These gloomy clouds controul,
 And dissipate the fullen shades
 That press my drooping soul.
 O! visit then thy servant, Lord,
 With favours from on high;
 Arise, my bright, immortal sun!
 And all these shades will die.
 When, when shall I behold thy face
 All radiant and serene,
 Without these envious dusky clouds
 That make a veil between?
 When shall that long expected day
 Of sacred vision be,
 When my impatient soul shall make
 A near approach to thee?



H Y M N VI. *On HEAVEN.*

HAIL, sacred Salem! plac'd on high,
 Seat of the mighty King,
 What thought can grasp thy boundless blifs?
 What tongue thy glories sing?
 Thy crystal towers and palaces
 Magnificently rise,
 And dart their beauteous lustre round
 The Empyrian skies.
 The voice of triumph in thy streets
 And acclamations sound:
 Gay banquets in thy splendid courts,
 And purest joys abound.
 Bright smiles on every face appear,
 Rapture in ev'ry eye:
 From ev'ry mouth glad anthems flow,
 And charming harmony.
 Illustrious day for ever there
 Streams from the face divine;
 No pale fac'd moon e'er glimmers forth,
 Nor stars nor sun decline.

No scorching heats, no piercing colds,
 The changing seasons bring;
 But o'er the fields mild breezes there
 Breathe an eternal spring,
 The flow'rs with lasting beauty shine,
 And deck the smiling ground;
 While flowing streams of pleasure all
 The happy plains surround.

H Y M N VII.

BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
 To thee, my God, I'll sing:
 Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre!
 Awake, each charming string!
 Awake, and let thy flowing strain!
 Glide thro' the midnight air,
 While high amidst her silent orb
 The silver moon rolls clear.
 While all the glitt'ring starry lamps
 Are lighted in the sky,
 And set their Maker's greatness forth
 To thy admiring eye:
 While watchful angels round the just,
 As nightly guardians wait,
 In lofty strains of grateful praise,
 Thy spirit elevate.
 Awake my soft and tuneful lyre!
 Awake each charming string!
 Before the rosy dawn of day,
 To thee, my God, I'll sing.
 Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw
 A dark and sable veil,
 And all the beauties of the world
 From mortal eyes conceal.
 Again, the sky with golden beams
 Thy skilful hands adorn,
 And paint, with cheerful splendor gay,
 The fair ascending morn,

And as the gloomy night returns,
 Or smiling day renews,
 Thy constant goodness still my soul
 With benefits pursues.
 For this, I'll midnight-vows to thee
 With early incense bring;
 And ere the rosy dawn of day
 Thy lofty praises sing.

H Y M N VIII.

IMMORTAL fountain of my life,
 My last, my noblest end:
 Eternal centre of my soul,
 Where all its motions tend!
 Thou object of my dearest love,
 My heavenly paradise,
 The spring of all my flowing joys,
 My everlasting bliss.
 My God, my hope, my vast reward,
 And all I would possess,
 Still more than these pathetic names,
 And charming words express!

H Y M N IX.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart?
 But thou can'st read it there.
 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest;
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast

To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in pray'r.
 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom these comforts flow'd;
 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man:
 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way;
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face,
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
 Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,
 Has made my cup run o'er,
 And in a kind and faithful friend,
 Has doubled all my store.
 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes these gifts with joy.
 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
 Thro' all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For, O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N X.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.
 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.
 Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
 Made ev'ry region please ;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.
 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise !
 Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.
 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free ;
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r,
 My soul took hold on thee.
 For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave,
 I know thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.
 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly ask for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

H Y M N XI. *The CREATION.*

NOW let the spacious world arise,
 Said the Creator Lord:
 At once the obedient earth and skies
 Rose, at his sovereign word.
 Dark was the deep the waters lay
 Confus'd and drown'd the land:
 He call'd the light, the new-born day
 Attends on his command.
 He bids the clouds ascend on high:
 The clouds ascend, and bear
 A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
 And float on softer air.
 The liquid element below,
 Was gather'd by his hand,
 The rolling seas together flow,
 And leave a solid land.
 With herbs and plants, a flow'ry birth,
 The naked globe he crown'd,
 Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
 Or sun to warm the ground.
 Then he adorn'd the upper skies,
 Behold, the sun appears;
 The moon and stars in order rise,
 To mark out months and years.
 Out of the deep th' almighty King
 Did vital beings frame,
 And painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
 And fish of ev'ry name.
 He gave the lion and the worm,
 At once their wond'rous birth;
 And grazing beasts of various form
 Rose from the teeming earth.

Adam was form'd of equal clay,
 The sov'reign of the rest ;
 Design'd for nobler ends than they
 With God's own image blest.
 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
 The young creation stood !
 He saw the building from on high,
 His word pronounc'd it good.

The LORD's PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! we bow to thee,
 Who dwells in heav'n ador'd ;
 But present still thro' all thy works,
 The universal Lord.
 All hallow'd be thy sacred name,
 O'er all the nations known ;
 Advance the kingdom of thy grace,
 And let thy glory come.
 A grateful homage may we yield
 With hearts resign'd to thee :
 And as in heav'n thy will is done,
 On earth so let it be.
 From day to day we humbly own
 The hand that feeds us still :
 Give us our bread, that we may rest
 Contented in thy will.
 Our sins and trespasses we own :
 O may they be forgiv'n !
 That mercy we to others shew,
 We pray the like from heav'n.
 Our life let still thy grace direct,
 From evil guard our way,
 And in temptation's fatal path,
 Permit us not to stray.
 For thine's the pow'r, the kingdom thine,
 All glory's due to thee :
 Thine from eternity they were,
 And thine shall ever be.

The FORTY-FIFTH PSALM paraphrased.

P A R T I.

MY ardent heart with holy raptures fir'd,
Which this sublime, this heav'nly theme inspir'd,
Sends forth good things. In lofty strains I sing
The pow'r and grandeur of the almighty King.
Than tongue can speak, swifter than pen can go,
From my transported breast melodious numbers flow.

All human beauty thou dost far surpass,
Such is the dazzling brightness of thy face.
Ten thousand suns in one united blaze,
Would all be lost in thy superior rays.
Around thy head celestial graces shine,
Eternal bliss and glory shall be thine.
Go, hero, arm'd with unresisted might,
Gird on thy sword, prepare thyself to fight
Array'd in majesty, ascend thy car,
And undisturb'd drive on the prosp'rous war.
Display thy pow'r, thine en'mies all confound,
Yet gracious, and still with mercy crown'd.
The justice of thy cause shall thee inspire
With holy brav'ry and undaunted fire :
Thy foes shall fall beneath thy conqu'ring sword,
And conquer'd kings acknowledge thee their Lord.

All pow'r is thine, supreme JEHOVAH ! thine
Infinite empire and eternal reign.
By thy just laws are haughty tyrants sway'd,
Thou hat'st the bad, the righteous man dost aid :
For this my God, the monarch of the sky,
Above all rival pow'r, exalts thee high.
Within thy iv'ry courts, in shining state,
Around thy throne attended princes wait :
While thou amidst perfumes, on high reclin'd,
Dost feed with pure delights thy silent mind.
Here royal handmaids wait their Lord's command,
At thy right-side thy beauteous queen doth stand,
Her costly robes with golden foliage wrought,
Perfum'd with odours from Arabia brought.

P A R T II.

BUT thou, O queen, give ear and understand,
 Forget thy father's house and native land:
 Let now thy former loves be all resign'd,
 And on the hero fix thy longing mind.
 Th' enamour'd prince shall doat upon thy charms,
 Hang on thy lips, and fold thee in his arms;
 He'll place thee next himself in state and pow'r,
 (But thou with rev'rence still thy God adore.)
 The Tyrian queen shall leave her native seat,
 And fraught with gifts, in thy apartments wait:
 The rich, and all deriv'd of noble race,
 Shall court thy favour and implore thy grace.

Behold the princess cloath'd in rich attire,
 Great King! thy destin'd spouse, thy soul's desire;
 Her robes adorn'd with interwoven gold,
 Her radiant face more glorious to behold:
 In charms how far superior is her mind!
 All graces here, all virtues are combin'd.
 Lo! Prince, thy royal bride, this lovely maid,
 She comes to thee in nuptial robes array'd;
 Where needle work its living art displays,
 And sparkling gems reflect the golden rays.
 Behold, amidst a choir of virgins bright,
 She walks, surpassing fair, and charms the sight;
 While winning graces and majestic mien,
 Confess her grandeur, and declare her queen.
 She thus surrounded by the gazing throng,
 In glad procession shall be brought along,
 With her associate nymphs, shall joyful come,
 And thronging, enter thy imperial dome.

But thou, O queen, suspend thy pious care,
 No more lament thy dame and aged sire;
 Instead of these thou joyful shalt embrace
 Thy num'rous progeny, a happy race;
 For grandeur much, for virtue more renown'd,
 And all in future times with empires crown'd.

Thou art the glorious subject of my lays,
 To nations far remov'd I'll sing thy praise,

While fleeting shades around the mountains turn,
 And twinkling stars in midnight watches burn;
 While orient Phœbus gilds the purple day,
 Thy honour, praise, and fame shall ne'er decay.

The HUNDRED and FOURTEENTH PSALM paraphrased.

WHEN Isr'el freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their king, and Judah was his throne.
 Across the deep their journey lay,
 The deep divides to make them way;
 The streams of Jordan saw and fled,
 With backward current to their head.
 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
 Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sovereign power at hand.
 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
 Why did ye leap ye little hills?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels?
 Let ev'ry mountain ev'ry flood
 Retire and know th' approaching God,
 The king of Isr'el see him here;
 Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
 The rocks to standing pools he turns;
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,
 And fires and seas confess their Lord.

The VISION, from the Fourth Chapter of JOB.

TWAS at the dark and silent hour of night,
 When airy visions skim before the sight,
 When men entranc'd in balmy sleep are laid,
 And deeper slumbers ev'ry sense invade;

A voice shrill founding, pierc'd my list'ning ear,
 The solemn accents still methinks I hear.
 And lo, arose before my wond'rous eyes
 A shapeless spectre of stupendous size;
 Sullen, it me approach'd with awful grace,
 And frowning dreadful, star'd me in the face.
 Deep sunk my heart, my hair erected stood,
 And sweaty drops my shaking limbs bedew'd.
 At length a voice the solemn silence broke,
 And thus in hollow tone the phantom spoke:

What art thou, mortal man! thou breathing clod!
 Thou daring rival of thy author, God.
 Is then this heap of animated dust
 Pure as his Maker? as his Maker just?
 What are the gifts to human nature giv'n,
 That man usurps the attributes of heav'n?
 Th' angelic host that on the Godhead wait,
 And issue forth his ministers of fate;
 Not of themselves perform his great command,
 But own his guidance and o'er ruling hand.
 Shall then presumptuous man his actions sway,
 This lordly tenant of a lump of clay?
 Who from a sordid mass derives his birth,
 And drops again into his mother earth;
 Whose carcase mould'ring in the silent tomb
 Devouring reptiles mangle and consume.
 Look round the surface of this earthly ball,
 See grandeur vanish, and ev'n nations fall!
 What millions die, their race of being run,
 Between the rising and the setting sun!
 See man each hour resign his fleeting breath!
 And sink unheeded in the jaws of death!
 Thus falls thy boasted wisdom, mortal man,
 A cloud its substance, and its date a span!
 Thy short perfection on thy life depends,
 At death's great period all thy knowledge ends.

REVELATIONS-i. 5, 9.

TO him that lov'd the souls of men,
 And wash'd us in his blood;
 To royal honours rais'd our head,
 And made us priests to God:
 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
 And ev'ry heart be love!
 All grateful honours paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above!
 Behold on flying clouds he comes!
 His saints shall bless the day;
 Whil'st they that pierc'd him, sadly mourn,
 In anguish and dismay.
 I am the first, and I the last;
 Time centers all in me;
 Th' almighty God who was and is,
 And ever more shall be.

 THE

MESSIAH,

*A SACRED ECLOGUE, written in Imitation of
 VIRGIL'S POLLIO.*

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song,
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more——O thou, my voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies.
 Th' ætherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.

Ye heav'ns from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See! nature haltes, her earliest wreaths to bring.
 With all the incense of the breathing spring !
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise !
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies.
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 'The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity,
 Lo earth receives him from the bending skies;
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise;
 With heads declin'd ye cedars homage pay;
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !
 The *Saviour* comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold;
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe;
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air;
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms!
 'Thus all mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short liv'd fire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field,
 The swine in barren desarts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur'ing in his ear;
 On lifted rocks, the dragons late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one cub shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes:
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn;
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains,
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

THE
 HERMIT,

BY

DR. PARNELLE.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days;
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose:
 'That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost:

So when a smooth expanse receives impress
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with ans'ring colours glow:
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift rustling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains report it right;
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before:
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in grateful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
 And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire reply'd:
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road:
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart;
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose;
 When near the road a stately palace rose:
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
 Yet still the kindness from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.

The pair arrive; the liv'ry servants wait;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
 His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
 So seem'd the sire: when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd,
 He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
 Murn'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks 'tis hard,
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory throuds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud a-cross the plain.
 Warn'd by these signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around,
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
 Pierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew:

The nimble light'ning mix'd with showr's began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock, or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair:
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine:
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude,
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face!
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That *cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging ope's an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts, without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie;
 Again they search and find a lodging nigh.

The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet;
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies;

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all I yield a part;
 From him you come, from him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
 Before the pilgrim's part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck, the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors! what! his only son!

How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with horror at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:

A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find! the servant trode before;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He burst the bands of fear, and madly cries,

Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair:
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purple air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ætherial burst upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.
 Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke.
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 These charms success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky:
 Nay, cease to kneel:—Thy fellow servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends:
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surpris
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And where thou can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
 Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine

as with the cup the graceless custom lost,
 and still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
 The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door,
 ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor:
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
 That heav'n can bless if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the fullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross, the silver runs below.
 Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
 Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run?
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
 The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears; the punishment was just.
 But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
 And that false servant sped in safety back?
 His night, his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail!
 Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.
 On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
 His look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view:
 The prophet gaz'd and wish'd to follow too.
 The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
 As in heav'n, on earth thy will be done;
 Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

In the Year M. DCC. I.

By MR. ADDISON.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis.
Aggredior, sanctos ausus reclude re fontes.

VIRG. GEO. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
No longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease:
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime,
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For where'so'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung.
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods:
To view the Nar tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to its source,
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
 Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
 The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
 The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
 And proudly swollen with a whole winter's snows,
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
 That destitute of strength derives its course
 From thirsty urns and an unfruitful source;
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys:
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
 Than in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
 Till by your lines, and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh, could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire,
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine?

See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth and mountain juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
 Even the rough rocks which tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,

Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
 Blossoms and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry,
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie,
 An amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 What on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wond'ring at their height thro' airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes, my wand'ring muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
 Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
 And softened into flesh the rugged stone.

In solemn silence, a majestic band,
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in Parian marble frown;
 While the bright dames to whom they humbly su'd,
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound,
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And op'ning palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n ador'd the happy land !
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand ?
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her funny shores,
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain :
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of blifs, and pregnant with delight !
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;
 Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,
 And poverty looks chearful in thy sight ;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
 Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores ;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought ?
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine,
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine.
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swells with floods of oil :
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies :
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine ;
 'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle, (smile.
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
 Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live :

'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
 And hold in balance each contending state,
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbours pray'r,
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
 Soon as their fleets appear, their terror cease,
 And all the northern world lie hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
 And fain her godlike sons would disunite,
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
 Whom Nassau's arms defend, and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
 The distant climes and different tongues resound,
 I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song,
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
 Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
 And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

THE CAMPAIGN.

By Mr. ADDISON.

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
 Proud in their number to enrol your name,
 While emperors to you commit their cause,
 And Anna's praises crown the vast applause,
 Accept, great leader, what the muse recites.
 That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.

Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
 Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view,
 Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
 And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
 Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
 An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul behold with tow'ring pride,
 His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,
 Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,
 And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
 Aufonia's states, the victor to restrain,
 Oppos'd their Alps and Appenines in vain,
 Nor found themselves with strength of rocks immur'd,
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
 The rising Danube its long race begun,
 And half its course thro' the new conquests run:
 Amaz'd and anxious for her sov'reigns fates,
 Germania trembled through a hundred states:
 Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
 He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair,
 His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
 On her resolves the western world relies,
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
 In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
 Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
 To sit the guardian of the Continent!
 That sees her bravest sons advanc'd so high,
 And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
 Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:
 Their sov'reign's well distinguish'd smiles they share,
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
 The nation thanks them with a public voice,
 By show'rs of blessings heav'n approves their choice;
 Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
 And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as the vernal breezes warm the sky,
 Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
 Her chief already had his march begun,
 Crossing the provinces himself had won,
 Till the Moselle appearing from afar,
 Retards the progress of the moving war.
 Delightful stream! had nature bid her fall,
 In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
 Her harvest for uncertain owners rise;
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows,
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
 That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
 Hop'd when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast.
 Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
 The long laborious march he first surveys,
 And joins the Danube to the Maese,
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues;
 Infected by the burning scorpions heat,
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
 Till on the borders of the Maine he finds,
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
 Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
 Nations of slaves with tyranny debas'd,
 (Their Maker's image more than half-defac'd)
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
 To prize their queen and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way,
 Thro' clouds of dust and gain upon the day.

When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
 That chearfully its labours past forgets,
 The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
 (Now cover'd o'er with weeds and hid in grass)
 Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein:
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks from far
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
 Eugenio to the glorious interview,
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
 They met each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
 Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
 Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood,
 Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
 Enslam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,
 And only in the field of battle shown;
 To soul's like these in mutual friendship join'd,
 Heav'n dares intrust the cause of human kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
 Her harrafs'd troops the hero's presence warms,
 Whilst the high hills and rivers all around,
 With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
 Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
 Eager for glory, and require the fight.
 So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
 The tedious tract unrav'ling by degrees:
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze;
 Fir'd at the near approach he shoots away
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
 The immortal Schellenberg appears at last;
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
 Like vallies at their feet the trenches ly;
 Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
 Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
 Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
 Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
 His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
 And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
 Ev'ning approach'd: but, oh! what hosts of foes
 Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
 Thickning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
 The close compacted Britons win their way!
 In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
 With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
 Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
 Thro' flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
 Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
 And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling host engage;
 The battle kindled into tenfold rage,
 With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
 Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
 Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
 And lost in one promiscuous carnage ly.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
 New to the field, and heroes in their bloom!
 Th' illustrious youths that left their native shore,
 To march where Britons never march'd before.
 (O fatal love of fame, O glorious heat,
 Only destructive to the brave and great!)
 After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
 Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
 But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
 Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear;
 While Marlbro' lives, Britannia's stars dispense
 A friendly light, and shine in innocence.

Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed,
Where-e'er his friends retire or foes succeed ;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety and the world's repose ;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate ;
Thou liv'st not for thyself, thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain :
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling tides,
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans crown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords and gleamings of the fight)
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbro's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donawert with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends his course,
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares
The food of armies, and support of wars :
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness crost,
 And all the gaudy dreams of empire lost,
 That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
 And made imaginary realms thy own ?
 Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
 Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
 Nor find it there : surrounded with alarms,
 Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms ;
 The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
 And croud thy standards with the pow'r of France,
 While to console thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul,
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
 Unbounded courage, and compassion join'd,
 Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,
 And make the hero and the man compleat.
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
 By proffer'd grace ; but long he strove in vain,
 Till fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
 In vengeance rous'd, the foldier fills his hand
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns,
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
 And mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat :
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
 And cries of infants found in ev'ry brake :
 The list'ning foldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
 Loth to obey his leaders just commands ;
 The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
 In shriller clangor animates the war :
 Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat :
 Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria join'd,
 Unfurl their gilded lillies in the wind ;
 The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
 And while the thick embattled host he views,

Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the gloomy depths of dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come, when heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts:
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British hearts controul;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers and contract his host!
Tho' fens and floods possess the middle space
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe, rang'd on their border stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find,
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battallions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage:

So when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late, o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
 And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

But see, the haughty household troops advance!
 The dread of Europe and the pride of France.
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
 And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
 Proudly he marches on, and void of fear,
 Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
 Each fights, as in his arm th' important day,
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay;
 A thousand glorious actions that might claim
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
 Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
 O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
 Fall in the cloud of war and lie unsung?
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
 And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
 Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
 Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
 Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
 Midst heads of spears and standards driv'n around,
 Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpool drown'd.
 Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
 Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
 Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
 Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides,
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
 And into Scythian seas their bloated corpse convey.

From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh! who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage, by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in the unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distressed! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own,
The fatal field by such great leaders won;
The field whence sam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell,
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
'Their raging king dishonours to compleat
Marlbro's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memmingheim's high domes, and Augsburg's
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls, [walls,
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
While Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
 In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines :
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
 O'er the wide Continent his march extends ;
 If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd ;
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,
 The fate of Europe turns on its event.
 What distant land, what region can afford
 An action worthy of his victorious sword ?
 Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
 To make the series of his toils compleat ?

Where the swoll'n Rhine, rushing with all its force,
 Divides the hostile nations in its course,
 While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows.
 On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
 That all the wide extended plain commands ;
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side :
 As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
 Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects ;
 And though the dog-star had its course begun,
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun :
 Fix'd on the glorious action he forgets
 The change of seasons, and increase of heats :
 No toils are painful that can danger show,
 No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
 Learns to encamp within his native land,
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies ;
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain
 Of Marlbro's sword, and Hocstet's fatal plain :
 In Britannia's mighty chief besets
 Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats ;
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway,
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
 That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,
 Comes from afar in gratitude to own
 The great supporter of his father's throne :
 What tides of glory to his bosom run,
 Clasp'd in the embraces of the godlike man !
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
 Such easy greatness, such a grateful port,
 So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court !

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
 And Nereus shone but in the second place ;
 Thus the great father of almighty Rome
 (Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
 That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
 In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlbro's presence charm'd,
 Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
 On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
 Discharges all its thunder on its walls,
 O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
 And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief for mighty toils renown'd,
 Increas'd with titles, and with conquest crown'd,
 To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
 And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
 Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
 And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes ;
 Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms ;
 Traerback feels the terror of his arms,
 Seated on rocks her proud foundation shake,
 While Marlbro' presses to the bold attack ;
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
 And shews how Landau might have fall'n before.
 Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears,
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years.
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey ;

His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
 Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
 The work of ages sunk in one campaign,
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares :
 By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
 Ranges thro' nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
 By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free.
 And tastes the sweets of English liberty :
 But who can tell the joys of those that lie
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye !
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall,
 Like heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all,
 Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
 Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fair Britannia's wars rehearse,
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse,
 That if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak ;
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise ;
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
 Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,
 And proudly shine in their own native light :
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
 And those who paint 'em truest, praise 'em most.

ODE UPON DEATH,

Translated from the French of the King of Prussia.

YET a few years or days perhaps,
 Or moments pass in silent lapse,
 And time to me shall be no more ;
 No more the sun these eyes shall view,
 Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
 And life's fantastic dream be o'er.

Alas ! I touch the dreadful brink,
 From nature's verge impell'd I sink,
 And endless darkness wraps me round ;
 Yes, death is ever at my hand,
 Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
 And constant at my board is found.

Earth, air, and fire, and water, join
 Against this fleeting life of mine,
 And where for succour can I fly ?
 If art with flatt'ring wiles pretend
 To shield me like a guardian friend,
 By art, ere nature bids, I die.

I see this tyrant of the mind,
 This idol flesh to dust consign'd,
 Once call'd from dust by pow'r divine ;
 Its features change, 'tis pale, 'tis cold——
 Hence dreadful spectre ! to behold
 Thy aspect, is to make it mine.

And can I then with guilty pride,
 Which fear nor shame can quell or hide,
 This flesh still pamper and adorn !
 Thus viewing what I soon shall be,
 Can what I am demand the knee,
 Or look on aught around with scorn ?

But then this spark that warms, that guides,
 That lives, that thinks what fate betides ?
 Can this be dust, a kneaded clod !
 This yields to death ! the soul, the mind,
 That measures heav'n, and mounts the wind,
 And knows at once itself and God ?

Great Cause of all above, below,
 Who knows thee must for ever know,
 Immortal and divine !
 Thy image on my soul impress
 Of endless being is the test,
 And bids eternity be mine !

Transporting thought!—but am I sure
That endless life will joy secure?

Joys only to the just decreed?
The guilty wretch expiring, goes
Where vengeance endless life bestows
That endless mis'ry may succeed.

Great God, how awful is the scene!
A breath, a transient breath between;
And can I jest, and laugh, and play!
To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

Vain joys, which envy'd greatness gains,
How do you bind with filken chains,
Which ask Herculean strength to break!
How with new terrors have ye arm'd,
The pow'r whose slightest glance alarm'd,
How many deaths of one ye make!

Yet, dumb with horror, I behold
Man's thoughtless race in error bold,
Forget to scorn the laws of death;
With these no projects coincide,
Nor vows, nor wills, nor hopes, they guide;
Each thinks he draws immortal breath.

Each blind to fate's approaching hour,
Intrigues, or fights, for wealth, or pow'r,
And slumb'ring dangers dare provoke;
And he who tott'ring scarce sustains
A cent'ry's age, plans future gains,
And feels an unexpected stroke.

Go on, unbridled desp'rate band,
Scorn rocks, gulphs, winds, search sea and land,
And spoil new worlds wherever found,
Seize, haste to seize the glitt'ring prize,
And sighs, and tears, and pray'rs despise,
Nor spare the temple's holy ground.

They go, succeed, but look again,
The desp'rate band you seek in vain,

Now trod in dust the peasant's scorn.
But who that saw their treasures swell,
That heard th' insatiate vow, rebel,
Would e'er have thought them mortal born?

See the world's victor mount his car,
Blood marks his progress wide and far,

Sure he shall reign while ages fly;
No, vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but just allow'd
To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
That nations heap'd on nations bleed,

Beneath his chariots fervid wheel,
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corpse was left to rot,
And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal?

Yes, fortune weary'd with her play,
Her toy, this hero, casts away,

And scarce the form of man is seen;
Awe chills my breast, my eyes e'erflow,
Around my brow no roses glow,
The cypress mine, funeral green!

Yet in this hour of grief and fears,
When awful truth unveil'd appears,

Some pow'r alone usurps my breast;
Back to the world my thoughts are led,
My feet in folly's labyrinth tread,
And fancy dreams that life is blest.

How weak an empress is the mind,
Whom pleasures flow'ry wreaths can bind,
And captive to her altars lead!

When reason yields to phrenzy's rage,
And all the world is folly's stage,
And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet this strange, this sudden flight,
 From gloomy cares to gay delight,
 This fickleness so light and vain,
 In life's delusive transient dream,
 Where men nor things are what they seem,
 Is all the real good we gain.

The LADY's SKULL.

BLUSH not ye fair! to own me—but be wise,
 Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes;
 Fame says (and Fame alone can tell how true)
 I——once——was lovely, and belov'd——like you,
 Where are my vot'ries, where my flatterers now!
 Fled with the subject of each lover's vow.
 Adieu the rose's red, the lily's white:
 Adieu those eyes that made the darkness light:
 No more, alas! those coral lips are seen,
 No longer breathes the fragrant gale between.
 Turn from your mirror, and behold in me
 At once what thousands can't, or dare not see.
 Unvarnish'd I the real truth impart,
 Nor here am plac'd but to direct the heart.
 Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe,
 The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.
 On beauty's fragile state no more depend;
 Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end;
 Here drops the mask: here ends the final scene,
 Nor differs gay threescore from gay fifteen.
 All press alike to that same goal—the tomb,
 Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Chloe's bloom.
 When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
 Here learn the lesson to be vain no more:
 Yet virtue still against decay can arm,
 And even lend **MORTALITY** a charm.

On COMPASSION.

AH! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste:
 Ah! little think they while they dance along,
 How many feel this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain!
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man;
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 Even, in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd.
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man,
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in its high career would stand appall'd
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clearer perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still the social passions worst.

On the LAST DAY.

BUT now the flames in awful concourse join,
 And deep descending seize the burning mine;
 Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
 'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.
 When, lo! a cloud just op'ning on the view,
 Illum'd, with dazzling light th' etherial blue!
 On its broad breast a mighty angel came,
 His eyes were light'ning, and his robes of flame!
 O'er all his form the circling glories run,
 And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun:
 His limbs with heav'n's aerial vesture glow,
 And o'er his head was hung the sweepy bow.
 As shines the bright'ning steel's refulgent gleam,
 When the smooth blade reflects the spangling beam,
 Its light with quickn'd glance the eye surveys,
 Green, gold, and vermil, trembling as it plays;
 So flam'd his wings along the etherial road,
 And earth's long shores resounded as he trod.
 Sublime he tow'r'd! keen terror arm'd his eyes,
 And grasp'd the red'ning bolt that rends the skies;
 One foot stood firmly on the extended plain
 Secure, and one repel'd the bounding main;
 He shook his arm;—the light'ning burst away,
 'Thro' Heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,
 Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous thro' the gloom,
 And peals on peals prepare the impending doom.
 Then to his lips a mighty trump apply'd,
 ('The flames were ceas'd, the mutt'ring thunders dy'd)
 While all the involving firmaments rebound,
 He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound:
 These dreadful words he spoke——

“ Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night!
 “ And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light!
 “ Ye planets, drop from these dissolving skies,
 “ Rend all ye tombs; and all ye dead, arise!
 “ Ye winds, be still; ye tempests rage no more!
 “ And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore!

“ Earth be dissolv’d, with all these worlds on high !
 “ And time be lost in vast eternity !

“ Now, by creation’s dread tremendous Sire,
 “ Who sweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire ;
 “ By heav’n’s omnipotent, unconquer’d King ;
 “ By him who rides the rapid whirlwind’s wing ;
 “ Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
 “ Forms or confounds with one commanding nod ;
 “ Who wraps in black’ning clouds his awful brow,
 “ Whose glance, like light’ning, looks all nature thro’ :
 “ By him I swear,” He paus’d, and bow’d the head,
 Then rous’d aloft his flaming hand and said,
 “ Attend ye faints, who in seraphic lays
 “ Exalt his name, but tremble while you praise :
 “ Ye hosts that bow to your Almighty LORD,
 “ Hear, all his works, th’ irrevocable word !
 “ Thy reign, O man, and earth, thy days are o’er !
 “ I swear by him that time shall be no more.”
 He spoke : (all nature groan’d a loud reply ;)
 Then shook the sun and tore him from the sky.



HAMLET’S MEDITATION *on* DEATH.

TO be, or not to be : that is the question,——
 Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or take arms against a siege of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them ? To die.—To sleep,
 No more : and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to ; ’tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish’d.—To die.—To sleep.——
 To sleep ? perchance to dream ! ay there’s the rub—
 For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.—There’s the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns o’ th’ time,
 Th’ oppressors wrong, the proud man’s contumely,

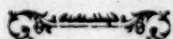
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes;
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardlefs bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
 And make us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.



*The speech of King HENRY the Fifth at the siege of
 Harfleur.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once
 more,
 Or close the wall up with the English dead.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tygar:
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it prey o'er the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 And fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhung and jutty his confounded base,
 Swell'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now fet the teeth and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up ev'ry spirit
 To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetch'd from father's of war proof ;
 Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn to even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers : now attest,
 That those whom you call'd fathers, did beget you,
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The metal of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth our breeding which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes :
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a foot ;
 Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,
 Cry, God for Harry ! England ! and St. George !



*Part of the speech spoken by the chorus in the play of
 HENRY the FIFTH. The time supposed to be the night
 before the battle of Agincourt.*

NOW let imagination form a time,
 When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp thro' the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds ;
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Fire answers fire ; and thro' their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face,
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clock does toll
 And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over hasty French
 Do the low rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy placed night,
 Who like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger ; and their danger sad,
 Set forth in lank lean cheeks and warworn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts—Who now beholds
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry, praise and glory on his head !
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him:
 Nor doth he give up the least jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all watched night ;
 But freshly looks, and over bears fatigue
 With chearful semblance and sweet majesty :
 That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.

The speech of HENRY the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt, where he gained that glorious victory, which compleated the conquest of France, and which is so highly celebrated by all our historians, as he encountered near sixty thousand Frenchmen, with so small a number as twelve thousand English. The Earl of Westmoreland saying,

O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work to day!

King Henry with a noble and undaunted spirit spoke as follows :

WHAT's he, that wishes so ?

My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin,

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow

To do our country loss ; and if to live,

The fewer men the greater share of honour.

God's will ! I pray thee wish not one man more.

I am not the least covetous of gold ;

Nor care I how doth feed upon my cost ;

It yerns me not if men my garments wear ;

Such outward things dwell not in my desire ;

But if it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive,

No, no, my lord, wish not a man from England :

I would not lose so great, so high an honour

As one man more, methinks, should share from me,

For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more ;

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he who hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse :

We would not die in that man's company,

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian ;

He that out-lives this day, and sees old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, to-morrow is saint Crispian;
 Then will he stripe his sleeve, and shew his scars:
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son,
 And Crispian, Crispian ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he, to day, that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 Who fought with us upon saint Crispian's day.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY *on his mother's marrying
 his uncle.*

O that this too, too solid heart would melt,
 Thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! oh, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two;
 So excellent a king, that was to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,

That he permitted not the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth !
 Must I remember—why, she would hang on him
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on ; yet within a month,
 Let me not think—frailty, thy name is woman ;
 A little month ! or ere these shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears—Why, she ! ev'n she—
 (O heav'n ! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month !—
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married—Oh, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

An ELEGY written in a Country Church Yard.
 By MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea ;
 The plowman homewards plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
 Save that from yonder ivy mantled tow'r
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew trees shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw built shade,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy house wife ply her ev'ning care ;
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envy'd kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field :
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy yoke ;

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn ille and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated dust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time did near unroll ;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

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Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrants of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a ruin'd land,
And read their hist'ry in the nation's eyes.

There lot forbade : nor circumcis'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gate of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscience truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madning croud's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected high,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpter deck'd,
Implore the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th'unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.

Hap'ly, some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 " There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noon tide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook, that bubbles by.
 " Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 " Now drooping, woful man, like one forlorn
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 " One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 " Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
 " Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
 " 'The next, with dirges due and sad array,
 " Slow thro' the church-way path we see him borne
 " Approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune, and to fame unknown;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose.)
 'The bosom of his father and his God.



The story of LAVINIA, from THOMSON'S AUTUMN

ALL is the gift of industry: whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life

Delightful. Pensive winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;
 His harden'd finger deck the gaudy spring;
 Without him summer were arid waste;
 Nor to thy autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That waving round, recal my wand'ring song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd fields the reapers stand
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,
 While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unselt the sultry hours away.
 Behind, the master walks, builds up the shocks,
 And conscious, glancing oft on ev'ry side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the God of harvest is to you;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder! that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
 And fortune smil'd deceitful, on her birth.
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and heaven,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd

Among the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shun'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy fashion and low minded pride :
 Almost on nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose
 When the dew wets its leaves, unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs ;
 Or when to mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they like the dewy star
 Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress : for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods
 As in the hollow breast of *Appennine*
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet *Lavinia* ; till at length compell'd
 By strong necessity's strong command,
 With smiling patience in her looks she went
 To glean *Palemon's* fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was the generous and the rich,
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times :
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,

But free to follow nature was the mode:
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
 To walk when poor *Lavinia* drew his eyes;
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 The very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

What pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks
 Of old *Acasto's* line: and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 And once fair spreading family dissolv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish, would this the daughter were!

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 O bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
 And as he view'd her ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom.

And thus *Palemon*, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

And art thou then *Acasto's* dear remains?
She whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? Oh, yes! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive, his every feature, ev'ry look,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,
That nourish'd up my fortune; say, ah, where!
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn,
The kindest aspect of delighted heav'n?
Into such beauty spread, and bloom so fair;
Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years!
O let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal sun and show'rs
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
It ill befits thee, oh! it ill befits
Acasto's daughter; his, whose open stores,
Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!

Here ceas'd the youth, yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent,
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away

The lonely moments for *Lavinia's* fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her ev'ning hours;
 Nor less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A num'rous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.



FROM MILTON'S *PARADISE LOST*.

BOOK VIII.

AS new awak'd from foundest sleep,
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Strait towards heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky; till rais'd,
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring; and upright
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams: by these
 Creatures that liv'd; and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd
 With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflow'd;
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran,
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led.
 But, who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light!
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay!
 Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!
 And ye that live, and move, fair creatures! tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here.—
 Not of myself.—By some great Maker then,
 In goodness, and in pow'r, pre-eminent.

Tell me how may I know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move, and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light; when answer none return'd,
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flow'rs,
 Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state!
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve,
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, ADAM, rise,
 ' First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 ' First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 ' To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.'
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd;
 And over fields, and water, as in air,
 Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain, whose high top was plain:
 A circuit wide inclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks and bow'rs; that what I saw
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree,
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck, and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream.
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
 My wand'ring, had not he, who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence divine! rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submiss; he rear'd me, and whom thou sought'st I am,
 Said, mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
 ' Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 ' This Paradise I give thee, count it thine,

' To till, and keep, and of the fruits to eat :
 ' Of ev'ry tree that in the garden grows,
 ' Eat freely with glad heart ; fear no dearth :
 ' But of the tree, whose operation brings
 ' Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 ' The pledge of thy obedience, and thy faith,
 ' Amid the garden, by the tree of life,
 ' Remember what I warn thee ! shun the taste,
 ' And shun the bitter consequence : for know,
 ' The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 ' Transgress'd inevitably thou shalt die :
 ' From that day mortal : and this happy state
 ' Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 ' Of woe and sorrow.'——Sternly he pronounc'd

The rigid interdiction which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
 Not to incur : but soon his clear aspect
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd :
 ' Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 ' To thee, and to thy race I give : as lords
 ' Possess it, and all things that therein live,
 ' Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl :
 ' In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
 ' After their kinds : I bring them to receive
 ' From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 ' With low subjection : understand the same
 ' Of fish within their wat'ry residence ;
 ' Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 ' Their element, to draw the thinner air.'

As thus he spoke, each bird, and beast, behold
 Approaching two and two : these cower'd low
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endu'd
 My sudden apprehension ! but in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still ;
 And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O, by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
 Surpass'est far my naming ! how may I

Adore thee, Author of this universe,
 And all this good to man? For whose well being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,
 Thou hast provided all things. But, with me
 I see not who partakes: in solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone!
 Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd

What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth,
 With various living creatures, and the air,
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
 Their language, and their ways! They also know
 And reason not contemptibly: with these
 Find pastime, and bear rule: thy realm is large.

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ord'ring: I with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Pow'r:
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak!
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n and receiv'd: but in disparity
 The one intense, the other still remiss,
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak
 (Such as I seek) fit to participate
 All rational delight; wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lions; ;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd:
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape:
 Worse, then, can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd,
 A nice and subtle, happiness, I see

Thou to thyself propofest, in the choice
 Of thy associates, ADAM! and wilt taste?
 No pleasure (though in pleasure) solitary.
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess
 Of happiness, or not, who am alone
 From all eternity? for none I know
 Second to me, or like; equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse,
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferior, infinite descents
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
 He ceas'd; I lowly answer'd, To attain
 The height and depth of thy eternal ways,
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
 Is no deficiency found. Not so in man,
 But in degree; the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite;
 And through all numbers absolute, though ONE.
 But, man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection; and beget
 Like of his like; his image multiply'd;
 In unity defective; which requires
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
 Best with thyself accompany'd, seek'st not
 Social communication: yet, so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt.
 Of union, or communion, desy'd:
 I, by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone: nor in their ways complacence find.
 Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious voice divine.
 Thus far to try thee, ADAM! I was pleas'd;
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself:

Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
 My image, not imparted to the brute;
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;
 And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for man to be alone:
 And no such company as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee; for trial only brought,
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet.
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd;
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
 Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more; for now
 My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' height
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazzled, and spent, sunk down; and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
 Of fancy, my internal sight; by which
 Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood:
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh: wide was the wound!
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd.
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands:
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Man-like, but different sex: so lovely fair!
 That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summon'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before;
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love, and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore

Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure.
 When out of hope, beheld her! nor far off;
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all earth or heav'n could bestow,
 To make her amiable: on she came,
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice; nor uniform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
 In ev'ry gesture, dignity and love!
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends! Thou hast fulfill'd,
 Thy word, Creator bounteous, and benign
 Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts! nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
 Before me: woman is her name; of man
 Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
 Father, and mother, and t' his wife adhere;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.



ADAM and EVE's morning Hymn.

THESE are thy glorious works, parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine:
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
 And chorial symphonies, day without night
 Circle his throne rejoicing. Ye in heaven,
 On earth join'd all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn

With thy bright circles, praise him in thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world, both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when highnoon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fixt stars, fixt in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise,
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise;
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud: and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices all ye living souls. Ye birds,
 That singing up to heav'n's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise;
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

A HYMN *on the* SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasant Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide-flush the fields; the softning air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round: the forests live;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
 With light, and heat, severe. Prone, then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year.
 And oft thy voice in awful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
 A yellow floating pomp, thy bounty shines
 In Autumn unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap,
 Profuse o'er nature, falls the lucid shower
 Of beamy fruits; and in a radiant stream,
 Into the stores of steril Winter pours.
 In Winter dreadful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Horrible blackness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world be low,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
 Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so harmonious mix'd, so fitly join'd,
 The following one in such enchanting sort,
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
 And all so forming such a perfect whole,
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still,
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Can mark Thee not, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, every-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, streaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
 Sings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join ev'ry living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 An universal hymn ! to Him, ye gales,
 Breathe soft ; whose spirit teaches us to breathe,
 Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms !
 Where o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine.
 Fills the brown void with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 In secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his tremendous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids ye roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Roll up your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun elates,
 Whose hand perfumes you, and whose pencil paints :
 Ye forests, bend ; ye harvests, wave to Him :
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 Homeward rejoicing with the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lie, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever darting wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with ev'ry beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;
 While cloud to cloud returns the dreadful hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound ; the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
 And yet again the golden age returns.
 Wildest of creatures, be not silent here ;
 But, hymning horrid, let the desert roar.

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Ye woodlands all, awake : a general song
 Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades ; and thro' the midnight hour,
 Trilling, prolong the wildy-luscious note ;
 That night, as well as day, may vouch his praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;
 At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,
 Crown the great Hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
 Concourse of men, to the deep organ join
 The long resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base ;
 And, as each mingling frame encreases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 To find a fan in every sacred grove ;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD of SEASONS, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray,
 Rustles the plain, delicious Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rises in the reddening east ;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paints no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to hostile barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me :
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the wide waste, as in the city full ;
 Rolls the same kindred Seasons round the world,
 In all apparent, wise, and good in all ;
 Since he sustains, and animates the whole
 From seeming evil still educes good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

A PRAYER.

FATHER of light, and life! thou good supreme!
 O teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From ev'ry low pursuit! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
 Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss!

*A PARAPHRASE on the latter part of the Sixth
 Chapter of St. MATTHEW.*

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
 While all my warring passions are at strife,
 Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
 Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
 And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
 Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
 Think not when worn the homely robe appears,
 While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
 And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
 Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
 And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
 See the light tenants of the barren air:
 To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
 Nought but the woodland, and the pleasing song:
 Yet our kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
 On the least wing, that flirts along the sky.
 To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,
 To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
 Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:
 He hears the gay and the distressful call:
 And with unsparring bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
 Observe the various vegetable race;

They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
 Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
 What regal vestments can with them compare!
 What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
 If, o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
 Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?



DOUGLAS's *account of himself.*

MY name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;
 And heaven soon granted what my fire deny'd.
 This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety, and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took, then hasted to my friends:
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led.
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—

Yon trembling coward who forsook his master
 Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,
 And, heaven directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.



DOUGLAS's *account by what means he learned the
 art of war.*

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote,
 And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of the wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With rev'rence and pity. Mild he spoke,
 And entering on discourse, such stories told,
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
 For he had been a soldier in his youth;
 And fought in famous battles where the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against th' usurping infidel display'd
 The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters:
 Then having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts:
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Unhappy man!

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and barb'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cry'd, my brother! Oh! my brother!

They exchange'd forgiveness!

And happy in my mind was he that dy'd:
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost!
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.



DOUGLAS'S SOLILOQUY *in the Wood, waiting
for his mother.*

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded holds her way
Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stillly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Eventful day, how hast thou chang'd thy state!
Once on the cold, and winter shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil:

Transplanted now to the gay funny vale,
 Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.
 Ye glorious stars ! high heav'n's resplendent host !
 To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
 Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd !
 May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
 To give a bold defence to our host !
 Before he speaks it out I will accept ;
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

From the POEM of the GRAVE.

OFT in the lone church yard at night I've seen
 By glimpse of moon-shine, chequering thro'
 the trees,

The school-boy with his fatchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er grown)
 That tell in lowly phrase who ly below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels :
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
 Who gather round and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new open'd grave ; and (strange to tell !)
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new made widow too, I've sometimes spy'd,
 Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :
 Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
 Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye.
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek,
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She droops : whilst busy meddling memory,
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,

Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

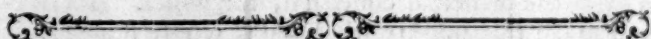
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But see! the well plum'd herse comes nodding on
 Stately and slow; and properly attended
 By the whole fable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
 By letting out their persons by the hour,
 To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
 How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
 And glitt'ring in the sun; triumphant entries
 Of conquerors, and coronation-pomps,
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
 Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements
 And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste!
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
 That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers tell us,
 'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
 Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
 You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
 What would offend the eye in a good picture,
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

* * * * *

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
 Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift)
 From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
 Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
 To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
 By clamorous appetites no longer teas'd,
 Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
 But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
 Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed.
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
 Oh! cursed lust of gold; when for thy sake
 The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
 First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

* * * * *
 Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village swain,
 And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round;
 And who so artful as to put it by?
 'Tis long since Death had the majority;
 Yet strange! *the living lay it not to heart.*
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary headed chronicle,
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
 Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
 By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
 The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
 And yet, ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup—Poor wretch! he minds not,
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him, what he has done for thousands.



APPENDIX.

A POEM on the Power and Benevolence of the Almighty
 CREATOR.

ETERNAL Maker, hail! Power Divine!
 The heav'ns and earth, the day and night are
 Matter and form to thee their being owe, (thine,
 From thee, their great original they flow;
 When yet the mingled mass unactive lay,
 Thou giv'st it motion by thy quickening ray;
 Chaos and night thy pow'rful mandate heard,
 And light, and glorious order soon appear'd.
 If thou but hide thy face, the creatures mourn;
 But life and pleasure with thy smile return.

The gentle smile dependent nature chears,
 Revives its hopes, and dissipates its fears.
 The earth and skies through various changes run;
 But thou, whose wond'rous being ne'er begun,
 Canst ne'er through all eternity decay,
 While time's swift flood bears all things else away.
 By thy direction the fair orbs above,
 In perfect order, through the æther move;
 And all that's lovely, all that's pure below,
 Immediately from thy bright essence flow.
 Fountain of life, from thy immortal flame,
 All ranks of intellectual beings came
 Our Maker thou, our great Original
 We own thy right, and thee our Father call.

A POEM on our SAVIOUR's Nativity.

IN Bethlehem's fields, those pastures large and fair,
 As shepherds watch'd by night their fleecy care,
 A dazzling light, without the sun return'd,
 And through the midnight's dusky horror burn'd.
 Sonorous voices trembled from afar,
 And softly warble through the trembling air.
 When soon, behold! the solemn silence broke,
 And thus in pleasing words the angels spoke:
 'Immortal glory give to God on high,
 'Thro' all the lofty stations of the sky;
 'Let joy on earth, and endless peace ensue;
 'The great Messiah's born! thrice happy man! to you
 'The great Messiah born! transporting sound!
 'To th' wide world spread the bless'd accents round,
 'What joy these long expected tidings bring!
 'To us is born a Saviour and a King.
 'An infant in a virgin's arms he lies,
 'Who rides the winds, and thunders thro' the skies,
 'The God, to whom the flaming seraphs bow,
 'Descends to lead the life of mortals now.
 'Come, we will lead you to the bless'd abode,
 'Where in a manger lies th' incarnate God;

- ' Reduc'd to lodge among the fordid beasts,
 ' Who all the spacious realms of light possess'd;
 ' And he, whose humble ministers we are,
 ' Becomes a tender virgin's helpless care.
 ' Thro' heav'n, but now the hasty tidings rung,
 ' And anthems on the wondrous theme they fung,
 ' Let air and heav'n with joyful accents ring
 ' In praises to the great Almighty King:
 ' Let ev'ry mortal catch the happy sound,
 ' And peace and happiness on earth abound.'



An Evening ODE.

LORD! in the solemn shades of night,
 When I behold the skies,
 In contemplation of thy works,
 My thoughts to heaven rise.
 When I survey the silver moon
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Who form'd her lucent orb, I cry,
 Must be supremely bright.
 But when I view ten thousand stars
 Shining with rival rays,
 My soaring soul the sky transcends,
 And thinks she sees the blaze.
 Transported with extatic love,
 Ingulph'd in bliss I stand,
 Gaze on thy dazzling beams, and taste
 The joys at thy right-hand;
 Celestial pleasures through my veins,
 In floods of transport roll;
 And thy amazing goodness, LORD!
 With rapture melts my soul.



A Thought on the Sea Shore.

1. **I**N ev'ry object here I see
 Something, O Lord, that leads to thee.

Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
 Thy mercies countless as the sands,
 Thy love a sea immensely wide,
 Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

2. In ev'ry object here I see

Something, my heart, that points at thee.
 Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
 Unfruitful as the barren land,
 Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
 And like the tides in constant motion.



A Contemplation on NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
 Still nature's various face informs my sense,
 Of an all-wise, all-powerful providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
 And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
 Colour returns, the plants their liv'ry wear,
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
 The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
 No distant landships draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
 Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
 Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are ;
 But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word make num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful Word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends,
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm fold arise.
 Refresh'd the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light :
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morn awakes ;
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall nights alternate reign be known :
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from the Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy !
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.



A Thought on ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world was laid,
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
 Thou wert : and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst this prison, and devour this frame,
 From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou still shalt be ; still as thou wert before !
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.

O endless thought ! divine Eternity !
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee ;
 For thou wert present when our life began,
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.
 Ah ! what is life ! with ill encompass'd round,
 Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound :
 To-day the statesman of knew honours dreams,
 To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes ;
 His mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd ;
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
 Should certain fate the impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will sicken and thy bloom decay ;
 Then feeble age with all thy nerves disarm,
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
 Who then would wish to stretch his narrow span,
 To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
 To launch from earth into eternity,
 For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
 Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

The KITE ; or, Pride must have a Fall.

My waking dreams are best conceal'd,
 Much folly, little good they yield :
 But now and then I gain, when sleeping,
 A friendly hint that's worth the keeping :
 Lately I dreamt of one who cry'd,
 " Beware of self, beware of pride ;
 " When you are prone to build a Babel
 " Recall to mind this little fable."

ONCE on a time a paper kite
 Was mounted to a wondrous height,
 Where giddy with its elevation,
 It thus express'd self-admiration :

" See how yon crowds of gazing people,
 " Admire my flight above the steeple :
 " How would they wonder if they knew
 " All that a kite like me can do ?
 " Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
 " And pierce the clouds beyond their sight,
 " But ah ! like a poor pris'ner bound,
 " My string confines me near the ground :
 " I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
 " Might I but fly without a string."

It tug'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
 To break the string—at last it broke.

Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
 In vain it try'd to soar away :
 Unable its own weight to bear,
 It flutter'd downward thro' the air ;
 Unable its own course to guide,
 The wind soon plung'd it in the tide.
 Ah ! foolish kite, thou hadst no wing,
 How couldst thou fly without a string.

My heart reply'd, " O Lord, I see
 " How much this kite resembles me !
 " Forgetful that by thee I stand,
 " Impatient of thy ruling hand ;
 " How oft I've wish'd to break the lines
 " Thy wisdom for my lot assigns ?
 " How oft indulg'd a vain desire
 " For something more, or something higher ?
 " And, but for grace and love divine,
 " A fall thus dreadful had been mine.

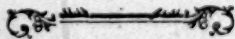
The SPIDER and TOAD.

SOME author (no great matter who,
 Provided what he says be true)
 Relates he saw, with hostile rage
 A spider and a toad engage :
 For tho' with poison both are stor'd
 Each by the other is abhor'd,

It seems as if their common venom
 Provok'd an enmity between 'em.
 Implacable, malicious, cruel,
 Like modern hero in a duel,
 The spider darted on his foe,
 Infixing death at every blow.
 The toad by ready instinct taught,
 An antidote when wounded sought
 From the herb Plantane growing near,
 Well known to toads its virtues rare ;
 The spider's poison to repel,
 It cropp'd the leaf and soon was well.
 This remedy it often try'd,
 And all the spider's rage defy'd.
 The person who the contest view'd,
 While yet the battle doubtful stood,
 Remov'd the healing plant away——
 And thus the spider gain'd the day :
 For when the toad return'd once more
 Wounded, as it had done before,
 To seek relief, and found it not,
 It swell'd and dy'd upon the spot.

In ev'ry circumstance but one,
 (Could that hold too, I were undone)
 No glass can represent my face,
 More justly than this tale my case.
 The toad's an emblem of my heart,
 And Satan acts the spider's part.
 Envenom'd by his poison I
 Am often at the point to die ;
 But he who hung upon the tree,
 From guilt and woe to set me free,
 Is like the Plantane leaf to me. }
 To him my wounded soul repairs,
 He knows my pain, and hears my pray'rs;
 From him I virtue draw by faith,
 Which saves me from the jaws of death !
 From him fresh life and strength I gain,
 And Satan spends his rage in vain.
 No secret arts or open force,
 'Can rob me of this sure resource.

Tho' banish'd to some distant land
 My med'cine would be still at hand;
 Tho' foolish men its worth deny,
 Experience gives them all the lie;
 Tho' Deists and Socinians join,
 Jesus still lives, and still is mine.
 'Tis here the happy difference lies,
 My Saviour reigns above the skies,
 Yet to my soul is always near,
 For he is God and ev'ry where.
 His blood a sovereign balm is found
 For ev'ry grief and ev'ry wound,
 And sooner all the hills shall flee,
 And hide themselves beneath the sea:
 Or ocean starting from its bed
 Rush o'er the cloud-topt mountain's head,
 The sun exhausted of its light,
 Become the source of endless night;
 And ruin spread from pole to pole,
 Than Jesus fail the tempted soul.



A serious MEDITATION,

THY daily mercies O my God,
 My waking thoughts employ;
 And, while I meditate on thee,
 My heart is fill'd with joy.
 Aided by thee I need not fear
 The frowns of rich or great:
 Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
 Nor envy all their state.
 Although the fig-tree blossom not,
 Nor vineyard yield increase,
 In thee, my Saviour, and my God,
 To joy I will not cease.
 Yea, though the world by storms be toss'd
 And crumbled into dust;
 Yet still in thee, my only hope,
 I will securely trust.

An ODE, by Mr. ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display;
 And publishes to ev'ry land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening-shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

A SOLILOQUY in imitation of HAMLET.

MY anxious soul is tore with doubtful strife,
 And hangs suspended betwixt death and life,
 Life! death! dread objects of mankind's debate;
 Whether superior to the shocks of fate,
 To bear its fiercest ills with stedfast mind,
 To nature's order piously resign'd,
 Or with magnanimous and brave disdain,
 Return her back the injurious gift again.
 O! if to die, this mortal bustle o'er,
 Were but to close one's eyes and be no more;

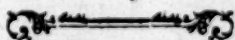
From pain, from sickness, sorrows, safe withdrawn,
 In night eternal that shall know no dawn;
 This dread, imperial, wondrous frame of man,
 Lost in still nothing, whence it first began :
 Yes if the grave such quiet could supply,
 Devotion's self might even dare to die.
 But, fearful here, though curious to explore,
 Thought pauses, trembling on the hither shore:
 What scenes may rise, awake the human fear :
 Being again resum'd, and God more near ;
 If awful thunders the new guest appall,
 Or the soft voice of gentle mercy call.
 This teaches life with all its ills to please,
 Afflicting poverty, severe disease ;
 To lowest infamy gives power to charm,
 And strikes the dagger from the boldest arm.
 Then, Hamlet, cease ; thy rash resolves forego ;
 God, Nature, Reason, all will have it so ;
 Learn by this sacred horror, well suppress,
 Each fatal purpose in the traitor's breast.
 This damps revenge with salutary fear,
 And stops ambition in its wild career,
 Till virtue for itself begin to move,
 And servile fear exalt to filial love.
 Then in thy breast let calmer passions rise,
 Adore thy lot, and just absolve the skies.
 The ills of life see friendship can divide ;
 See angels warring on the good man's side,
 Alone to virtue happiness is given,
 On earth self-satisfy'd, and crown'd in heav'n.



The APPEAL. A sacred Hymn.

TO thee, great searcher of the heart,
 I solemnly appeal,
 Who all the secrets of my soul,
 And inmost thoughts canst tell.

Ev'n thou, th' unerring judge of all
 Dost my dread witness prove ;
 That thee, beyond whate'er the world
 Can tempt me with, I love.
 That thou whatever else I miss,
 Whatever else I lose,
 Art my exceeding great reward,
 And highest bliss I chuse.
 Leave me of wealth, of honour, friends,
 And all things else bereft ;
 But of thy favour, gracious God,
 Let me be never left.
 O hear ! and grant thy boundless love's
 Inestimable store,
 And I'll hereafter close my lips,
 And never urge thee more.
 With this alone I'll be content
 But, Lord, of this deny'd,
 I should despise the noblest gift,
 Thou couldst bestow beside.
 Among the brightest joys of life,
 I should no pleasure know,
 But murmur to the fullen shades
 Of endless night would go.



VERSES, *on seeing a BOY walk on STILTS.*

LEAVING the grammar, for his play,
 Forgetful of the rod :
 Tott'ring on stilts, through mire and dirt
 The school-boy strolls abroad.
 Why does this innocent delight
 Provoke the pedant's spleen ;
 Look round the world, thou fool, and see
 The use of this machine.
 The tricking statesman prop'd by these,
 His virtues boast aloud ;
 And on his gilded stilts, sublime,
 Steps o'er the murmuring crowd.

Through fields of blood the general stalks,
 And fame sits on its hilt;
 The sword, or gun, at length bestows
 An honourable stilt.
 With well dissembl'd anguish, see!
 The canting rascal beg,
 And, by counterfeit, gain more
 Than by a real leg.
 Yet on the boy's instructive sport,
 Is this contrivance built:
 The source from whence his gains arise,
 What is it but a stilt?
 See! in his second childhood faint,
 The old man walks with pain;
 On crutches imitates his stilts,
 And acts the boy again.
 So well concerted is this art,
 It suits with all conditions:
 Heroes, and ladies, beggars, bards,
 And boys, and politicians.
 Long through the various course of life,
 Each artist walks unhurt,
 Till death, at last, kicks up his stilts,
 And lays him in the dirt.



